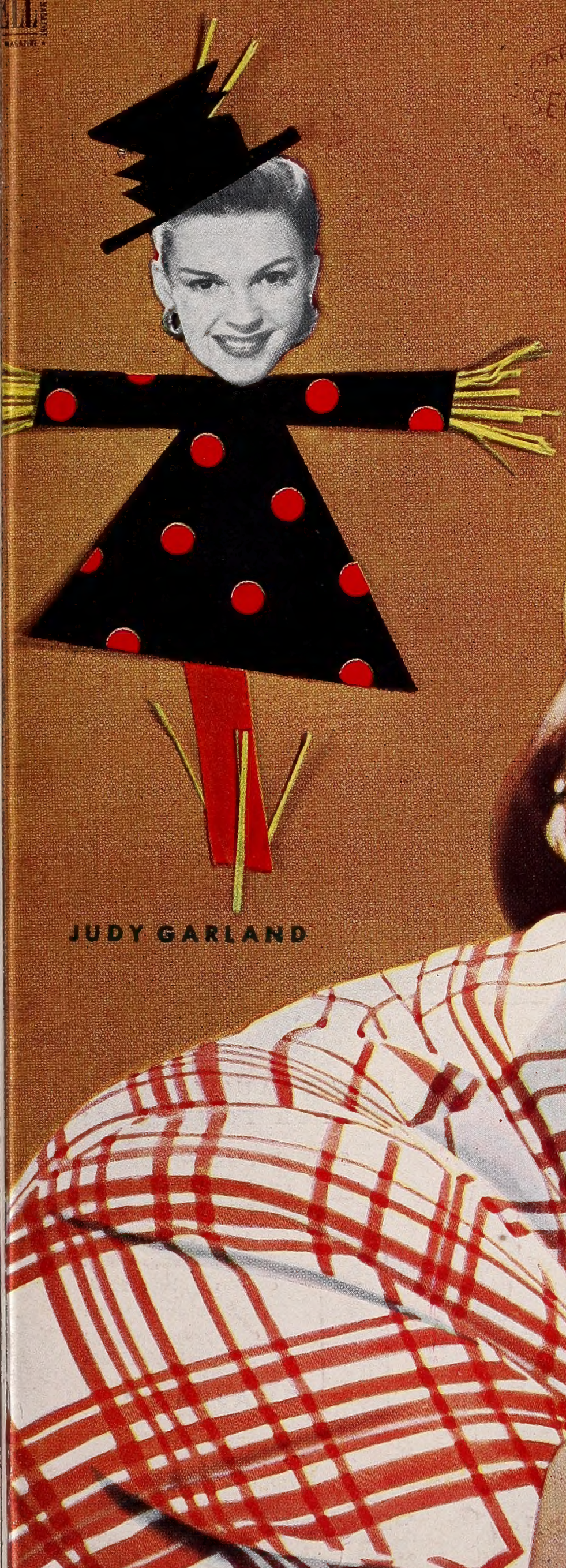
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*biopsy-specimen

Gown by Ceil Chapman

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Seven new fashion-right shades



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Cake Make-Up

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new

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"*More warmth, more life* in Woodbury shades!" —vows Jeni Freeland of Knoxville, Tenn., in praise of New Woodbury Powder.



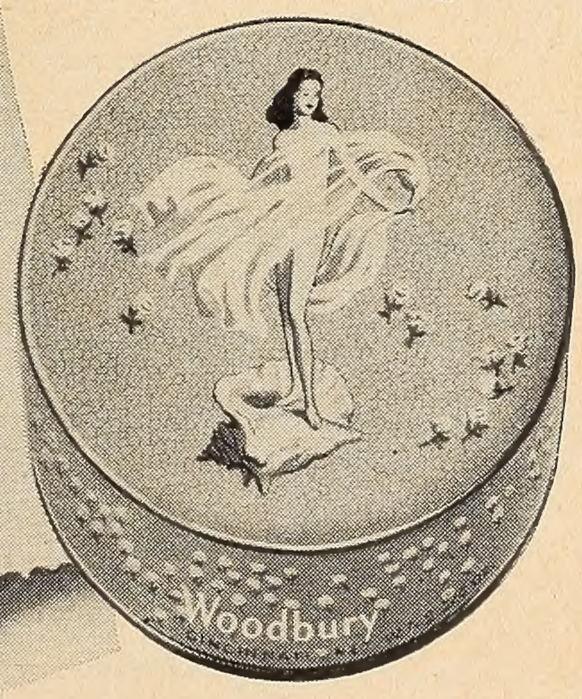
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over all other leading brands of powder!

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"*I never used to wear powder*— hate that 'made-up' look. But Woodbury gives skin a glow that's super!" writes Kay Crystal of Pelham Manor, N. Y.

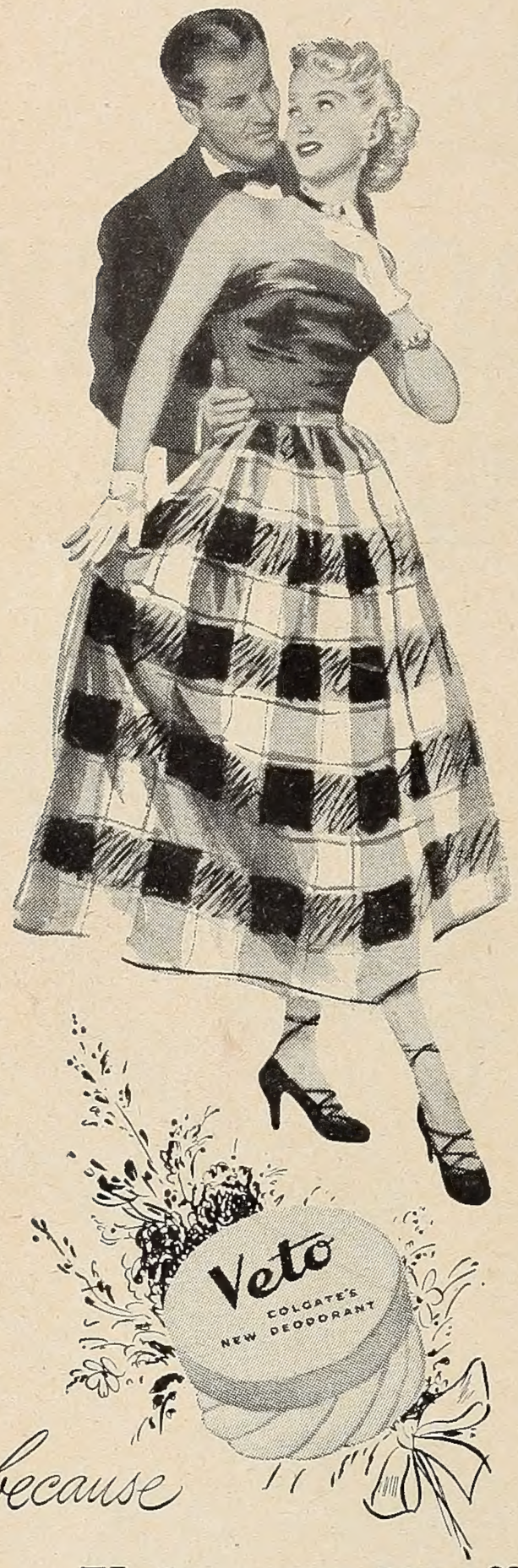
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New Secret Ingredient gives a smooth-as-satin finish to your skin!

New Revolutionary Process! Woodbury "Super-Blender" gives warmest, liveliest colors, finest-ever texture.

6 exciting shades—Get New Woodbury Powder—in the new "Venus" box—at any cosmetic counter. Large size $1.00. Medium and "Purse" sizes 30¢ and 15¢. (plus tax)

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because

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TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

OCTOBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

stories

WHY CAN'T THEY STAY MARRIED? ..... by Hedda Hopper 28
BLOOPFACE AND THE BABE (Judy Garland) ..... by "Jimmie" Garland 32
LET'S HAVE A HAYRIDE (Farley Granger, Lon McCallister, Jerry Courtland, Geraldine Brooks, Mary Hatcher etc.) ..... by Bonnie and Reba Churchill 34
THE GABLE WOMEN (Clark Gable) ..... by Dorothy Kilgallen 38
LOVE IS SO TERRIFIC! (Jane Powell) 40
SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL . . . (Rita Hayworth) ..... by Eduardo Cansino 44
THIS IS MY BEST ..... by Cobina Wright 46
"EVIE'S OTHER HUSBAND" (Van Johnson) ..... by Erskine Johnson 48
FABULOUS HONEYMOON (Karin Booth) ..... by Christopher Kane 50
GUY MADISON: IN PERSON ..... by Florence Epstein 52
"IT'S NOT A DREAM, DARLING" (Cornel Wilde-Pat Knight) ..... by Ida Zeitlin 56
END OF A MYSTERY (Robert Walker) ..... by Jack Wade 58
FIGHTING LADY (Laraine Day) ..... by George Fisher 60
INTIMATE VIEW (Errol Flynn) ..... by Carl Schroeder 62

features

TO OUR READERS 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6
DOROTHY KILGALLEN SELECTS: "A Foreign Affair" 14
EDITORIAL: "Before God and Man" 27

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS ..... by Jean Kinkead 16
FASHION ..... by Connie Bartel 65
YOUR LETTERS 68
NEW FACES 77
MUSIC: "Sweet and Hot" ..... by Leonard Feather 78
THE FANS ..... by Shirley Frohlich 84
BEAUTY: "Naturally Young and Pretty" ..... by Carol Carter 94
ALSO SHOWING 118

ON THE COVER: JUDY GARLAND

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For the first time in motion picture history... the complete romance... the full novel just as Alexandre Dumas wrote it!



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as Lady de Winter... *lovely as a jewel, deadly as a dagger, the wickedest woman in all Christendom!*



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as D'Artagnan... *young and handsome soldier of fortune... a dashing, audacious lover!*



June Allyson

as Constance... *golden-haired beauty entangled in a web of treachery and intrigue!*





M-G-M *presents*

Alexandre Dumas'

"The Three Musketeers"

in

color by Technicolor





Van Heflin

as Athos... *a rollicking adventurer, fighting to live and living to love!*

Angela Lansbury

as Queen Anne... *dazzling as her gilded palace... for her, men dared a thousand perils!*

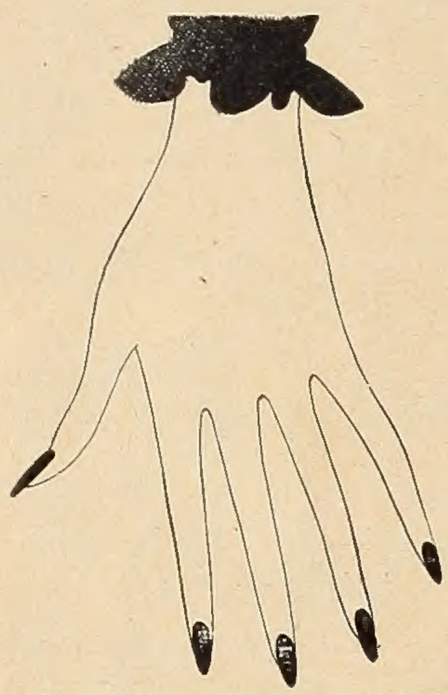
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Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • **Directed by** GEORGE SIDNEY • **Produced by** PANDRO S. BERMAN

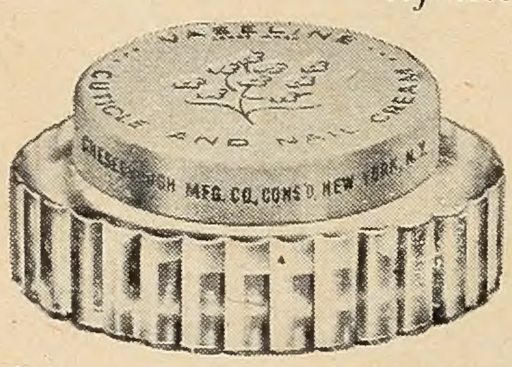
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

10 reasons why
you'll love
new

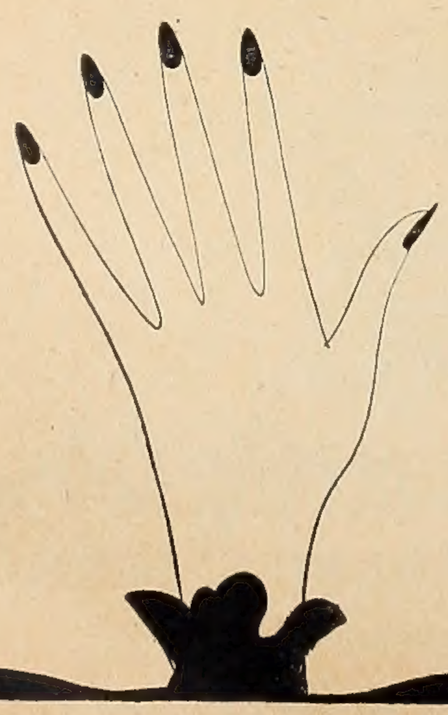
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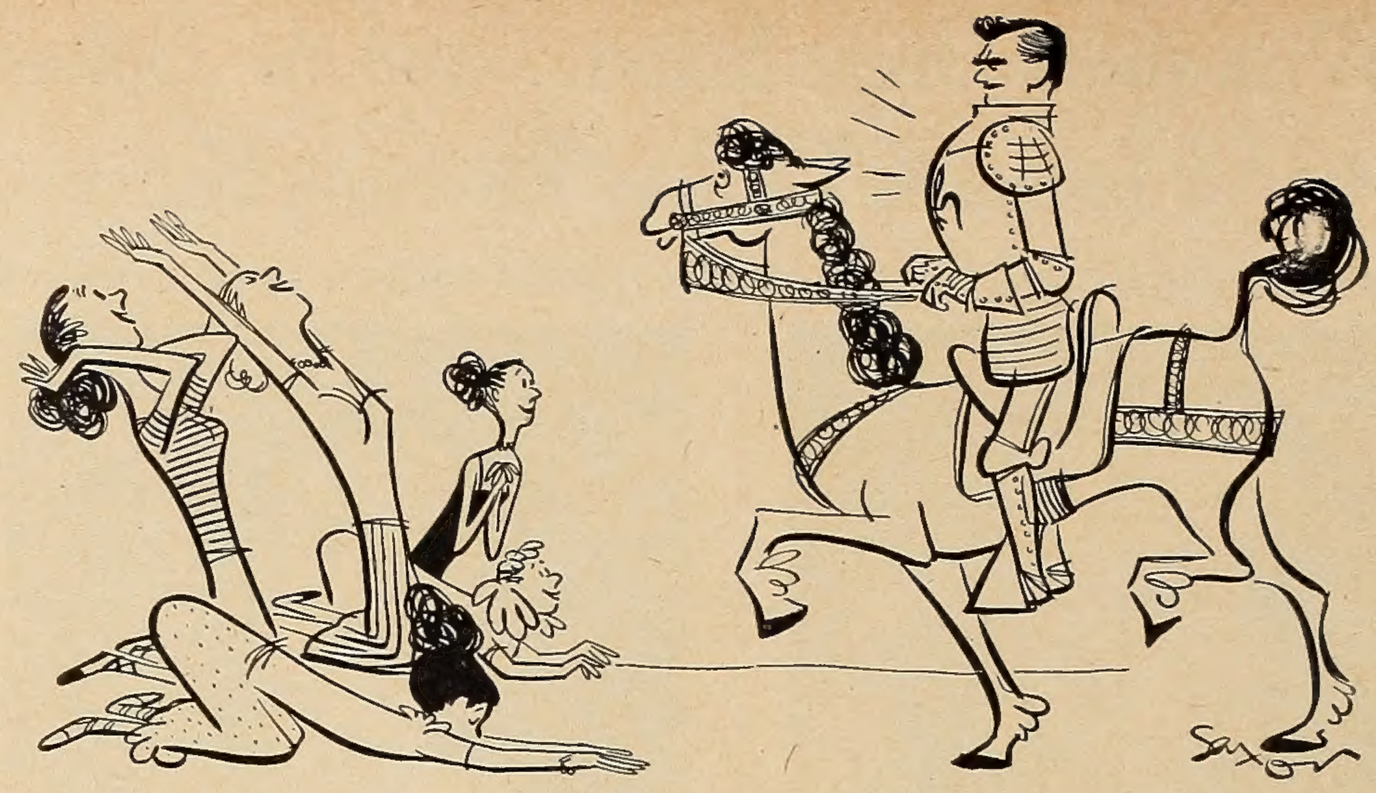


1. *Helps prevent cuticle hangnails*
2. *Simple to use*
3. *Keeps cuticle smoother, suppler*
4. *Richly lubricating*
5. *Coaxes fingertips to petal-softness*



6. *Makes manicures quicker, sleeker*
7. *Delightfully fragrant*
8. *Gives hands that well-groomed look*
9. *Daintily peach-colored*
10. *In sparkling crystal jar*





To our Readers

IT'S NOT THAT we dislike Clark Gable. There's every reason to believe he's a very good guy. Even plays a handy game of golf. It's this business about the women—the way they fall before him like broken lilies. To them he's apparently Don Juan and Lancelot and King Arthur combined. There are five ladies we can mention (and we do on page 38) who've given themselves to the Gable cause. As we said, the man's all right—but he certainly makes it tough for the rest of us!

COME TO THINK of it, Cornel Wilde doesn't have it so bad, either. Lately, he's been spending time convincing his gorgeous wife, Pat Knight, that she's awake. They're co-starring for the first time in *The Lovers,* and Pat's in a daze. She'd been dreaming of this for ten years. But the dream-state doesn't show. If you don't believe us, you can see for yourself on page 56.

PICTURE IT—a blue velvet night, soft breezes, the smell of alfalfa. We did more than picture it (on page 34); we climbed into our dungarees and went along on a hayride in the San Fernando Valley. The whole idea belonged to Reba and Bonnie Churchill (teen-age columnists who knew about these square-dance parties in the Valley). But the night . . . that belonged to us.

WHICH REMINDS US of Modern Screen's writers. We don't exactly keep them in chains (ask a few), but we take a sort of proud, benevolent interest in them. We've discovered, for example, that they've cornered the radio networks. Hedda Hopper (page 28); Louella Parsons (page 6); Dorothy Kilgallen (page 14); George Fisher (page 60); Erskine Johnson (page 48)—each one has a room with a mike . . .

ERSKINE EVEN DECIDED he'd write a magazine story in soap-opera form. It's called "Evie's Other Husband." The man is Van Johnson. The question is, are the Johnsons happy? The answers, as best a good reporter could learn 'em, are on page 48.

Faith Baldwin writes a down-to-earth story of Young love's Castle-in-the-Air!

AN APARTMENT FOR Peggy

Color by TECHNICOLOR



This is **PEGGY,** who gave one man something to love for — another something to live for!



This is **JASON**—Say! Look who's *Holden* Peggy now!

JEANNE CRAIN
plays Peggy
WILLIAM HOLDEN
plays Jason
Edmund Gwenn
plays the Professor

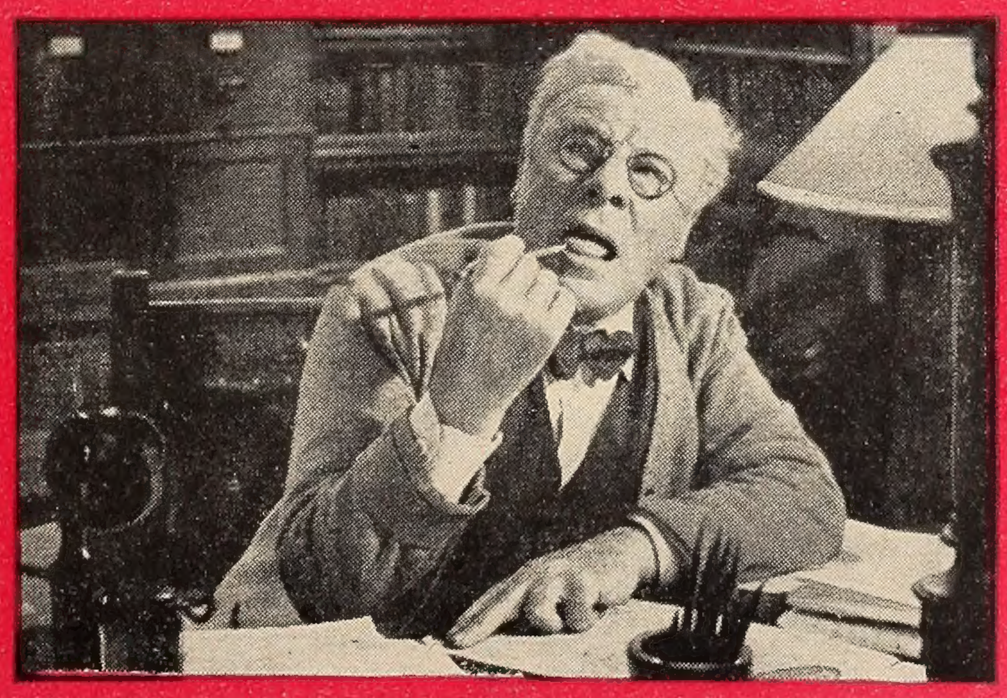
"APARTMENT FOR PEGGY"

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

Directed and written for the screen by
GEORGE SEATON

Produced by
WILLIAM PERLBERG

20th CENTURY-FOX



This is **THE MAN** behind "The Miracle on 34th Street" who discovers a new miracle — Peggy, herself!

IT'S THE PICTURE THAT GIVES YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE ON LIFE!

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Louella Parsons returned with her husband, Dr. Harry Martin, on the S. S. America, after a European vacation. Louella visited her Hollywood friends now making movies in England, France and Italy, was feted at many parties.

■ Judy Garland is a sick, sick girl again, so ill her doctors say she must remain off the screen for months. When you stop to think what a round apple-cheeked child she was just a few years ago, these recurring collapses are just heart-breaking.

Ginger Rogers was rushed in to replace Judy in *The Barkleys of Broadway*, with Fred Astaire. It is too bad that it took this serious illness of Judy's to accomplish it—but reuniting Ginger and Fred, the best dance team we have ever had on the screen—is something to shout about.

When Fred first heard his former dance queen was about to sign as his co-star, he kicked up his heels, plenty. Not that he doesn't want to make a picture with Ginger—but he thought this might take the edge off an "independent" movie they are contracted for in which they share in the profits.

But when he was offered another "dancing lady" (who shall be nameless) Fred gave in—in a hurry. He considers her the most "undancing" star of the screen.

* * *

Let's face it. Everyone on the inside in Hollywood knew things had not been going well between the Rex Harrisons for months!

But how that girl, Lilli Palmer, came through when Rex Harrison was in the spotlight during the investigation into Carole Landis' suicide! Rex had discovered the tragedy. Carole's maid said he was a frequent diner at the house.

Lilli, who had been in New York for weeks, caught the first plane back to Hollywood to be with her husband and to deny that they had been having any domestic trouble.

She went up in everyone's estimation one hundred per cent and her loyalty and devotion has not cost her a single movie fan.

Her voice was trembling, but determined, a few hours after her arrival when she said to the reporters swarming around their Mandeville Canyon home, "My place is by the side



George Murphy, Jane Wyman and Eddie Bracken at NBC's "Let's Talk Hollywood" show. Jane has moved into a new home with Maureen and Michael. It's larger (old one was cramped) gives her more privacy.



Marie Wilson, Ken Murray and a cast member celebrated the seventh year of *Ken Murray's Blackouts* with a huge cake. The birthday show was 3223rd performance! Marie and Ken are only original members left.



Spike Jones took his new bride, Helen Grayco, to Paul Draper's opening at Slapsie Maxie's. Spike was formerly married to Patricia Ann Middleton. They have a daughter, Linda Lee, 7. Helen sings with Spike's band.



Hedy Lamarr shared a Stork Club table with Bea Lillie (star of Broadway smash, *Inside U.S.A.*) and Robert Lantz. Hedy, who'll make *Samson and Delilah* for DeMille, says she and John Loder won't reconcile.

of my husband. If he returns to England, I shall go with him. If he stays here, I shall remain—naturally."

There was not one word about her own career—or whether it would be best for her to stay in Hollywood where she is off to a good start. Her only thought was about Rex and their child.

* * *

Howard Duff has it bad for Ava Gardner and goes into a minor decline every time she steps out with someone else. This boy can really light up a torch when he sets his heart to it.

Not long ago when Ava was "out" when Howard called, he rang up all their friends begging them to use their influence with her.

"What's he doing? Trying to get elected?" cracked Ava when she heard about it.

* * *

Frank Sinatra said a sweet thing to a 16-year-old would-be glamor girl who was embarrassed almost to tears because her father called to escort her home from a party at nine p.m.!

"Don't you worry, honey," said Frankie. "In just a few years I'll be picking up my little girl at nine o'clock and believe me, she's coming home at that time."

The occasion was a party at the home of Henry Ginsberg, popular executive at Paramount. Henry had planned to have only grown-ups for dinner, but when his 19-year-old son heard that songwriters Jimmy van Heusen ("But Beautiful") and Jimmy McHugh ("I Can't Give You Anything But Love") PLUS Sinatra were to be among the guests, it turned into a bobby-sox fiesta.

Young Ginsberg trouped in with 20 'teenagers who immediately plunked van Heusen at the piano in the living room and McHugh at the piano in the den and had Frankie running between them for hours.

When Betty Hutton showed up—it became a Tin Pan Alley dream!

POP! POP! POP!
EVERYBODY LOVES
Manley's
Hi Pop
POPCORN





Get hot, fresh, delicious Hi Pop Popcorn anywhere—the Nation's popular food confection. Served from sparkling Manley Popcorn Machines at your movie theatre and variety store or wherever good popcorn is sold. Ask your food store for Hi Pop in the red and white candy cane package. Make your own popcorn at home. Remember—Hi Pop is the same fine corn movie shows feature.

INSIST ON
Manley's Hi Pop
IN THE CANDY STRIPED PACKAGE



Enroute to Italy for work on a movie, Ty Power and Linda Christian stop off at Madrid. Because his divorce decree from Annabella doesn't become final until January, studio execs have asked them to put off proposed marriage in Europe.

Good news

Only discord of the whole musical evening was when the fore-mentioned baby siren was hauled home to meet the curfew deadline. Said Frankie to the host, at closing time, "This is the first time I've sung for my dinner in years!"

* * *

Prettiest party of the summer was hosted by Dinah Shore and George Montgomery in their garden just before Dinah took off for London.

All the girls were invited to wear Spanish-type clothes—so most of them showed up in off-the-shoulder peasant blouses and bright skirts of every hue in the rainbow.

A big, fat moon came up at just the proper time to illuminate the gleaming dinner table, almost bowed down with red and white blossoms, and the shadowy figures of guitar players strolling around the grounds.

Alan Ladd, who ate three helpings of the hot Spanish food, was yelling for Susie to bring water to put out the fire. Alan is the envy of every actor (and actress) in town. That boy can really EAT and without putting on a pound. T'aint right, somehow.

His leading lady, Donna Reed, one of the real beauties of this town, looked like a dream in all-white, very form-fitting, and the newly skinny Anne Baxter gave her a run for top beauty honors in an electric blue skirt and matching blouse.

All the gals sported their new short hair-cuts—including the hostess. Dinah's whole personality has changed with her new perky hair-cut. Says she feels "sassy," too.

The Montgomerys do a charming thing for their departing guests. They have big bouquets of flowers picked from the garden and present all couples with armsful of posies just before they drive off.

* * *

I still have a few movie star memories from my trip abroad I want to tell you about:

Rita Hayworth looked like a baby Camille lying on a chaise longue in the patio at the delightful cocktail party Freddie Brisson (Ros Russell's husband) gave in my honor in Cannes.

Rita, just out of the French hospital after a serious siege of anemia, was still taking medicine and her doctors had told her to take it easy.

She looked dreamy with her hair now so dark it is almost brown and wearing one of the low-cut sports dresses.

The surrounding scenery was out of this world, but I am sure the Frenchmen paying such ardent court around Rita's chaise longue behaving like love-smitten Armands, saw nothing but la Hayworth.

I might add that Rita has made up her last year's feud with the French press. She even went so far being sweet as to give a Siamese cat to one of the Paris reporters for his little daughter.

No, indeed—you hear no criticism of la belle Rita in la Belle France these days!

If you ask me—you can forget those rumors that she has any intention of trying to effect a reconciliation with Orson Welles. *That* is over and done with.

* * *

Ingrid Bergman, never known as a "clothes horse," had a most embarrassing moment in Paris until Schiaparelli, world-famed designer,

HEAR IT!

CHEER IT!



WARNER BROS.

WIDE-OPEN ENTERTAINMENT!

FULL OF SONG, SPECTACLE AND TERRIFIC TEXAS SWEETHEARTS!

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR!

DENNIS JACK

MORGAN·CARSON

WAHOO! HOW THOSE DUDE-RANCH ROMEOS MAKE WOO-WOO!

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS

Just LOOK at these song hits! Every-body's singing em'!

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU A LITTLE BIT MORE"

"HANKERIN'"

"MUSIC IN THE LAND"

"I DON'T CARE IF IT RAINS ALL NIGHT"

"AT THE RODEO"

"I NEVER MET A TEXAN"

"I WANT TO BE A COWBOY IN THE MOVIES"



and DOROTHY PENNY

MALONE · EDWARDS

Screen Play by I. A. L. Diamond and Allen Boretz
Suggested by a Play by Robert Sloane and Louis Pelletier
Orchestral Arrangements by Ray Heindorf

DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER · PRODUCED BY ALEX GOTTLIEB



Advertisement

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl . . . so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

Good news



Host John Garfield chats with Beatrice Pearson at a Hollywood party in her honor. Beatrice is debuting in *Tucker's People* starring Garfield.



Leaving soon for London where he'll make *Britannia Mews*, Van Heflin and his wife dine at Stork.

came to her rescue, in the nick of time.

Bergman had flown over from London to attend a big charity affair at the Eiffel Tower. She was told it was strictly an outdoor event—so she showed up with only a suit.

When she arrived in Paris and found it to be one of the dressiest occasions of the brilliant social season—she didn't know what to do.

"If I do not show up," Ingrid wailed to me over the 'phone, "they will say I do not have the interest of the poor French children at heart. If I do appear, they will say 'That Bergman—she has never known how to dress.' And I do not have time to have a gown fitted."

But when Schiaparelli heard of her plight, she sent her post-haste the most divine white gown you have ever put your eyes on and, believe it or not, the fit was so perfect you would have sworn it was poured on Ingrid.

She was the hit of the event, so cute with her speech in French with that slight Swedish accent!

Later on, I sat next to Ingrid at the party given by Edith and William Goetz of the film colony. She said to me, "Please, please, Louella—say that there is no truth in the cruel rumors that my husband and I are separating. I am expecting him to join me as soon as possible. He wanted to fly. But I want him to take the boat because I fear for his safety."

Does that sound like trouble? Not to me.

* * *

The next week, in London, the Goetzes gave a wonderful party in honor of Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Phil Harris and Marilyn Maxwell, who absolutely wowed the conservative British when their show opened at the Palladium.

While we were still in the theater, Alice Faye rushed up and threw her arms around my neck saying, "I'm so homesick. Isn't it awful when everything is so exciting here?" Talk about modesty—that girl is ready to let Phil Harris take the bows for the family for the rest of their lives.

When Alice was introduced to the audience they stamped and cheered but she just re-



It's lovely Loretta's grandest role since her Academy Award performance as "The Farmer's Daughter"

Rebel bride of a man she'd never kissed! Pledged to share his home... but not privileged to claim his love! Until one day ... one fateful day ... along came a Tall, Dark Stranger!

DORE SCHARY *presents*

LORETTA YOUNG • WILLIAM HOLDEN
ROBERT MITCHUM

in

Rachel and the Stranger

Produced by RICHARD H. BERGER
Directed by NORMAN FOSTER
Screenplay by WALDO SALT

RKO RADIO PICTURES





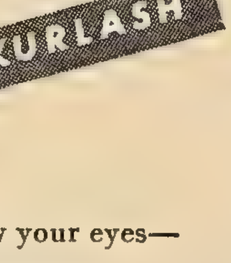
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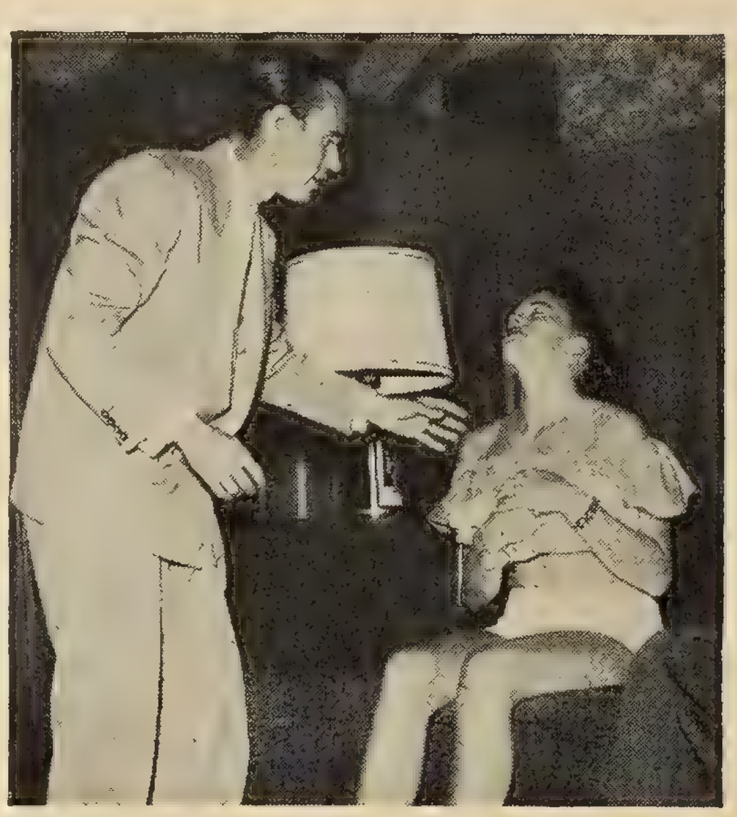
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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Good news



Jack Carson threw a party at his Sherman Oaks home and invited hypnotist Fred Schneider to put his guests to sleep. Willing guests were Michael O'Shea and wife Virginia Mayo.



Best subject was Janis Paige, who sang and rocked her arms when told she had a baby in them. Carson tried to hypnotize Janis, failed.



With Schneider's help, Jack managed to get his pal Dennis Morgan into the pool. Carson hoped hypnotist would cure him of insomnia.

fused to go up on the stage and take a bow.

Close down in the front row I spotted Dana Andrews and his attractive wife. Dana was literally mobbed every time he appeared on the streets and I can say the same for Joe Cotten.

Funny thing—at home, the fans do not always recognize Joe. But the British seem to spot him ten blocks away.

* * *

And now I might add the topper which concerns the antics of Orson Welles—who else?

Cannes will never stop talking about his "swim" in Le Loupe River in his birthday suit, surprising the astonished natives out of their wits and embarrassing friends unfortunate enough to be along on this bit of authentic "exhibitionism."

When I left Europe, he was holidaying in Capri with his fiancée, the beautiful Italian Lea Padovani. In Rome, 'tis said, he is very jealous of his sweetheart and has a minor fit if she is out of his sight.

* * *

Audie Murphy is back from that junket to France, but just before he took off I asked him, "When are you going to marry Wanda Hendrix?" He said, "We have to get engaged, first." And that's that. I think the real reason those kids don't take the plunge is that Audie feels he can't support her in movie-star style. Our most-decorated war hero doesn't make a big salary. He is as proud as Lucifer, but I think little Wanda is really in love with him and I hope the kids get together.

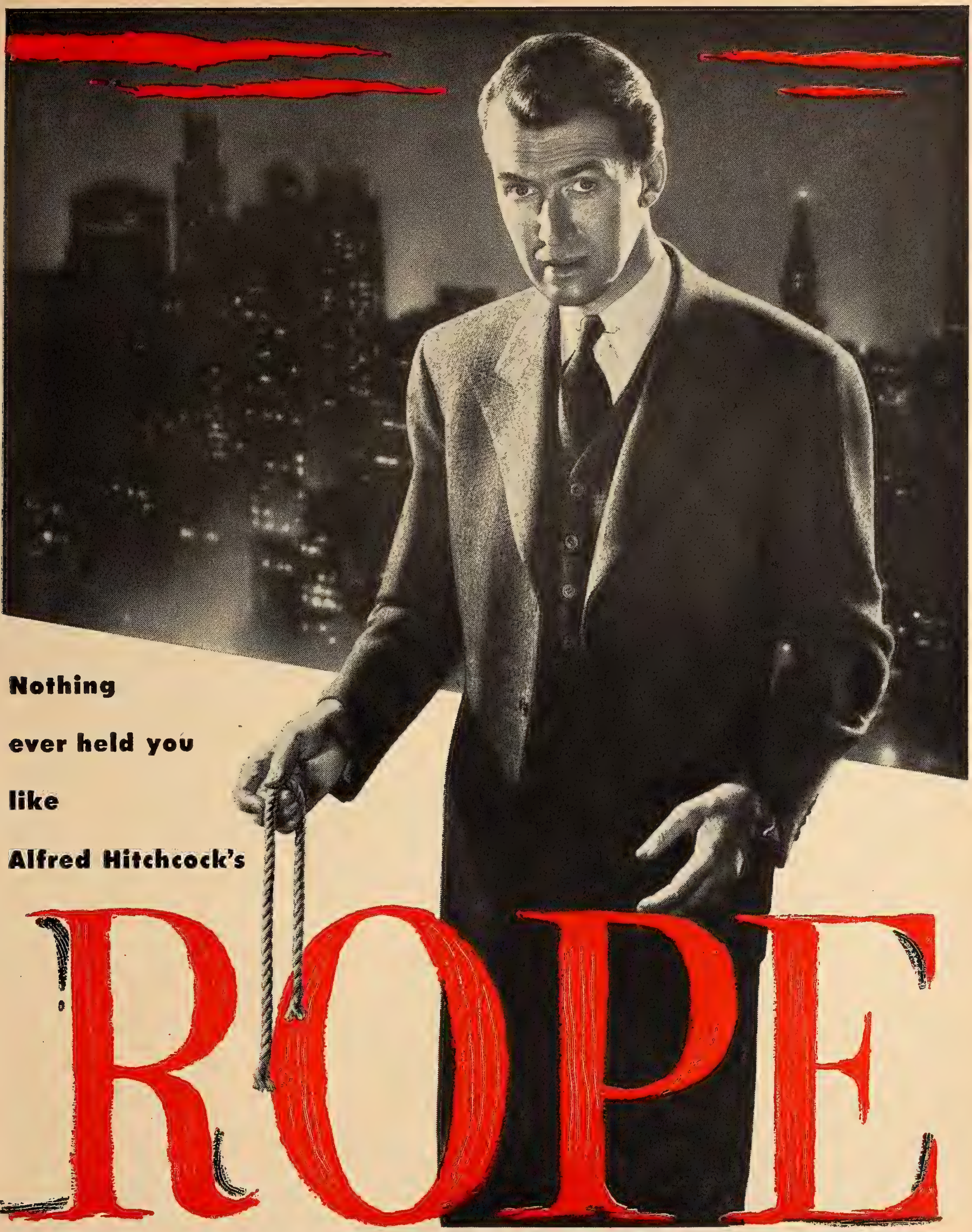
* * *

Don't say I said so, but Clark Gable and Marilyn Maxwell had a bit of a flirtation on the boat going to London. But once Clark arrived in France he had eyes for only Dolly O'Brien, the glamorous socialite, who makes no bones about being a grandmother. Clark is really crazy about Dolly, as I've said several times before. But whether or not Mr. Gable will ever get married again is a great big question mark.

* * *

Dennis Morgan tells me he's not kicking up his heels about making more *Two Guys* pictures with Jack Carson. Certainly they have been successful at the box-office—but frankly, I wouldn't blame Dennis and Jack if they did feel they had made enough of them. Well, a long time ago, two big stars, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen, got into the same kind of teaming rut—and when they separated they were never as successful.

Incidentally, Dennis has been working so hard he still hasn't found time to furnish completely his beautiful but enormous home near the Rose Bowl in Pasadena.



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ever held you

like

Alfred Hitchcock's

ROPE

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STARRING **JAMES STEWART** WITH JOHN DALL FARLEY GRANGER SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE CONSTANCE COLLIER AND JOAN CHANDLER

Screen Play by Arthur Laurents • From the Play by Patrick Hamilton • Director of Photography, Joseph Valentine, A.S.C.

A TRANSATLANTIC PICTURES PRODUCTION

dorothy kilgallen selects "a foreign affair"





Congresswoman Jean Arthur, investigating GI "morale" in Germany, discovers Army Captain John Lund "fraternizing" with night club fraulein Marlene Dietrich.

■ Once in a wonderful while, some Hollywood genius achieves the perfect combination of wit, plot, sentiment and Americana that comes out of the cinema oven as a brilliant confection of entertainment.

Frank Capra has done it. George Stevens has done it. So has Preston Sturges.

In the enchanting Paramount concoction called *A Foreign Affair,* Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder do it with the flourish of master chefs.

Their theme is post-war Berlin and a Congressional committee assigned to investigate the "morale" (here a synonym for morals) of the American troops stationed in Germany—which sounds like a stuffy basis for a story but turns out to be wonderful fun. Its treatment is lighthearted, yet not without heart. It is full of jokes, but full of truths, too. It contains an admirable mixture of imaginative fiction and good eyewitness reporting. The result is a terrific piece of entertainment from the first laugh—when Jean Arthur is shown looking remarkably like a rather well-known blonde ex-Congresswoman who shall be nameless because everyone will think of her instantly anyway—to the final boff when Marlene Dietrich exits to what one may assume to be a fate considerably better than death at the hands of five GI's.

Ex-GI's will roar with appreciative laughter at the predicaments of the principals in *A Foreign Affair*, which Army-wise, must have a loud ring of authenticity. The soldier sitting next to me when I saw it was coming apart at the seams.

The film is remarkable not only for the quality of its dialogue but for its atmosphere of authenticity. The shots of Berlin —real ones, not studio sets or miniatures— are as fascinating and appalling as any post V-E Day newsreels. It is amazing that their starkness could be mixed successfully with comedy, but Brackett and Wilder, those old celluloid alchemists, do it with a sure pair of hands.

And the actors hired to assist them in the unfolding of a deft screenplay must have made the directing chore a pleasure. John (Ah, Girls!) Lund, in a new brunette and be-mustached guise, is as ruggedly sexy as Gable, but younger and smoother around the acting edges. Jean Arthur is her customary bright, raucous-voiced, enchanting self, and Marlene Dietrich gives every appearance of enjoying herself hugely in the most suitable role she has had for a decade. Playing an amorous fraulein with a sharp eye for nylons, she gives a genuine characterization and gets her laughs with the fine timing of a burlesque comic.

There aren't many like this one. See it!



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THE AMBUSH!
Bullet against flaming arrow as blood-mad savages ride the ring of death!

THE FEUD!
Vengeance . . . exploding in the fury of a desperate fight to the finish . . . bringing new glory to a great new star— Montgomery Clift!

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starring JOHN WAYNE · MONTGOMERY CLIFT · WALTER BRENNAN · JOANNE DRU

With HARRY CAREY, Sr. · COLEEN GRAY · JOHN IRELAND · NOAH BEERY, Jr. · HARRY CAREY, Jr. · PAUL FIX

From the Saturday Evening Post story, "The Chisholm Trail", by Borden Chase

Screenplay by Borden Chase and Charles Schnee

Executive Producer, CHARLES K. FELDMAN · DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY HOWARD HAWKS · RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS



Brooding over his father's death which he has solemnly vowed to avenge, Hamlet denounces his mother, the Queen, for having married her husband's brother (also his murderer) in haste.



Ophelia, now spurned by the once-adoring Hamlet, is ultimately driven insane by the death of her father (accidentally stabbed by Hamlet). Wandering aimlessly into a stream, she drowns.



Her brother Laertes blames Hamlet for the deaths of his kinsmen. Egged on by the King, he challenges the unhappy Prince to a duel in which Hamlet shall die by both sword and poison.

Movie reviews

by Jean Kinkead

HAMLET

Laurence Olivier's majestic *Hamlet* is no mere photographed stage play. It is swift-moving, action-packed cinema, so beautifully directed and produced that one is scarcely aware that on screen it is the Thirteenth Century. Somehow, the time is now; the centuries-old problems, immediate and urgent. Shakespeare's four-hour tragedy has been edited and cut so that it emerges as a two-and-a-half-hour movie. Many of its more obscure passages and obsolete words have been changed and miraculously, this has heightened one's interest in the story without in any way sacrificing the poetry and grandeur of the original lines.

The story, familiar to every high-school student, is briefly this: Prince Hamlet of Denmark (Laurence Olivier) is grieving terribly over his father's death, and is even more sick at heart that his mother has married his father's brother, Claudius, when King Hamlet has been dead but a few weeks. The ghost of King Hamlet has been appearing nightly to the castle guards, and one night the distraught young prince stands watch to see whether his father's restless spirit brings a message. A message it brings, and a grisly one.

Seems that King Hamlet did not die of natural causes but was foully murdered by Claudius that the latter might gain both the throne and Denmark's fair Queen Gertrude (Eileen Herlie) for himself. Hamlet's ghost bids young Hamlet to avenge this hideous crime, and to that end the Prince now dedicates himself.

He accomplishes (*Continued on page 18*)

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DICK HAYMES



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Directed by WILLIAM A. SEITER

Produced by LESTER COWAN

A Gripping Tale



DeLong Bob Pins hold your hair as firmly as a thriller holds your attention . . . The Stronger Grip DeLong boasts about is no mere slogan dreamed-up by ad-writers . . . It's a fact as cold and hard as the high-carbon steel that goes into these quality bob pins . . . Try them and see how much better DeLong Bob Pins stay in your hair, how much longer they keep their strength and springy action . . . You'll never go back to the wishy-washy kind of bob pin that's in your hair one minute and in your lap the next. Always remember—

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Won't Slip Out



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his aim at frightful cost. He mistakingly murders Polonius (Felix Aylmer), the father of his beloved Ophelia (Jean Simmons). Ophelia loses her mind. He sees his mother die by her own hand, accidentally kills his friend Laertes (Terence Morgan), and eventually dies himself.

This wholesale slaughter as seen in a stage play is rarely moving or effective. Here it is both. You will walk out of the theater feeling shattered, yet strangely uplifted. Olivier's *Hamlet* is really quite a thing!

The acting is uniformly fine. Laurence Olivier is a sensitive Hamlet, with an excellent flair for humor. Eighteen-year-old Jean Simmons is a beautiful and tear-evoking Ophelia. Norman Wooland, in his first major role, is perfect as Horatio, the wise and steadfast friend, and Eileen Herlie is a strong and lovely Queen Gertrude. This is a history-making film, full of new visual and oral devices, but what is more important—it is superlative entertainment.—*Univ.-Int.*

THE ILLEGALS

Meyer Levin, a young American writer, wrote, produced and directed this moving semi-documentary film about displaced Jews on their perilous way to Palestine. Not a member of the cast is a professional actor, not a penny was expended on expensive sets. Consequently, the film is neither polished nor slick. It is merely the heart-breakingly accurate picture-story of a brave, long-suffering people told with the poignance of understatement.

Mika and Sara Wilner—played by Yankel Mikalowitch and Tereska Torres (Mrs. Meyer Levin)—are young Polish Jews who want more than anything else to have their expected child born in Palestine. Via the new Jewish underground railway, the Brayha, they make their arduous way to a secret port in Italy, thence by Haganah ship across the Mediterranean to Israel. Their separation and reunion is the film's personal story, but the big drama, of course, involves a whole people.

The movie was photographed along the route actually taken by displaced Jews, and the people one sees being herded like swine into freight cars are not Hollywood extras, but human beings whose filth and terror are all too real. The tired old man falling in the snow almost at journey's end, the frightened girl in childbirth in the stifling hold of the Haganah ship, the patient little boy with his crust of bread, these are our fellow men experiencing the indignities of the lowest animals.

The Illegals (as these homeless people are known to the British Tommies) is a crude film. It pulls no punches. It isn't pretty or pleasant. Neither has it a happy ending. But we should all see it, with our hearts as well as our eyes, and having seen it, perhaps some of us will be moved to do something about it. Produced by Meyer Levin for Americans for Haganah.—*20th-Fox.*

THE BABE RUTH STORY

Adapted from Bob Considine's book of the same name and painstakingly produced by Roy Del Ruth, this is a heart-warming tribute to baseball's beloved Sultan of Swat.

The Babe Ruth Story goes way back to 1906 when George Herman Ruth, a potential juvenile delinquent, was jack of all trades in his father's saloon. Bitterly unhappy, George left his father and, of his own volition, went with his kind-eyed, soft-spoken friend—Brother Matthias—to a Baltimore orphanage—St. Mary's Industrial School for Boys. Sustained by the Brother's faith in him, the high-spirited youngster grew up on the right side of the law, learned the tailoring trade well, but spent every free second on the baseball diamond. With the help of Brother Matthias, he got his first job—pitching for the Baltimore Orioles.

The Babe's career is followed faithfully, as he moved from the Orioles to the Red Sox to the Yankees, and eventually—as a paunchy slugger in his forties—to the Braves. The film's last scenes show him slugging for his life in New York's French Hospital.

Although the Bambino's gay days have been white-washed considerably, and there is no mention whatever of his stormy first marriage, Baseball's bad boy, as shown here, is still no angel. There's one sequence in which he turns up at the Children's Hospital on Christmas



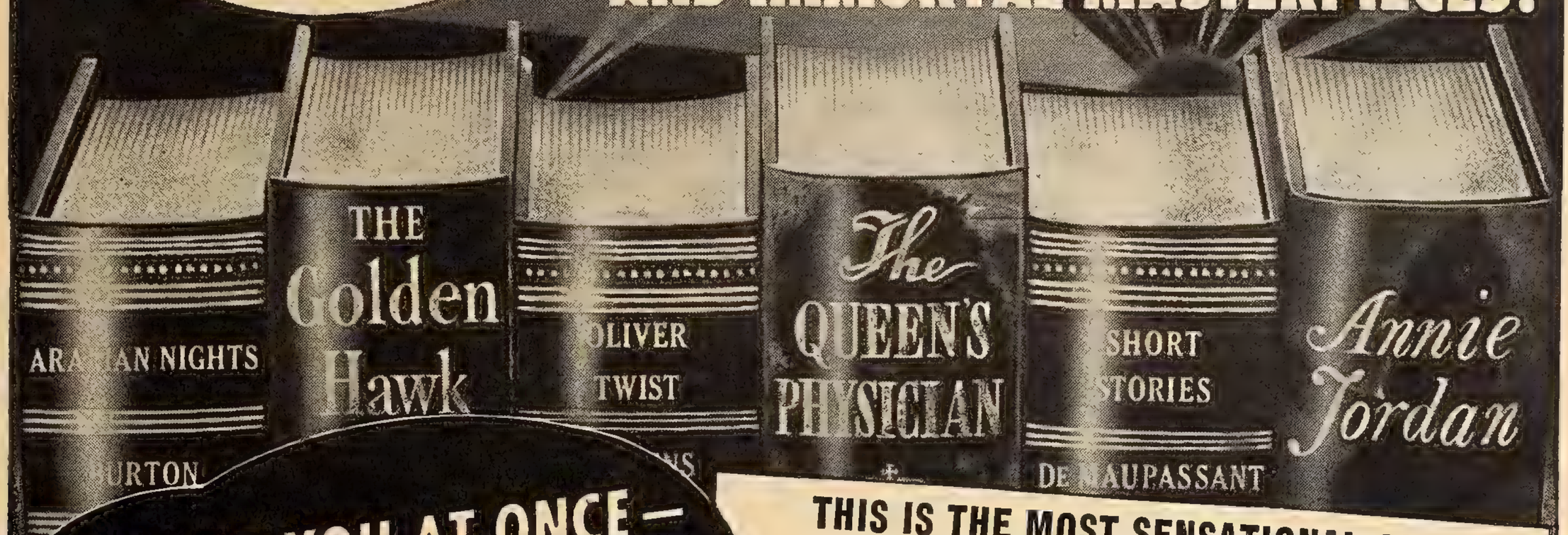
The Illegals: Accurate picture-story of displaced Polish Jews on their perilous way to Palestine.

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The handsome doctor knew at a glance that the lovely and seductive Queen Caroline was suffering from an ailment which only ardent passion could cure!

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Vivid, romantic story of a girl who fought hard for happiness — then tossed it all away in a desperate bid for *the only love she could NOT have!*

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Immortal and appealing tale about the waif who fled the poorhouse and was saved from a still uglier fate at the hands of thieves. Now a smash-hit movie!

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Eve, a very plastered Santa Claus, and another shows him cutting up in a Follies dressing room. These colorful bits give depth and meaning to a story that might easily have been over-sentimentalized. All the cherished anecdotes are here, lots of good old songs, wonderful nostalgia. It's a baseball fan's dream picture and solid entertainment for us bench-warmers who don't know a base-hit from a hole-in-one.

The story isn't perfect. Bill Bendix as the teen-age Ruth is pretty unbelievable, and a few of the hospital scenes are just too corny. However, Bendix's portrait of Ruth is a warm, humorous and sympathetic one. Claire Trevor is adequate as his wife. Charles Bickford does a fine, restrained job as Brother Matthias and Fred Lightner, as Yankee manager Miller Huggins, is just plain magnificent.—*Mono.*

EMBRACEABLE YOU

This is a maudlin little concoction about two kids—Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks—who are living on borrowed time.

Seems that Eddie Novoc (that's Dane), a young hoodlum, is about to drive an unsavory-looking chap named Sig Kelch (Richard Rober) home from an evening of gambling—and murder. The car plunges forward suddenly and, to Eddie's horror, it knocks down a girl. (That's Geraldine.) Kelch won't let Eddie stop to see how badly she's hurt, but the thing preys on Novoc's mind, and when he finds an account in the paper he goes to see the girl, Marie Willens, in the hospital.

The newspaper story had said that the girl had a brother in Milwaukee, and Eddie pretends he's a friend of the brother's. When Marie tells Ferris (Wallace Ford), the detective in charge of her case, about her visitor she confides that she's just a bit puzzled for she has no brother in Milwaukee. She had fibbed to the newspaper reporters so that she wouldn't appear to be a waif with neither kith nor kin. Ferris immediately suspects that Eddie is the hit-and-run driver and when he learns from Marie's doctor (Douglas Kennedy) that Marie has a blood clot in her bloodstream which means certain death within a few weeks, he decides on a course of action.

He tells Eddie that he knows he's guilty, but that he won't pull him in for a while, and he orders him to make Marie happy for the rest of her short life.

Eddie sells his car to get some cash, rents a plush apartment for the bewildered Marie who has no idea that she is doomed. When he runs out of money, he blackmails Kelch to the tune of $1,000. Eventually, of course, Marie



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Want to save money? Don't buy MODERN SCREEN—get it for nothing! Get three issues free! November, December and January copies are waiting to be mailed to the first 500 of you who answer the Questionnaire below. The thing is—we want to write about the stars you want to read about. What could be simpler? What could be smarter than being among the first 500 on our mailing list?

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our October issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

Why Can't They Stay Married? by Hedda Hopper ..... ☐
Bloopface and the Babe (Judy Garland) ..... ☐
Let's Have A Hayride! ..... ☐
The Gable Women by Dorothy Kilgallen ..... ☐
Love Is So Terrific! (Jane Powell) ☐
She Was A Good Girl (Rita Hayworth) ..... ☐
This Is My Best by Cobina Wright ☐
"Evie's Other Husband" (Van Johnson) ..... ☐
Fabulous Honeymoon (Karin Booth) ..... ☐
Guy Madison: In Person ..... ☐
"It's Not A Dream, Darling" (Cornel Wilde-Pat Knight) .... ☐
Intimate View (Errol Flynn) .... ☐
Fighting Lady (Laraine Day) .... ☐
End Of A Mystery (Bob Walker) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News .... ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

What FEMALE star do you like least?.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City..... Zone..... State..... I am.....years old

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Embraceable You: Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks live, love excitingly on borrowed time.

and Eddie fall desperately in love, and when Marie learns that she has just a week or two left to live, she begs him to marry her. Kelch shows up on their wedding day intent on putting Eddie out of the way—and there is excitement and gunplay. Is there a wedding? That we're not going to tell.

The story, obviously, is pretty preposterous. However, it manages to generate a lot of excitement, and furthermore it's quite a tear-jerker. That will appeal to the ladies, and for the guys, there's Geraldine Brooks, who is really worth seeing.—*War.*

THE BLACK ARROW

This is Fifteenth Century England right after the War of the Roses. (The war between the House of York and the House of Lancaster.) Sir Richard Shelton, a Yorkist, returns victoriously to Tunstall Castle to learn that his father is dead—murdered in cold blood by their neighbor, Lancastrian John Sedley—and that his uncle, Sir Daniel Brackley, is now in charge. Sir Richard can hardly believe his ears, for in spite of political differences, Sedley and Richard's father were always good friends. At length Uncle Dan convinces Sir Richard that the amazing news is true indeed, and he also tells him that the wicked man's daughter, Joanna (Janet Blair) has been made a ward of the crown and placed in Dan's custody.

Sir Richard is prepared to hate the girl—flesh and blood of his father's murderer—but she is very beautiful, and he falls for her instead. Joanna reveals to Richard that Uncle Dan is his father's murderer, not Sedley; and that her pa—whom everyone thinks has been executed—is hiding out in the forest with a band of loyal followers. The young lovers try to take to the woods in search of dad and almost lose their lives in the attempt. Dauntless Sir Richard risks his neck several more times before he and his gal finally get together.

This is spotty entertainment. It's fine when one is watching Edgar Buchanan as Lawless, the Lancastrian archer who so accurately dispatches black arrows with their rhyming messages. He is hearty and invigorating. However, Louis Hayward—who is constantly referred to as "the boy"—is a bit mature for Stevenson's dashing young Sir Richard. Janet Blair of the

I never sit out this number...



I'm a safety-first girl with Mum

As a skating partner, Beautiful—you keep the boys going around in circles... around *you.* And with Mum for protection against underarm odor, you'll *stay* nice to be near.

So *never trust your charm to anything but dependable Mum.* Remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Get Mum today!



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Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness all day or all evening.

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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

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The Black Arrow: In 15th-Century England, Louis Hayward falls for his uncle's ward, Janet Blair.

divine figure and flair for light comedy is a fish out of water as the sappy, eyelash-batting Joanna.

Too bad that this costume film (adapted from Robert Louis Stevenson's book of the same name) comes out simultaneously with *Hamlet.* The comparison is fairly odious.—*Col.*

PITFALL

This is a thriller with more than the usual impact because its characters are ordinary people like you and me. You'll find here no monsters or mobsters—just a plain guy, his pretty wife and their freckled-faced little boy. They look like the sort of family the song-writers love—Molly and me. That sort of thing. But they wind up in a tabloid murder case. Why? Because of the Pitfall—Lizabeth Scott.

The morning the trouble begins, John Forbes (Dick Powell) is complaining to his wife Sue (Jane Wyatt) about the deadly monotony of their lives. He's weary of the insurance business, wants to do something wild and wonderful like sailing to the South Seas. He leaves home a perfect set-up for any kind of adventure, and when he gets to his office the adventure is waiting.

Mac MacDonald, a private detective employed by the insurance company to check up on claims, tells John that he has discovered some of the loot Embezzler Bill Smiley (Byron Barr) bought with embezzled funds; and he gives John the address of Mona Stevens, Smiley's girl. Smiley having been bonded by John's firm, it's John's job to recover what goods he can. He finds Mona to be a singularly disturbing gal—reckless, beautiful, utterly unorthodox in her approach to life. John goes off the deep end completely, can't stay away from her. Where does it all end, and who kills whom? Go see for yourself.

This is a tense, sophisticated job—all the more terrifying because it could happen to you. Dick Powell is excellent, equally at ease in the film's funny and dramatic moments. Jane Wyatt is wholly believable as the wise and attractive Sue. Lizabeth Scott is more poised and even more beautiful than she's been in her previous films. But the sock performance



Pitfall: Seductress Liz Scott lures family man Dick Powell. Raymond Burr provides chills.

of the movie is Raymond Burr's. This hulking guy is as chill-making in his own way as Richard Widmark—and that's really big-time.

Don't miss this one. It's a honey.—*U.A.*

THE EYES OF TEXAS

Good once more triumphs over evil and that dauntless Roy Rogers squeaks through still another hair-raising adventure. In this true-to-formula Western, Roy is a U. S. Marshal who tracks down two old baddies—flint-eyed attorney Hattie Waters (Nana Bryant) and her current sucker, Vic Rabin (Roy Barcroft). This is the story:

At Thad Cameron's camp for war-orphanned boys, word is received that Thad's (Francis Ford) favorite nephew Frank—believed dead in Anzio—is alive and headed for home. Thad's lawyer, Hattie Waters, is attending to the details of Frank's homecoming, and when Thad goes to her office to talk things over she persuades him to make a new will leaving half of his considerable fortune to his camp and half to Frank.

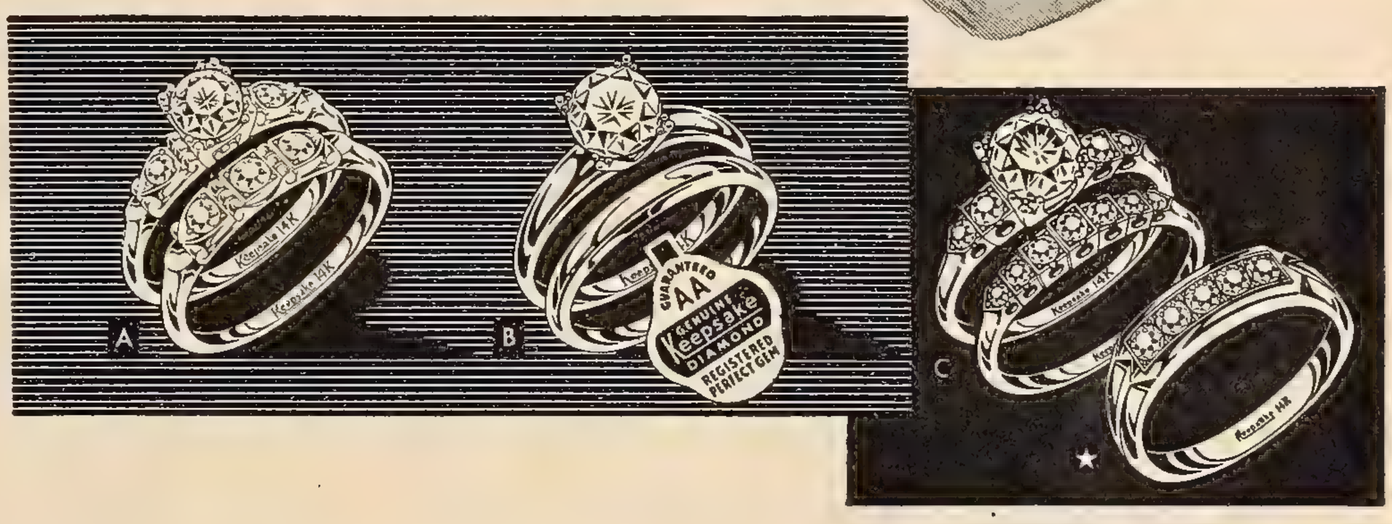
On his way home from her office, Thad is killed (right before our eyes) presumably by wolves. U. S. Marshal Roy Rogers isn't satisfied that wolves caused the death, and when he discovers an injured dog near the spot where the body was found, he suspects someone of deliberately setting wild dogs on poor Thad. Later, when a sharp-looking character blows into town purporting to be old Thad's nephew Frank—well, our Roy just knows something's up.

His seach for evidence leads him into grave danger countless times, also—on the pleasant side—into the office of Dr. Cookie Bullfincher (Andy Devine) where he meets up with pretty Penny Thatcher (Lynne Roberts), Cookie's nurse. There's a satisfactory conclusion with a minimum of mush, which will delight the kids, if not their big sisters.

The scenes of Roy in the saddle and of Roy's horse Trigger making friends with the wild dog are the best in the picture. The songs are easy listening, especially the screwy one, "Graveyard Filler of the West" sung by the Sons of the Pioneers. For the most part though, this is

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The Eyes Of Texas: Murder by wild dogs in this latest Roy Rogers film with Andy Devine.

pretty predictable stuff, and it seems too bad that there is so much unnecessary violence inasmuch as thousands of impressionable youngsters will see it. Sure, they'll eat it up—but is that good?—*Rep.*

THAT LADY IN ERMINE

This was Ernst Lubitsch's last film, and it's unfortunate that his name—which used to be almost a money-back guarantee of quality—is connected with this weak and silly business. Loaded with talented people like Betty Grable, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Cesar Romero, filmed in heavenly Technicolor, this should be something special, but—thanks to an atrocious script—it is an unmitigated disappointment.

Betty Grable plays a dual role. She is not only Angelina, an Italian countess, in the year 1861, but also Francesca—Angelina's great-great-great grandmother who saved the Bergamo Castle from the Hungarians 300 years before. Angelina's portrait comes to life at midnight every night, and this barefoot minx in the ermine coat bolluxes things up nicely for her great-great-great granddaughter. By day the Countess Francesca, recent bride of Mario (Cesar Romero) who is off with his troops, keeps a handsome Hungarian colonel (Doug Fairbanks) at arm's length; but by night Angelina comes out of her frame, pretends that she is Francesca and makes violent love to him. The poor infatuated colonel is mighty confused, as is the audience by the time this long nonsensical affair draws to its ridiculous conclusion.

Betty Grable sings a couple of poor songs adequately, dances unspectacularly and hardly shows her legs at all. Her particular brand of verve is completely lost here. Cesar Romero struggles valiantly, but is pulled under by the weight of his lines. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who looks more and more like his stunning dad, is wasted in his stupid role. Designed, no doubt, as escape cinema, this one's just a ponderous mistake.—*20th-Fox.*

MOONRISE

Here is another youthful killer for whose plight the audience is supposed to bleed. This time it's Danny Hawkins, hammily played by Dane Clark. Danny's father was hanged for killing a doctor whose negligence contributed to his wife's death, and Danny has grown up branded as a murderer's son, taunted ceaselessly by his contemporaries.

One night, there's a particularly bitter fight, and Danny, beside himself with fury, heaves a rock at Jerry Sykes, his enemy of long-standing, killing him instantly. On the heels of this bit of brutality, he borrows his friend's car and, driving seventy or eighty miles an hour, cracks up, nearly finishing himself and the three kids with him. A few reels later, Danny hurtles from a moving ferris wheel to escape The Law, and shortly thereafter all but chokes the life out of Billy, the village idiot—well played by Henry Morgan.

About here one's pity for Danny runs out. One cannot help but compare this cowardly, violent young man with Bowie (Farley Granger) the youthful criminal in *The Twisted Road* who is essentially gentle, essentially fine. There is nothing fine about Danny, even though the incredible ending attempts to give him a heart of gold.

Gail Russell, as Danny's girl Gilly, is the film's bright spot. She's lovely to look at and her under-playing is exquisite relief from Clark's heavy-handed emoting. Ethel Barrymore, strong-faced and with that wonderful, unforgettable voice, is excellent in her too-brief appearance as Danny's grandmother. Allyn Joslyn is splendid as the sheriff, and Rex Ingram is just right as Danny's old crony.

Pictures like *Moonrise*, and there are a lot of them, are a little like the gory third page of a tabloid. They carry you along with the swiftness of their pace, with their cheap sensationalism, but they send you home feeling just a bit dirty. Producer Frank Borzage can do better than this.—*Rep.*

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER

This celebrated radio drama by Lucille Fletcher has been sucessfully converted into a full-length movie, and while it has lost some of its heart-stopping force in transition, it is still a thoroughly terrifying business.

It is the story of one evening in the life of Leona Stevenson (Barbara Stanwyck), bedridden with a heart condition. As the picture opens she is trying to reach her husband's office to learn why he hasn't come home for dinner. The operator tells her repeatedly that there is no answer, but while she is stubbornly holding on to the receiver she intercepts a horrible telephone conversation. Two men are plotting a murder which is to take place that night at 11:15. *Her* murder.

Leona tries unsuccessfully to trace the call, then frantically calls the police who tell her that with so little to go on, there is, of course, nothing they can do. All alone in the big shadowy townhouse, Leona's nervousness mounts every second. Distraught by her husband's failure to appear, completely unnerved by the phone conversation she has overheard,

(*Continued on page 116*)



That Lady In Ermine: Betty Grable plays dual role, confuses love-struck Doug Fairbanks, Jr.



Moonrise: As a murderer's son, Dane Clark leads bitter life, brightened by Gail Russell.

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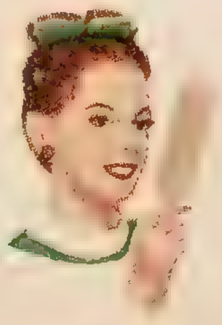
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BEFORE GOD AND MAN

an open letter to Lilli Palmer



Lilli stands by Rex as he faces reporters in Carole Landis suicide case.

Dear Lilli Palmer:

Some people say that in Hollywood there is no simple, human decency. They hold that the town lives by the law of the jungle; that its individuals are selfish—guided only by savage ambitions and desires. They find plenty of examples to support their argument.

But you, Lilli Palmer, are proof that it's not wholly so.

When your husband, Rex Harrison, was dragged into the limelight after the death of his friend, Carole Landis, you and he were a continent apart. The inevitable rumors had already been spread . . . reports that you and he had decided to go your separate ways. But in this time of crisis in the life of the man you had sworn to stand by "for better for worse," you didn't hesitate. You went to his side when he needed you most.

It would have been easy for you to judge, to place blame, to harbor a hurt in your heart. Easier still, you could have stayed aloof, taking no chances with your own brightly-hopeful career.

You knew what the cynics would say. They'd see your act of devotion as something arranged to place your husband, a great new box-office magnet, in a better light. They'd speak of you as a woman without pride, returning for appearances' sake to a man whose love you'd been unable to hold.

But you ignored the poisoned tongues. To you, as a woman of character, there was no question of what to do. In the memorable words which Louella Parsons quotes elsewhere in this issue, you said simply, "My place is by the side of my husband."

You honored a vow made before God and man. You remembered your promise—"for better for worse"—when things were worst.

You're an honest woman, Lilli Palmer, and courageous, too.

Wade H. Nichols

EDITOR



"I shouldn't ever be married," Orson Welles told Hedda, while he and Rita Hayworth were still man-and-wife. Rita finally agreed—after three hectic years with her genius.



This picture of John Payne and Gloria De Haven at the Stork Club was snapped just following their latest reconciliation. At present, John is saying they should never part.

Has Hollywood re-written the vows to read, "until we change our minds"? Hedda explains those Humpty-Dumpty movie homes—and why they fall!

why can't

by hedda hopper

■ "I shouldn't ever be married, Hedda," a famous young man once told me gloomily, knitting his heavy black brows. "I'm not the husband type. I'm an artist. When I work I actually forget I have a wife."

At that time, he was not only married, but the father of a baby girl. At that time, his wife had just walked out on him, unable to take his wild genius any more. She came back and he produced a picture with her, and it started all over again. Then again it stopped. He's chasing his dreams in Rome, as I write, and she's in Paris, having a nervous breakdown. The baby's in Hollywood, in care of a nurse. And Orson Welles, that irresistible, irresponsible rascal, and Rita Hayworth, are divorced, their home smashed to bits for the second time.

"I've made a jackass of myself, Hedda," another tortured young man told me bitterly, calling me at home from his bed in a hospital. "I can see how cruel I've been, how I've hurt my wife. She's too good for me, but if she'll just have me back I'll make all this right to her."

"See that you do," I told him, and maybe he has. He's signed over everything he owns to his wife and baby. He's doing everything he can to control a temper made touchy by illness. His sweet little partner called me just the other day. She'd just visited Mark Stevens on location and Annelle said, "Things couldn't be better, Hedda. We're more in love than ever. I'm going right back to Colorado to be with him. We're so happy . . ."

I was at Le Papillon Café in New York a few weeks ago and I ran into another charming fellow I know. "Have a cocktail with me," he invited, smiling pleasantly, as he knows how to smile. I accepted and, after the first sip, he said, "You've never liked me." I'm frank; I admitted he was right on that. "But," argued this sophisticated young man pleasantly, "you're a great friend of my wife's, and I want you to consider. You don't think Gene would come back to me after a year's separation, plan another baby by me unless—well, unless I had a few good points, do you?"

"No," I granted, "I don't." (*Continued on page 30*)

they stay married?

The break-up that shocked Hollywood was the Reagans' (below with Maureen, 7). Jane's career, Ronnie's outside activities were blamed.



why can't they stay married?



The name of Lana Turner figured briefly in the Sinatra split last December, but Frank soon came to his senses, "made it up" to Nancy. The new Sinatra baby has further cemented their marriage.



Pride was the trouble-maker in the Tierney-Cassini household. Gene was a high-salaried star; Oleg, a struggling designer. But love won out, and instead of divorce, they're expecting another child soon.



Ultra-conservative Ray Millands have had their ups and downs, too. During *The Lost Weekend*, nervous temperament threatened their security. But deep affection and a mature outlook saved them.

(*Continued from page 28*) Later I talked to Gene Tierney, and changed my opinion still further. Those three conversations, those three scenes (and more like them) flashed through my mind the other day as vivid as Technicolor and twice as real. The reason was: I'd opened a letter on my desk.

It was from a puzzled young wife in the Midwest. I've been reading a lot of others like it from all over, lately. But this one uncannily posed my own disturbed thoughts in print, and I want to spell it out right here, to bring into the open something I've



Mark Stevens' torrid whirl with Hedy Lamarr was quickly and publicly repented. He, Annelle and Mark, Jr., are together again.

been meaning to mention for many months.

"Dear Hedda," she wrote. "Is nothing sacred in Hollywood? What's this silly New Look that marriage is wearing out there? Have they rewritten the vows to read: 'until we change our minds,' instead of 'until death do us part'? Can't these too-rich, too-famous couples make up their minds? Can't they stop picking daisy petals with domesticity and divorce? 'Yes we're married; no, we're not'? We know divorce back here, and we're used to that. Hollywood divorces, of course, are famous —or maybe infamous is the word. But this 'yes-no-here-we-go' business is too confusing for a country gal. I'm curious—and maybe you can set me straight. Has Hollywood marriage turned into a quick-change act?"

Well, I know just what she means and how she feels about Hollywood's domestic ins and outs.

Patchwork marriages, I'm tempted to tag them sometimes. On the surface, it seems all that holds some wishy-washy homes together is a helping of glamor glue, or some not-so-Scotch tape, which is to say—too much money and too little sense. Sometimes the Humpty-Dumpty homes of Hollywood, tumbling and cracking and patching together again, loom as downright disgusting.

We've had more hot-and-cold couples this season than Mr. Anthony could handle in a week of Sundays. John Payne and Gloria DeHaven, for instance, whirling in and out of each other's arms like adagio dancers. A model marriage of solid citizens, like Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, teeter-tottering throughout suspenseful months, with tickets to Las Vegas and return tickets (*Continued on page 86*)

Bloopface and the babe



by "jimmie" garland

For us, her sister opened a window on a childhood world that glowed with magic, a world of funny faces and silly games and cotton candy, a Judy Garland you never knew before . . .

■ There's a spot in *Easter Parade* where I let out such a yip, it's a wonder they didn't run me in for disturbing the peace. What probably saved me was that everybody else was whoopin' and hollerin' too. Only to them it was merely a riot. To us Garlands, it was all mixed up with old family stuff.

At one point in the picture, Judy and Fred Astaire are walking down the street, and she wants to prove she's as good whistle-bait as the next one, so he drops behind and tells her to show him. At first nothing happens, then all of a sudden, surprise! The heads start turning, and you get the close-up of Judy pulling this face. The Bloopface, we used to call it. A little thing Judy stitched up one afternoon . . .

We were three kids in the back seat of the car. Nothing much on our minds. "Let's see who can make the most horrible face," said Susie.

Her contribution and mine are gone with the wind. But we both wound up hysterical over Judy, sitting there with her eyes crossed and her cheeks ballooned and the tongue-tip sticking out, sober as a judge. It was always like that. Judy could fracture Susie and me, playing it straight.

Just then the signals change, Daddy pulls up, and quick as a wink Judy has her face through the window. Folks in the next car do a bug-eyed double-take, but by the time Mother turns round to see what goes, our little pet's snoozing peacefully in her corner. Anyhow, that's when the Bloopface started, and for years we used it to scare people in cars. Then we grew up and forgot it, till Judy pulled it out for this scene in *Easter Parade*.

That's *one* thing I like about my sister. Judy can no more help being funny than breathing. She'll look at you out of those mournful big eyes, describe a session at the dentist's where she *really* suffers, and have you rolling on the floor. Her comedy sense is something you have to be born with, and she'd rather play one clown than sixty-nine glamor dolls. She'll go out of her way to make herself look idiotic.

The day she reported to Wardrobe for the tramp routine in *Easter Parade*, they trotted out this form-fitting tailored jacket. "What's that for?"

"The tramp number. Of course it'll have to be torn up and dirtied, but at least it'll fit you."

Judy wafted it away. "Let's see what you've got in men's coats, size 40."

She and Fred were supposed to be dressed alike. He's not exactly the torn-and-tattered type, and he wasn't quite sure how far Judy'd want to go, so he'd try something on and ask: "D'you think it's too much?"

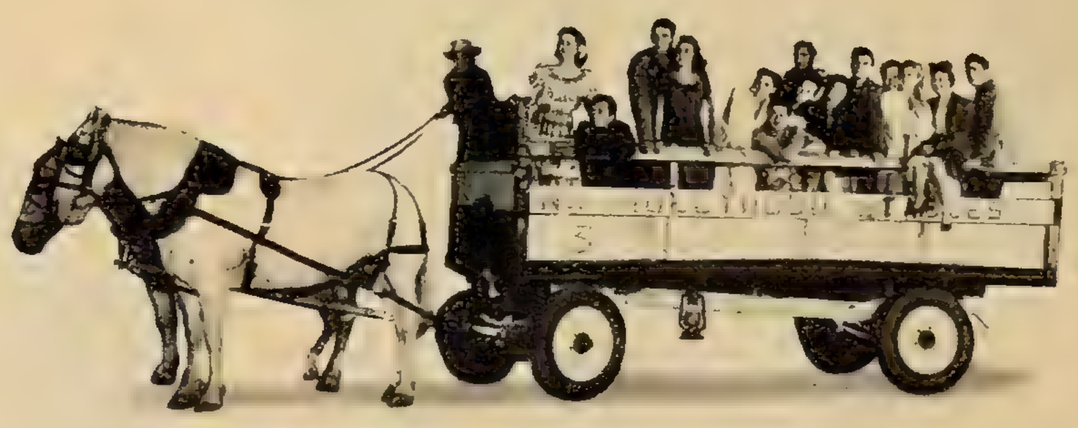
One day comes a double knock on his dressing-room door, and there stands a vision. Baggy trousers, oversize coat, crumpled silk hat on top of a fright wig, two front teeth blacked out. "Think it's too much?" asks Judy, and he falls apart.

That's after they'd been working together a while. Before they (*Continued on page 108*)



Chill night, full moon—and a hayride for Dick Moore, Reba Churchill, Farley Granger, Gerry Brooks, Doug Dick and Martha Hyers.

let's have a



hayride!

by reba and bonnie churchill



■ It was a perfect night for a hayride. A cool ocean breeze was drifting in through the canyons. Riding along on the fresh wind was the smell of newly-mowed alfalfa. And riding along in a newly-rented team and wagon were we, feeling slick, by cracky!

The evening was cool, crisp and completely romantic. The fellas were sharing their jackets with their dates, and the girls would shiver a little and nestle closer.

Occasionally a motorist would pass by and honk his horn and wave. The car's lights would flash across the wagon. You could catch a glimpse of Gerry Brooks resting her head on Farley Granger's shoulder . . . Douglas Dick holding hands with Martha Hyers . . . Then, the car would pass by, and it would be dark and quiet again.

We felt we were miles from Hollywood. Yet, we could still see the giant searchlights from some premiére piercing the sky. Looking westward, the mountains were silhouetted against the heavens, and the stars appeared very close.

The way this party had come about was interesting. We—Reba and Bonnie, that's us—write a movie column for the San Fernando Valley Times (and other papers) and we go around to studios to pick up news.

The commissary at RKO is always *meaty* (or fruitful, if you'd rather) and this particular day, we were lunching with Martha Hyers and Johnny Sands. The talk turned to the North Hollywood Playground, where the Dosey-Do Club has weekly square dances, and suddenly the idea hit us, right between swallows of malt. Before we were through, we'd planned a moonlight hayride, a square dance, and a barbecue supper.

Then we dialed some of our favorite people. "How would you like to go on a hayride?" we helloed.

Right away, Lon McCallister said he'd come. So did Coleen Townsend, and Jerome Courtland, and Terry Moore, and Johnny Sands, and Mary Hatcher, and Richard Long and Dickie Moore and Farley Granger. . . .

Which is a lovely way to begin a hayride. As we rode, we (*Continued on page 37*)



Ride's over, so hungry hayseeds storm Redwood Village Restaurant for spareribs. They're Martha, Jerry Courtland, Terry Moore, Johnny Sands, Mary Hatcher, Richard Long and Bonnie Churchill.



Doug Dick took a ribbing—along with his spareribs—for his flaming red-gold hair (dyed for his role in *Rope*). (Below) Dick Long showed Johnny, Mary and Bonnie his pet table stunt.



hayride

Final stop: Dosey-do Club's square dance. Caller Dave Gray (at mike) chants: "Gals join hands, form a star; fellas clap hands where they are."



Terry had to stand on her toes to form her half of the arch with Jerry, while Bonnie and Dick "dived for the oyster." T. and J. were the only accomplished square dancers; others learned fast.



Doug and Jerry had Terry surrounded here, in a ring-around-the-rosy play. Jerry and Terry, his date, are taking courses at U. of Calif. They do same tests and homework as other collegians, but study on studio lot.

(*Continued from page 35*) serenaded driver Shorty Haden with everything from "Working on the Railroad" to "Waltz Me Around Again Willie."

The repertoire also included a request number from Geraldine Brooks.

"Hey gang," she called, "it's Farley's birthday. Let's dedicate our next number to him."

"Shy guy," Dick Moore said. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"When you get up in years (23 you know) you don't like to mention such things. And besides," Far grinned, "do you call that noise singing?"

Later Mary Hatcher did some of the songs she sang on Broadway in *Oklahoma!* and it was all quite perfect. That is, it was until Shorty made that right-hand turn. The singing abruptly stopped. We had deserted the main road and were clumping down an unpaved lane, the team unsuccessfully trying to dodge the holes and rocks strewn in their path.

The wagon rocked from side to side, and Farley staggered to his feet, tapped Shorty on the shoulder and moaned, "Stop the wagon. We're getting sea sick." This from an ex-Navy man!

Shorty, who could go along with a gag, turned the team around and (*Continued on page 104*)

photos by bert parry



Lon and Coleen Townsend liked simple steps. She's making *Chicken Every Sunday* and taking mail courses at Brigham Young U. Lon has started new pic, *The Big Cat.*



Farley and Gerry Brooks (in *Embraceable You*) added a boogie beat of their own. Pencil-thin moustache he's grown for *The Enchanted* inspired Lon McCallister to crack: "My good man, it makes you look *hours* older!"



A couple of beat square dancers were Dick Moore and authoress Reba. After four months' paralysis in Army veterans' hospital, Dick's well again and is co-producing (with William Lasky) *Feathered Fury.*

the gable women



Virginia Grey, who's lasted longest of Gable's women, has the temperament of a saint.

Gay, charming, beautiful—these are the current crop of Gable women. But can any of them lure Clark into marriage?

by dorothy kilgallen



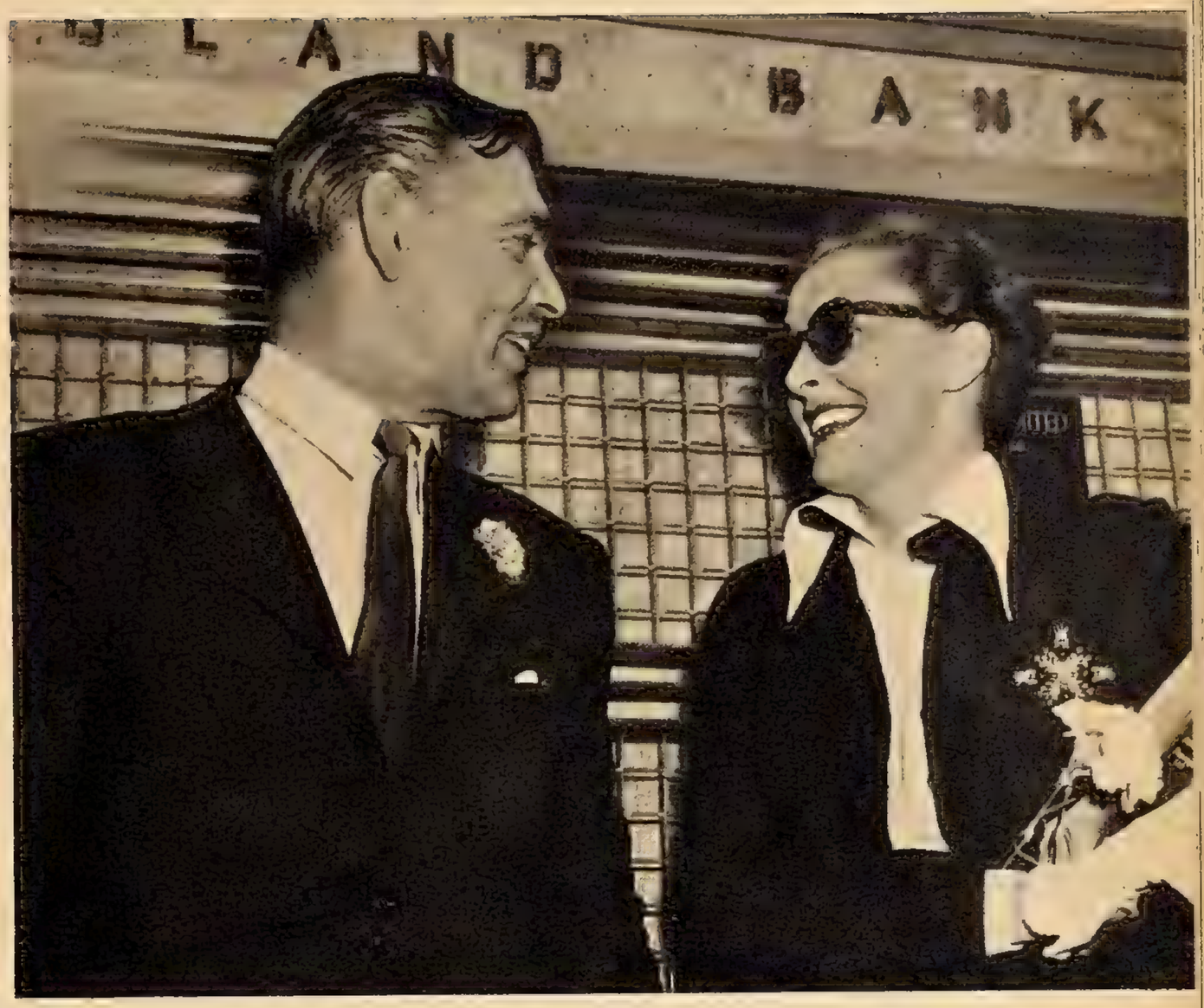
Dolly O'Brien, 4-times married and grandmother of 5, is intensely feminine and witty. Clark, a poor boy who worked his way to the top, was impressed with her social standing. She's Kilgallen's choice as "most likely to succeed."



Iris Bynum (above with Bob Hope) is at the bottom of the list at this writing, but is likely to zoom without notice. Their romance blows hot and cold.



Anita Colby, who has pep and personality and is liked by everyone, is "only a pal." Their dates, though very much publicized, are strictly for laughs.



Newest entry in Gable's life is Nancy Hawks, ex-wife of Howard Hawks. Gossips were agog when she spent 3½ hours kissing Clark off to Europe. But it was a vain try at delaying sailing so a friend could make the boat.

■ A day before he boarded the Queen Mary to join urbane and fascinating Dolly O'Brien in what a considerable portion of New York society was predicting would be a European honeymoon, Clark Gable told a male friend:

"Take it from me—no matter what you hear, I'll never get married again."

There was no implication in this that he had given up romance, of course, and immediately subsequent events proved that anyone who assumed he was eliminating love from his life was a victim of groundless pessimism.

Twenty-four hours later, Manhattan ship news reporters issued the surprising intelligence that it had taken him three hours and thirty-two minutes to kiss elegant divorcee "Slim" Hawks goodbye before the liner pulled away from the pier—and waterfront photographers turned in glistening-eyed pictures of Gable and Mrs. Hawks to prove it.

That was a Friday.

It was too late for some editors to kill Saturday color-section photographs showing Gable hovering with his dynamo smile over beautiful Anita Colby.

The public that studies the amorous vagaries of motion picture stars was left to pay its money and take its choice. The King of Rampant Masculinity had done his bit to give them plenty of choice.

For in the background of what appeared to be an interesting romantic quadrangle—in the chatter at Romanoff's and the notebooks of the gossip columnists—there loomed a pair of lush Gable-struck beauties, either one of whom might be considered, if they will excuse the expression, a dark horse.

There was blonde Virginia Grey, the girl with the perfect disposition. There was also voluptuous Iris Bynum, the girl with the obvious-to-the-naked-eye allure.

They, with Slim and Dolly and Anita, comprise the Gable Women. At the moment of going to press this is how they shape up on the Gable "dope sheet":

Dolly O'Brien—Most Likely To Succeed, if anyone can.

Slim Hawks—Out of Nowhere, a Big Surprise. Could be a mutual gag.

Anita Colby—A Great Friendship. Lots of laughs, not much heat.

Virginia Grey—The Longest Lasting, and always in the running.

Iris Bynum—Blows Hot (Very Hot) And Cold. At the bottom of the list (*Continued on page 97*)

love is so terrific!

It's a kind

of feeling---makes

Tom want to

whistle, makes Jane

want to sing. They

don't know if it's real,

they only know---

it's wonderful!

■ They'd been going steady for a while. Tommy Batten would call for her in his broken-down car, and usually, they'd pray their way over to the Kappa Sig fraternity house. Sometimes, when there was a dance on, the boys at the house would have the cokes lined up, and the pretzels, and the piles of phonograph records. Maybe, they'd set lighted candles around, and that was it—the date, the night.

She'd be wearing Tommy's fraternity pin, and in the candlelight it would gleam, and in the candlelight they'd drift into each other's arms, wishing the music could last forever . . .

But that was a year ago. This year Jane returned Tommy's fraternity pin. They were sitting around talking about their futures when it happened.

"Do you ever think about going out with other fellows?" Tommy had asked.

Jane hadn't thought about it. But she started then, and when she held the pin at arm's length they were both ready to fall apart.

"I only meant—" said Tommy.

"You don't have to explain," said Jane.

But it wasn't the end that night. It was only a new way of looking at things. They're both still at the beginning of their careers. Tommy, who's 22, has just been graduated from USC, and is trying to get into television. Jane, who's 19, has been studying hard for her first complete operetta, *The Student Prince,* which she'll do at the Greek Theater. Her latest movie is *A Date With Judy;* (*Continued on next page*)

High in the sky above Los Angeles, Jane Powell and Tommy Batten get a panoramic view of the city. They're on the roof of Griffith Park's famed planetarium. On clear days you can see the M-G-M studios 20 miles away.



On their way to the beach they stop off at Wil Wright's, a fancy ice cream parlor on the Sunset Strip. Wil's has become a local hangout for Jane (of *A Date With Judy*) and for the rest of the younger set.

love is so terrific!



Jane had never been in a motor boat before, so Tommy rented one for a spin on the Santa Monica Bay. Later, they found a playground in a nearby park—went on the swings, tried out the see-saw!



That day they went to the Clyde Beatty Circus held in downtown Los Angeles. Jane couldn't take her eyes off this day-old Shetland pony—tried holding it in her arms, but it squirmed free, ran to Mom.

photos by don ornitz



(*Continued from page 41*) They both finally agreed that marriage was something they'd better not talk about. There were so many other things to get settled, and they were young and they should be free. And somehow, after the fraternity pin episode, they were a little gayer. They relaxed.

Now, about once a week, Tommy comes over to Jane's house, and they plan their evening. Sometimes, it's dancing at the Cocoanut Grove—rhumba-ing is their specialty. Sometimes, they go to the Blackouts (Ken Murray's variety show). They like to dine in small, out of the way restaurants—the Little Gypsy, the Bublichki—both on the Sunset Strip. They like moonlight cruises.

Daytime dates are lazy and long and full of salted peanuts. Picnics at Griffith Park, visits to the Zoo, hours beside Jane's tiny pool in her backyard.

They sit in the deck chairs and talk about silly things. Question: Will a toad swim? "Of course," from Jane. "Not at all," from Tommy. They hunt for a toad and place him gently in the water and it swims. They talk about the circus sideshow they saw—what sort of rubber is in the India rubber man, what happens to the sword when it's swallowed. And then they wander up to the house and watch the carpenters and the plasterers pulling it apart and putting it together. Mr. Powell's idea is to make more living space—a bigger dining room, a bigger kitchen, another bedroom—and Jane is getting a soda bar with a million taps for the playroom.

Time passes easily, and too quickly, and memories begin to form. The other day, for instance, Jane went to the door and found Tommy standing there, a little paper carton in his hands, his eyes resembling a St. Bernard's.

"Present for you," he said, and turned on his heel.

"Well, don't run away," said Jane, following him. She followed him down to the pool. There, he set the carton down and opened it. Three small goldfish blinked their eyes. Tommy dumped them unceremoniously into the pool.

"Keep you company when I'm not here," he said.

The goldfish died in two days. The chlorine in the water overpowered them.

And Jane was sad. "Oh, that crazy Tommy," she thought. And then, with a smile, she softly repeated, "Oh, that crazy boy."



Dinner at the Little Gypsy, a small Hungarian restaurant with plenty of atmosphere. George Justus, the headwaiter, always pays special attention to young guests like Jane and Tommy.



Romantic violin music is provided at the Little Gypsy by Jack Scholl. Tommy and Jane love to go out dancing, but they're not night club fans. Jane's been to Ciro's only once—for the Photographers' Ball last year.

End of a perfect date. Tommy and Jane watch the sunset from the Santa Monica Palisades. Next stop: Jane's home in North Hollywood.



She's Rita Hayworth now,
but her father still remembers the
dark-haired girl she was,
the Cansino girl, dancing with a
rose in her hair . . .

she was a good girl...



by
eduardo
cansino

■ "Rockabye Baby" sounded like very queer music indeed for a Spanish dance. I stopped in the middle of my act at the 125th Street Theater in upper Manhattan and tried to fake something to that funny rhythm. Then the conductor popped up in the orchestra pit before me and yelled right out before everybody,

"Hey, Cansino—it's a girl!"

They'd rushed the good news in to him from the office telephone. He knew it before I did. That's why the band had stopped gypsy music and swung into a cradle refrain.

Then I *really* danced—right off the stage, into the wings and all the way down to the hospital!

That's how I first heard of a certain young lady known as Rita Hayworth. I was one of the first guys to see her and, you can bet, fall in love with her. But then, I had a certain advantage. You see—I'm her dad.

We didn't call her Rita Hayworth then. We christened her Margarita Carmen (after her two grandmothers) Cansino. The Cansino was, of course, after me—Eduardo Cansino, from Seville, Spain.

I know a pretty señorita when I see one, and when I saw my first born in her mama's arms my grin could have lighted up Madison Square Garden. She was dainty and rosy, with close black curls all over her cute head. I thought our Margarita was the prettiest girl in the world, and I haven't changed my opinion on that in 29 years. I also thought, with a thrill that maybe only a member of a theatrical family like the Cansinos could feel, "She'll be a great and beautiful star some day." (*Continued on page 100*)

This is my Best



"I hate ginghams," says Donna Reed, who wears them constantly in *The Life of Monty Stratten.* That's why, off-screen, Donna loves the exquisite tailoring of this wool gabardine suit.



Ida Lupino lives high in the mountains and finds pedal pushers go perfectly with a mountain top. They're practical for gardening, plastering, or receiving her friends for luncheon.

■ No matter what the designers decree or the studios advocate for wear on the screen, our Hollywood glamor girls have very decided preferences in clothes they want for their personal wardrobes.

Just listen to them:

"I hate slacks!" says Dorothy Lamour.

"I wouldn't wear anything else but slacks if I could," emphatically states Doris Day.

"I adore colorful prints and casual house dresses," declares Virginia Grey.

"I can't stand gingham dresses," insists Donna Reed.

"Love those Levis!" shouts Betty Hutton.

With all these decided tastes, we decided to find out just what the stars like the best—and why.

Last month we listened to the designers in filmland air their opinions, so this time, in answer to all the fan letters, we picked up our pencil, notebook and cameraman and set out to get the lowdown from the stars themselves.

First we tackled Donna Reed and discovered that her preference for suits of all descriptions was influenced a great deal by the roles she plays on the screen.

"I never get a chance to dress up on the screen," Donna explained. "I always play the helpful wife, the help-mate, the little woman who is doomed (*Continued on page 80*)

When those movie queens
pick their favorite clothes,
it's strictly a case of
one woman's pleat being another
woman's poison!

by Cobina Wright



Dorothy Lamour (of *Lulu Belle*) shuns anything that resembles a sarong for her personal wardrobe. Favorite outfit is embroidered cocktail suit designed by Jean Louis.

photos by bert parry



"Slacks, slacks, slacks," votes Doris Day, now in *My Dream Is Yours*. She'd wear 'em all the time, if she could. Her pets are these white sharkskins, which go well with either splashy jackets or striped blazers.





Hollywood's real life
soap opera asks: Is Van
happily married
to his pal's ex-wife?
But over the answer hangs
a veil of secrecy . . .

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Evie's other Husband

■ One morning five years ago, I tuned in my radio to hear a syrup-voiced announcer drooling against an organ background. He wanted to know whether Helen Hossenpfeffer would get married? Get divorced? Or get a new French Poodle?

This morning, I tuned in again to find that poor Helen is still in the same highly confused state. Radio's soap operas squeeze the last kernel of corn to a dry powder.

Now, Hollywood has its own, real-life soap opera, and the eager ears of our town flap anxiously toward each new chapter of "Evie's Other Husband."

Evie is, of course, Evie (Mrs. Van) Johnson. Before that she was Evie (Mrs. Keenan) Wynn. Once upon a time she was just "Evie." But that's where the story starts and there are a couple of things you should know before we get into that.

First, the studio is not talking (really) about Van and Evie.

Second, Van and Evie are not talking about Van and Evie.

Third, those are the *(Continued on page 89)*



photos by hans knopf

Karin Booth, as a little girl, must have had her
dreams... but they never approached anything like this,
this honeymoon on a moon-bathed sea.

Fabulous Honeymoon

By Christopher Kane

■ The co-pilot had plunked himself down in the seat next to hers, and was talking. "There's a chimp in the Central Park Zoo," he said, "he's so smart he spits water at the people."

And if this wasn't insanity, she thought to herself, what was? Flying from Hollywood to Palm Beach to be married to a man, and she so nervous she could hardly remember his face, and this maniac was breathing down her neck about a zoo in the city of New York.

One week ago, she'd got the telegram in Allan's lyric, simple prose. "Will you marry me?" it said, and it seemed a tremendously logical question. She was lucky in a lot of ways. The studio was pleasant about a leave of absence; there was this dressmaker, Madeleine, who could sew like a dream if you gave her the wisp of an idea; and every time she, Karin, looked at her wrist, she saw the heavy gold bracelet dangling from it, engraved in Allan's handwriting, saying, "Darling, don't forget."

It wasn't a warning she needed; she never forgot anything, she never forgot she'd been little Junie Hoffman. Little Junie Hoffman, and how she grew. Maybe she'd write a book, full of unglamorous reminiscences.

There wasn't anything very glamorous about the whole Hoffman family, when you came right down to it. Good, pleasant people they were, but not fancy, ever.

Till she was eight, Junie and the folks lived in Minneapolis. Junie had a younger sister, Jenis, and an older brother, Francis. Call him Francis, though, and he acted as if nobody's said anything. He hated the name. Fritzi, he finally got tagged, and it's stuck to this day, even though he's (*Continued on page 64*)

The Allan Carlisles honeymooned aboard the yacht, *Tioga*. Karin (of *Big City*) helped hoist the sails, manned the galley when the steward quit.







GUY MADISON IN PERSON

He didn't get a degree at Princeton; he only got a booking. But Madison doesn't need a sheepskin to know he made the grade!

BY FLORENCE EPSTEIN

■ Especially in the summer, Princeton University is a beautiful place—acres of green lawn, tall trees thick with foliage; stately, Gothic buildings; music drifting out of open dorm windows. It's old and serene and full of wisdom. And one hot night last July it was brimming over with bobby-soxers.

Right at the edge of the campus is the McCarter Theater. That night, Guy Madison was appearing there in the comedy *John Loves Mary*. All the seats in the house (1080) were sold out.

But for a while it had seemed as if there'd be no play at all.

Along about three in the afternoon the leading lady lost her voice. They sprayed her throat; they patted her on the head; they pleaded with her larynx, and finally, they sent her to the hospital.

Guy put in a hurry call to Deer Lake, New Jersey, where he'd acted the week before, and his former leading lady, Virginia Gilbert, rushed right over.

"This is Virginia," Guy said to the cast. And ten minutes later the curtain went up.

When it came down after the last act, the kids in the audience set up a shrieking that made the stone theater rock. Guy took five bows, and then he held out his quivering arms. "Please," he said. "No more." Someone had to come out from the wings, and lead him backstage.

The way it is at the McCarter Theater—a couple of guys from show business, Harold Kennedy (he acts) and Herbert Kenwith (he directs) leased the place from Princeton for 14 weeks. They brought their own company along (the Princeton Drama Festival) and scripts of 14 plays. The set-up is strictly professional. You can't sweep the stage in the morning and expect a walk-on part at night. You need a union card and the dust from Broadway on your shoes before Mr. Kennedy or Mr. Kenwith'll even look at you.

Every week another Hollywood star comes down and takes the lead. Joan Caulfield and John Payne appeared in *The Voice* (*Continued on page 54*)



Summer session was on when Guy played at Princeton's McCarter Theater. Here, he walks with typically-dressed student. "This place sure is built!" Guy remarked later.





Rehearsal on campus. Director Kenwith (center) found Guy eager to learn. Here, Frank Maxwell, Madison, and other members of the *John Loves Mary* cast go over lines. After he finished run, Guy went down to Texas for the première of *Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven.*



Out for a stroll. Guy met Lee (above). "Are you going to murder me?" she asked. Guy said, "You don't have a worry in the world."



Guy starred in a radio show broadcast from a Trenton, N. J., dep't. store. 700 kids mobbed him!



Director Kenwith and Guy check receipts at the box-office. Opening night was a sell-out—1,080 stubs.

(*Continued from page 52*) *Of The Turtle.*

Lucille Ball, who feels like putting a gun to the head of every wise-cracking dame she ever played, went soft in *Dream Girl.* And Larry Parks tried out a new piece called *A Free Hand.*

The stars like the feel of acting before a live audience. They can do the sort of roles Hollywood won't let them try, and they learn a lot.

At the beginning, for instance, Guy Madison would speak his lines, drop out of character, and wait around for the next cue with a smile on his face. The audience thought it was cute. The cast was slightly annoyed. All-day rehearsals broke Guy of the habit. Naturally, he's the better for it.

Some people think summer-theater work is a cinch. After all, it's mostly in the country, and if an actor isn't in the mood he can bury himself in a haystack. Actually, summer work is a grind. You have to be a "quick-study" (learn your part in a hurry and never forget it), and you have to keep cool, because there's usually no air-conditioning in the theater, not even in Princeton. (The lemonade concession is a gold mine.)

But the heat on the stage doesn't bother Guy. "It relaxes you," he says with a grin. "And the way your weight drops off, you can eat anything you want."

Ask him how he likes the idea of walking on a set without tripping over one of Mr. Selznick's cameras—and Guy'll tell you he loves it. Then he'll smile and strike a pose, "Lady," he'll say, "how's this for emoting?"



Backstage, Guy Madison makes up for his role as returned vet. Last year Guy was at La Jolla Playhouse.



Showtime: Virginia Gilbert, Ruth Harker, Bob Noe hear how Harold Kennedy (on knees) saved Guy's life. (Opp. pg.) Love scene.



A couple of kids
dreaming the old dream . . .
their names in lights,
together . . . Cornel Wilde
and Patricia Knight . . .
And then Cornel whispering
softly to Pat, "Oh, darling,
darling, it's come true . . ."

BY IDA ZEITLIN

It's not a dream, darling



Wildes meet the fans outside Lucey's restaurant.

■ They were about to shoot the first scene of *The Lovers.* The lights were set, the cameras ready, the stand-ins had left, the principals were on.

The young man turned from the filing cabinet—and here was this blonde vision in lavender linen. His eyes melted. "Why, it's *you,* darling. . . ."

His eyes weren't supposed to melt, and the line is one you'll never hear from him in the picture. Him? That was Cornel Wilde, his heart in high because the blonde vision was Patricia Knight, his wife.

"Excuse it," he grinned. "This is an historic moment."

Historic was too dull a word for it. To Pat and Cornel, this was a symphony by Strauss, a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare sonnet, the tops. The culmination of dreams. Once a boy of 22 and a girl of 17 fell in love, deeply and well. Next to each other, they loved acting best. Battering their heads against Broadway and Hollywood, they felt the bruises less because all the time they were building



Elated over their co-starring film, *The Lovers,* Cornel watches Pat in her dressing room as she prepares for solo scene.

their own particular kind of shimmering castle in Spain.

Their favorite castle was the one with the marquee whose lights spelled their names together—PATRICIA KNIGHT and CORNEL WILDE.

"Oh, darling—do you think it'll ever happen?"

"We'll make it happen."

You must know the story up to now: The long bitter struggle, the hand-to-mouth living, the hopes that dawned and died, the crashing disappointments. Personal heartbreak on top of professional grief. The two children they lost before birth, and Pat's slow journey back to recovery. But through the bleak pattern, one bright thread that never tarnished—their love for each other. If love flies out the window when poverty enters the door, the Wildes never knew it. Every hard knock drew them closer together. Often enough they had only their love to warm and comfort them, but it served. . . .

Then the lifting of the clouds. Wendy was happily born. Cornel broke through in *A Song to Remember.* Now Pat could have settled back on a silken cushion—only silken cushions weren't the answer for Pat. Millions of girls want to act. Thousands try and give up, for any dozens of reasons. A few never give up. They can't. They're driven by the same need for self-expression that drives an artist to paint or a scientist to explore the universe. Tell them not to act, and you're practically telling them not to breathe. Pat was one of the few.

Her faith in Cornel as an actor had sustained him through the discouraging years. His faith in her as an actress was equally staunch. When 20th Century-Fox signed her, they were like a couple of kids. Hauled their pet dream out of the mothballs and watched it glitter.

"Maybe *now* it'll happen!"

"Now it can't miss!"

"Oh, darling," breathed Pat, "it would be too perfect. But even if they don't cast us (*Continued on page 104*)

Barbara and Bob (of *One Touch of Venus*) say they'll have "millions of kids." Reports that Babs' father objected to Bob are false.

end of a mystery

Because of Barbara, he's a strange, brooding man no longer. Because of her, life for Bob Walker has a sweet, fresh flavor all over again . . .

By JACK WADE

(Last June, we featured a piece called "The Mystery of Bob Walker." We told you how Bob, who'd gone to the top overnight, had suddenly walked out on his career, had turned into a moody recluse. Hollywood was baffled. But almost as suddenly as it happened, the mystery has had a happy solution. Here's how.)

■ Book One of Bob Walker's life has just snapped shut, bringing to an end the phase of his career that saw him as a strange, even haunting figure on the Hollywood scene, after his divorce from Jennifer Jones.

Book Two begins right now.

The Bob who has been floundering about, professionally as well as romantically, is no more. The new Bob is the one who decided that life has a sweet flavor after all when he met brunette and vivacious Barbara Ford, daughter of the famous director, John Ford.

The new Bob (and it had to be a new one; the old disinterested, apathetic Bob could never have swung it) is the one who conducted so whirlwind a courtship of Barbara, and so quick a marriage (after several false starts) that jarred movie columnists found themselves stealing each other's favorite clichés in the confusion to hide the fact that they didn't quite know what was going on.

But they can be consoled by the fact that neither did Bob and Barbara, most of the time. Their first idea had been to be married July 3rd at the Isthmus on Catalina Island. There was a reason for (*Continued on page 95*)

photos by Bert Parry



Bob and Barbara (daughter of director John Ford) were married at Beverly Hills Club, July 9. Only attendants were Nancy Guild, Jim Henaghan.

After a six-week honeymoon in their new Early-American style ranch home in Pacific Palisades (below), Bob will start *About Lyddy Thomas.*



fighting lady

She used to be "Sweet Laraine" Day, the most untemperamental girl in pictures. But a lady can turn into a tigress!

By George Fisher

■ Fireworks? That's too mild a term for what went on during the shooting of Laraine Day's new and wonderful film, *My Dear Secretary*.

This was war: A fantastic feud between a beautiful star and her producer. Their temperaments clashed so explosively that the whole affair sounded more like a supercharged battle film than incidental by-play occurring in the course of turning out an uproarious comedy.

Producer Harry M. Popkin fired the first salvo. He discharged Director Charles Martin—two days before the picture was scheduled to start. No one knows exactly what happened—except the two principals involved—and they aren't talking. In any event, Popkin, in a huff, ordered Martin off the lot.

Now Martin had written the screenplay, and having him chosen as director had pleased Laraine mightily. Thus, when Producer Popkin called Laraine on the telephone that night and blandly asked her to approve another director, the second front opened.

Then and there, Laraine refused in ringing tones to approve any change in directors. Finally, before midnight, Popkin's attorneys, Laraine's attorneys and Martin's legal eagle got in a huddle and ironed out this first difficulty—and Mr. M. was again set to direct the picture.

The first day on the set, leading man Kirk Douglas, comedian Keenan Wynn and Director Martin were beaming and shaking hands and wishing each other luck. Laraine's dressing room looked like a florist's shop. Keenan showed Laraine and co-star Helen Walker a card from Evie and Van Johnson—which said simply, "Good luck." Evie, of course, is Keenan's ex-wife—which prompted Laraine, a fast girl with (*Continued on page 110*)



Director Charles Martin, Kirk Douglas and Laraine in a rare moment of peace on *My Dear Secretary* set. After a friendly start, Laraine gave her associates a rough time.



DELRICH
E-Z COLOR PAK
MARGARINE

TRADE MARK

ENDS MIXING BOWL MESS!



"Me? I've tried them all—and I take Delrich for flavor!"

"Are you, too, fussy about flavor? Wait 'til you taste creamy, golden Delrich with all its delicious, rich goodness . . . mmm! (The delicate flavor is *sealed in*—so Delrich naturally tastes better, fresher.) Yes, try them all and you, too, will say that Delrich is the very finest!"

See how Delrich turns golden inside sealed bag! An original Delrich discovery! No mixing bowl mess. No mold needed. And it's so easy to make neat quarters or patties for the table.

Try Delrich today! A new American favorite! Economical—and so nutritious. Every pound is packed with food energy—enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A.

Delrich and E-Z Color Pak are the trade marks of The Cudahy Packing Co. for its margarine. Whether you ask for "Delrich" or "E-Z Color Pak" — they both mean America's Finest Margarine.

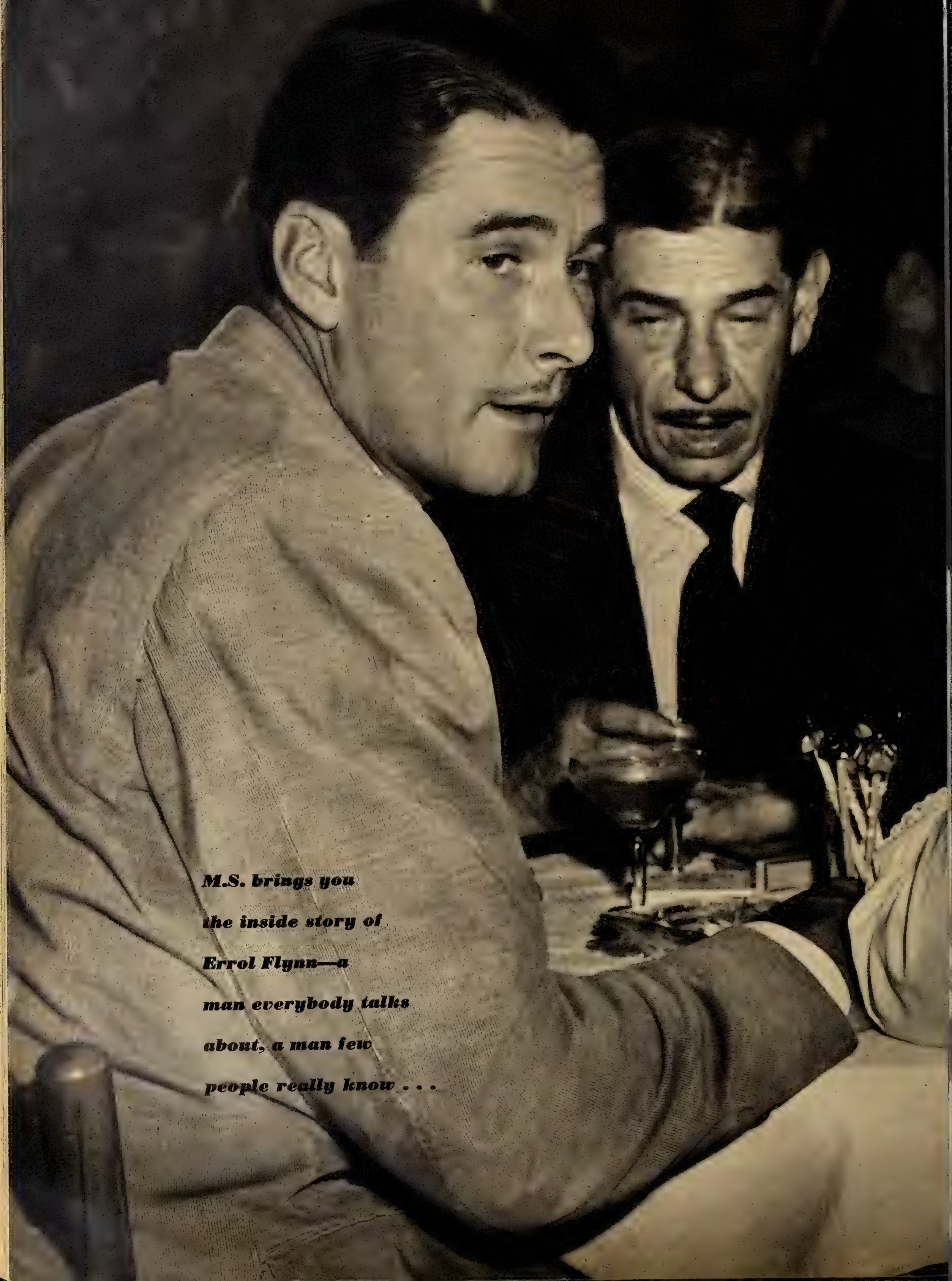
Just Knead the Bag!



• *A New American Favorite!* •

After All—"THE TASTE TELLS"

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



M.S. brings you

the inside story of

Errol Flynn—a

man everybody talks

about, a man few

people really know . . .

Intimate View

by CARL SCHROEDER

■ Short time back, a fellow named Errol Flynn bought a mink coat for a lady named Nora. She is his wife.

Now, this fellow dislikes formal presentations which require pat and tried expressions of thanks. Consequently, he simply spread the coat out on his bed.

They were going to a party later. This gave him the opportunity to maneuver Nora into going into the bedroom alone. They were sitting quietly in the living room when Errol assumed a pained expression and inquired, "Why is it, my sweet, that you never get around to putting the studs and cuff links in my dress shirt? Other wives always do at least that much for their ever-loving husbands."

Nora looked up in amazement.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I've always thought you liked to have your things left alone. All you had to do was ask me."

"Huh!"

Nora promptly went into the bedroom. She was back in less than a minute, her face red. She threw herself on the davenport in tight-lipped silence.

Flynn pretended to be nonplussed. "What," he said, "seems to be the matter?"

"What's the *matter?*" she stormed. "Imagine *you* asking me that! Why, there's another woman's coat in there on your bed, you . . . you . . . !!"

"Well," said Flynn reasonably, "why don't you just wear it, honey? She'll never know."

Errol Flynn has been the target of more unfounded gossip than any guy you can think of. And knowing how the most innocent anecdotes about him—like the one (*Continued on page 114*)

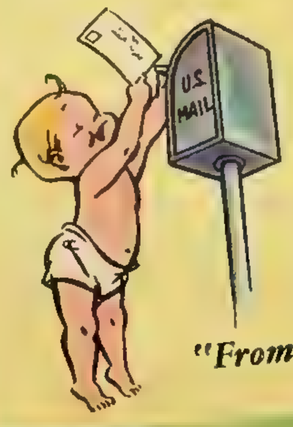
"On Velvet" with Carnation Milk

Little lady with a future...

Just count the blessings a friendly fortune is waiting to shower upon her! Sturdy body, happy disposition, beautiful teeth, good digestion...*all* can be hers. And much of the credit will go to the Carnation Milk in her formula.

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Ask your doctor about a Carnation formula for *your* baby. The milk *every* doctor knows...that's Carnation!



WRITE for "Your Contented Baby"—36 pages of helpful suggestions on baby care. Also, ask for the "Velvet Blend Book" of milk-rich recipes for all the family. Both are free. Address Dept. X-10, Carnation Company, Oconomowoc, Wis., or Los Angeles 36, Calif.

"From Contented Cows"



THE MILK EVERY DOCTOR KNOWS

FABULOUS HONEYMOON

(*Continued from page 51*)

married and the father of three children.

The year she was eight, Junie's father bought her a bike. She hadn't asked for it, but he figured she needed one; all the other neighborhood kids were bike-owners.

She was halfway down the hill on which they lived, before she realized she didn't know how to ride. It's a talent she picked up in an awful hurry.

The family moved around some. They were in Portland, Maine, and in Canada, until Jenis got rheumatic fever, and one of the doctors said California was the ticket. They hit Los Feliz Hills, in California—it's sort of a suburb of Los Angeles, as almost everything in California is.

Junie finished high school there, and decided to go to Canada to college. It was something her father wanted; his family was all in Canada. She was walking down a Los Feliz street one afternoon, mulling the situation over, when this apparently drunken driver pulled his car to a screeching stop in the middle of the street, and came tearing over to her. "I'm a photographer," he said. "Here's my card. I'd like you to model for me."

"I'm going to college," Junie said.

"Look," said the man. "I can't talk. My car's in the middle of the street—"

Well, the fact is she never got to college. The even stranger fact is that within one week, she had a Paramount contract on the strength of some picture or other that some person or other had seen in some paper or other.

"So quickly," she said to her mother, unbelieving. And her mother, who wasn't quite sure how to take any of it, shook her head.

It wasn't much of a Paramount contract, really. Junie hung around about six months or a year, and they didn't give her any starring parts, so she left.

"Starring parts?" people say to her today. "You expected starring parts?"

"Well," she says demurely. "Up until then, I was such a whirlwind of a success."

She was too impatient, there was no question of it, and she realizes it herself. She'd been a little spoiled, she had a lot to learn. But being the good-natured kid she was made so many people like her you can't really figure that retribution ever caught up. She went from good to better.

There was Lucille Ryman, who took her to Metro, and got her a contract there.

One year at M-G-M, and no heavy dra-

(*Continued on page 75*)

Ann Miller—

currently dancing her way through M-G-M's *Easter Parade,* models a blazing corduroy jacket and skirt we think will be a sure wow with *your* public. Regard, if you please—the chin-chin collar—high and hugging, double-buttoned—and with that smart New York look you can't miss. View the back—full, flared—and a wonderful foil for the slim skirt. As for the skirt—we think there's something super-sophisticated about a slim one, for a change. This one has a trouser pleat, two pockets. And naturally you can mix and match the jacket and skirt with other clothes, too.

Your choice of red, grey, dark green, maple or rust. Skirt, $7.95. Jacket, $10.95. Sizes 12 to 18. By Art-Mor. American Knit Gloves.

Corduroy ballet shoes with crepe soles by Prima Ballerina, $4.95.

For WHERE TO BUY, see page 82.

modern screen fashions



for where to buy these modern screen fashions see page 82

"Here come the boys..."

. . . on the double, we bet, because where is the male who doesn't go for a girl in a sweater and skirt? Girl on the left teams a bright plaid bustle skirt (see small photo)—with a long-sleeved flat turtle neck sweater. Plaid skirt comes in green, royal or red, in wool and rayon. About $5.95. By Derby.

■ Girl on right wears a corduroy skirt, smoothly flared in front, dreamily full in back (see small photo)—with short-sleeved notched collar sweater. Skirt comes in royal, red, grey, dark green, beige or brown. About $8.95. By Junior Vues. Wool sweaters in blue, pink, grey, yellow, red, pine green, aqua, brown. $4.98 each. Both sweaters by Shepherd.





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your letters . . .

ONLY PITY FOR LANA?

Dear Editor. I am writing this after reading "Watch Your Step, Lana" in the August issue.

The story implied Miss Turner's "friends" were persecuting her in print, that she did everything to please the press, be kind, generous and thoughtful to these "friends," only to have them stab her in the back. Personally, I consider Miss Turner's latest marriage, in fact her whole career, one of the biggest shows of exhibitionism ever staged. It only succeeded in making her look more unflatteringly conspicuous, and very stupid. Those who must continuously make a bid for attention deserve nothing more than pity.

Mrs. W. J. Smith, Oakmont, Pa.

"LANA WAS WONDERFUL"

Dear Editor: Recently I saw Mr. and Mrs. Bob Topping at the Casa Carioca Nite Club in Garmisch, Germany, where she was making a personal appearance for occupation troops on vacation. It is my belief that Lana is in love with Mr. Topping and therefore I want to wish them all the luck in the world. I am writing this letter as I would appreciate your telling Lana and Bob that I sincerely want to thank them both for coming into the U.S. occupied zone and entertaining the troops. Lana was wonderful and Mr. Topping was a great guy. Please thank them for this average GI.

Sid Bricks, Brooklyn, N. Y. (home)

SORRY, WRONG PICTURE!

Dear Editor: Re: your story, "The Ten Greatest Gable Stories," in the July issue: In the caption under the picture showing Gable with his Oscar, you say he got the award for *Gone With The Wind*. Actually he received it for *It Happened One Night*.

Sylvia Rosenwartz, Bronx, N. Y.

ANYBODY WANNA FIGHT?

Dear Editor: Why doesn't Elizabeth Taylor wise up? She is very pretty, and she knows it, but I think Jane Powell beats her in looks and personality and figure any day. I used to love Liz when she was younger, but at 16, she acts and dresses as though she were 24. Just because she's a star, it doesn't mean she's Marie Antoinette. Let her be a sweet girl, like she was before. Please!

Pat Bauer, Trenton, N. J.

THOSE NOTHING TO WEAR BLUES

. . . and I haven't a thing to wear." How often have you heard a girl wail that little classic? How often have you moaned it yourself? That old "nothing to wear" routine gets to sound like a broken record whenever girls get together. Why? To hear the gals tell it, you'd think their closets boasted nothing more than a row of naked hangers and a pair of old galoshes.

Yet they're usually the very same girls who spend their lunch hours prowling around the stores; spend all day Saturday shopping; and never come home on payday without an armful of packages. How come?

We've sat in on many a feminine gab-fest on fashion, and along with the general chorus of no-clothes complaints, we've also heard a lot of other laments that seem to us to hold the key to the mystery. Listen closely, and you'll see what we mean:

"MY COAT WON'T GO WITH IT . . ." Susie just blew her bankroll on a dress-up date number that ought to wow the stag line. And what's Susie doing? Putting on her warpaint and getting ready to panic the people? No. Believe it or not, she's hanging her dress back in the closet—because she has no coat to wear over it.

Now, mind you, Susie has a coat—and a very nice one. It's black, it's well cut, its lines say nice things about Susie. But it's slim. And Susie's new dress has a skirt a mile wide. Point: slim coat—full skirt—no go.

"WHAT'LL I USE FOR SHOES? . . ." Marilyn came home last payday all aglow with a new green velveteen suit. It's a knockout with snug, tiny-waisted jacket, silver buttons and a full skirt. It's *the* suit to show off Marilyn's petite figure and beautiful red hair. But . . .! What's Marilyn going to do for shoes? She spent so much on the suit she can't possibly afford new shoes until the next time she collects her pay check. And now that she's home in front of the mirror, she sees that all of her shoes are much too low-heeled to set off the suit.

The skirt, naturally, has the new longer length—and it looks perfectly gosh-awful with low heels. (Not that *some* low heels don't look wonderful with a long skirt. But not on a tiny girl. The petite type definitely needs high heels to carry off a long, full skirt.) So now Marilyn has to wait two fuming weeks before she can wear her new pet. Point: Heel height must go with skirt length—or you've got a flop on your hands.

"I CAN'T MATCH THE COLOR . . ." Bettina really shouldn't be surprised. What does she expect when she buys a handbag in a pistachio green? It's true the bag is handsome. It's a big shoulder-strap job in a really swanky calf. But where is Bettina going to find something else—scarf, hat, gloves—to match?

If Bettina were the type to stick to one basic background color—black, say—or brown, or navy blue—she'd be all set. Her pistachio bag would make a wonderful accent against any of these. But our Bettina is a pushover for unusual color. She already owns a shocking pink blouse, a turquoise skirt, and a red coat—all hanging idly in her closet in perfect condition, all swearing at each other, and all perfectly unusable. Now her new bag will take its place with the rest of the rainbow—because she can never get anything to go with anything else. Point: The most delicious color is pure calamity—if you can't mate it with something else.

"IT WAS SUCH A BARGAIN . . ." Ava's right. It was a bargain—in a sense. $10.95—knocked down from $22.95. Big saving. But of course Ava wears a size 12, and the bargain happened to be a 14. Then too, Ava looks best in high necks—and this job had a neckline down to here. That let Ava in for plenty of bra trouble—and even when she had bought a new plunging neckline bra, it still wasn't flattering. On top of that, the bargain was jersey—a fabric Ava always swore was too clinging for her. But—of course it was a bargain. Or was it? Point: No bargain is worth a single red cent—if you can't wear it.

. . . CATCH ON? If you're continually being caught short on occasions when you want to look your very best, it probably isn't because you haven't enough clothes—but because you haven't enough clothes that were meant for each other.

The only way out is to make sure that every single thing you buy is right in color, silhouette and type for something else you already own. Once you've got your clothes keeping steady company with each other, you're ready, willing and fashion-able for whatever comes up!

and

you'll

never

walk

alone



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Printed calico blouse in green, blue, red, brown. $5.95. Velveteen skirt in green, blue, red, brown, black. $8.95.
By Alice Stuart.

Two-tone shirt in raylaine flannel. Green brown, black, with ivory contrast. $7.95.
Matching skirt. $7.95.
By Freshy.



Wool worsted jersey with gold centered leather buttons. Red, grey, cinnamon, brown, black. Blouse $5.98. Skirt, $7.98. By Rojay.

Gabardine jumper in royal, green, luggage, dark grey, black. $7.98. Turtle neck blouse in wool worsted jersey. $5.98. By Loomtogs.

Very tricky slim skirt with zigzag buttons on one side. Black, brown, dark green, grey rayon. By Century Sportswear. $7.95. Shepherd sweater, $2.98.

Pins by Dona.
American Knit gloves.
Belt by Criterion.

for where to buy these modern screen fashions see pages 82 and 83



"... and then he said..."



Bet he said he likes plaids—especially on you! Far left, junior one-piece dress in bright plaid with appealing little velvet bow at collar. It's a wool blend in red-grey-blue; green-tan-red; or grey-yellow-red plaid. Junior sizes 9-15. By Meadowbrook Jrs. About $7.95.

Left, ruffled white broadcloth blouse with jeweled buttons. By Judy Kent. $4.98. Side pocket skirt, with leather belt through slits. Grey or tan glen plaid, in wool and rayon mix. By Rudley Sportswear, $4.99.

Striped turtle neck sweater in all-wool worsted. Grey with wine, pink, blue or black stripes. Yellow with grey stripes. Beige with green or brown stripes. Also solid colors. By Garland Knitting Mills, $5.98. Wool worsted jersey skirt with all-around unpressed pleats. Grey, oatmeal, royal, dark green or black. By Madison Sportswear, $8.95. Criterion belt, $5.

for where to buy these modern screen fashions see pages 82-83.

what is so rare as a

half-size suit?

■ But here's a trimming, slimming beauty—with v-pockets, jeweled buttons, and shoulder pleats to give a graceful line to the bosom. Grey, brown, green or purple. Sizes 12½-22½. By Queen Make in Tegra rayon. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn. Jordan Marsh, Boston. Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago. J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles. Woodward & Lothrop, Washington.

For additional store information see page 83

FABULOUS HONEYMOON

(*Continued from page 64*)

matics scheduled for Miss Booth—by then she was Karin Booth—so she left again.

She went to Warners, made a test. Lucille Ryman got hold of the test and trotted it back to Metro, and Karin was re-signed at Metro—to a much better contract.

The next year, she made *Unfinished Dance.*

All the ballet dancing she'd ever done, she could have swallowed like an aspirin, but brazenly, she asked for the part.

Joe Pasternak, a kindly gentleman who hates to dash anyone's hopes to pieces, interviewed her gently. "My dear child," he said. "We start this picture in six months. And for the other dancer, we have Cyd Charisse, who's a great artist."

"In six months," Karin said, "you'll see."

She studied until she could have dropped; she studied until her mind was one jumble of *entrechats,* and *tour de jambes,* and *glissades,* and *pirouettes;* she studied until she could make her muscles obey her, and imitate, if not achieve, art. She wasn't a wonderful dancer at the end of six months, but she could convince you that she was, and that was what counted.

All her good breaks came together, as it happened. Two pictures—*Unfinished Dance* and *Big City*—and Allan.

brief encounter . . .

She'd met Allan years before, briefly at a party. In '41, it was, right at the beginning of the war. The party was in Beverly Hills; a man named Jay Carlisle was throwing it. Karin went because her date took her, Allan went because Jay Carlisle was his brother. They looked at each other, nothing happened, and they left it that way.

Then last year, they met again. For some reason, it was all different. For some reason, they went dancing every night, and they ate at a restaurant out at the beach, where the place was so small you almost had to order squab instead of chicken, and the stars hung so low over the sand they brushed your hair as you passed.

Neither Karin nor Allan is much of a gabber. Eventually, Allan said, "Well, I have to go to Florida on business," and they said goodbye, and off he went.

His telegram of proposal came later.

June 1st, they were married at the home of the Byron Ramsings, in Palm Beach, on a street called Emerald Lane. The bride wore a grey, raw silk suit, the friend who gave her away just barely showed up in time, and it was a lovely wedding.

The honeymoon trip was going to be made on Allan's yacht, the *Tioga,* so they didn't have to worry about tickets, reservations, suitcases or flat tires. (All they had to worry about, it developed, was seasickness, lightning storms in the middle of the ocean, and various stewards who were either drunk or crazy.)

After the wedding, Karin and Allan took stock. "We have a nice cocktail shaker," she said. "It's a present from Mrs. So-and-So."

"But I just won a cocktail shaker," he said. "For that such and such race, with the *Tioga.*"

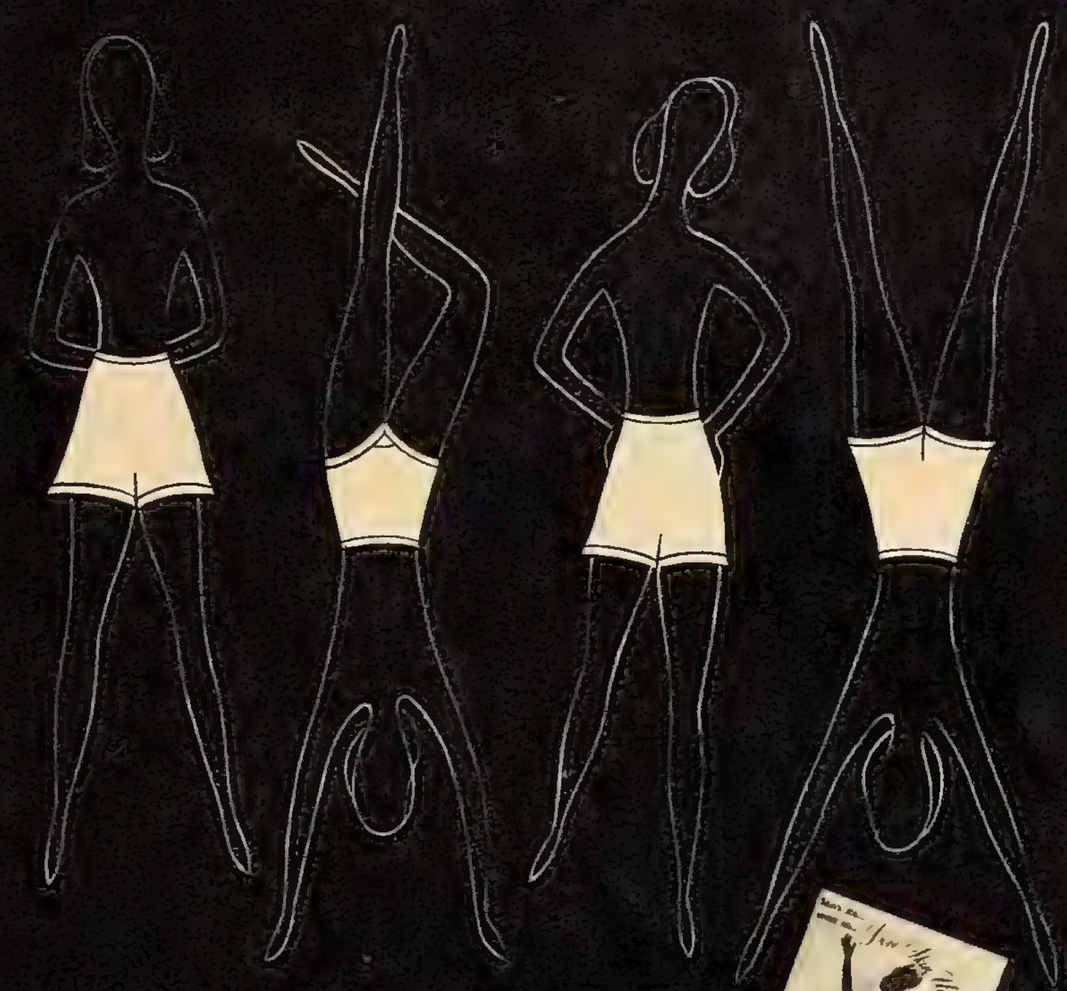
"Umm," she said.

"Umm," he said.

They were silent. "You know," he said, finally, "that's a great way to start off a marriage. A yacht, and two cocktail shakers."

The next day, they left for the Bahamas. They cruised around for a couple of months, stopped at Cat Cay, picked up some of the special gold dollars people on

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Rings enlarged to show detail *Trade Mark Reg.

Beloved by brides for almost a hundred years (1850-1948)

that island gamble with (Karin's going to have a belt made of them), bought Karin a madras skirt, in Nassau, traveled up the Eastern seaboard to New York.

Somewhere along the line, Allan fished a diamond wedding ring out of a box, and handed it to his wife. She'd wanted a plain gold one, but he happened to feel she deserved diamonds, and that was that.

Now she wears both of them at once. "It looks kind of funny," he says occasionally, but he doesn't put any conviction into his voice.

She's planning to buy a wedding ring for him, even though he steadfastly refuses to wear one. "I don't like rings," he tells her.

"You'll be mad about this one," she says.

Life on the *Tioga* was pretty astonishing to Karin. She'd never been on a boat before in her life, and she was frightened for a while. "What if I'm sick," she'd wail, "and disgrace myself?"

"Don't worry about it," Allan would say serenely. Serenity is one of the most noticeable things about the man. He sits there at the wheel of his boat, his face tan and his eyes bright blue, the way the eyes of people who've lived a good deal on the sea sometimes get, and if he knows what it is to be troubled, you couldn't guess it.

Conceivably, he knows what it is to be troubled. He was studying music in Vienna when the second World War broke out; he'd lived abroad for years. Much of his life, many of his friends were there. But he's got this quiet, unneurotic quality of peace about him; being married to him, Karin says, is pure, simple heaven.

Anyhow, she *didn't* disgrace herself on the boat; she learned to help with the sails, she learned to steer a little, and the days flew.

The dream-like quality of the voyage was broken only by a succession of stewards. There was one—he was so perfect everyone called him "Meadows"—and the only trouble with *him* was he got seasick every time the boat began to rock, so he gave up the ocean, and the Carlisles.

water, water, everywhere . . .

There was another—he couldn't stand to see an open whisky bottle. Once a bottle was broken into, that poor fellow didn't rest easy until it was drunk up. He drank up several of the best bottles around the place before he left.

There was the steward who had the habit of cocking his head sort of thoughtfully, when Allan or Karin was giving instructions. "Yes," he would say, from time to time, "I suppose that will be all right."

Finally, there was the fellow who got the idea Allan and Karin loved jellied consomme. Every lunch for a solid three weeks, he served them jellied consomme. They'd go shopping when the boat docked, buy dozens of cans of tomato juice, and leave them strategically placed around the galley. The steward didn't bat an eye. One morning, in desperation, Karin approached him. "Please," she said, "this noon, might we have tomato juice?"

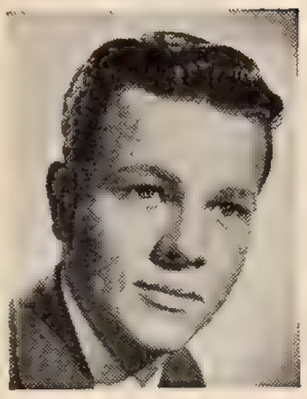
He smiled at her sweetly, and for lunch, they had tomato juice and jellied consomme.

Right now, they're without a steward, and suffering no pain. There are two cabin boys, everybody pitches in, and nobody's gone hungry yet.

They stopped a few days in New York at the Ambassador Hotel, saw several shows. Kind of a bang-up end to the honeymoon, complete with nightclubs and fancy clothes.

Karin has to get back to the Coast soon, for a new picture, and this one ought to tell the tale. With two solid hits behind her, a good picture now could make her a great big star. As for Allan, he's willing to go along and watch. Whatever the girl wants is okay with him.

new faces



ROBERT ARTHUR *was a disc jockey for a radio station in his home-town, Aberdeen, Wash., when he decided to chuck radio for a chance at Hollywood. He hitch-hiked all the way from Aberdeen and got a job a month after he arrived. His 20th Century-Fox build-up began with* Green Grass of Wyoming *and you'll soon be seeing him with Gregory Peck in* Yellow Sky. *Bob was 23 on June 18. He's 5′ 9″ tall and weighs 135 lbs.; has blue eyes and brown hair.*



MONTGOMERY CLIFT *whom you discovered in* The Search *and* Red River, *is a talented Broadway veteran of 10 hit plays. His stage career began at the age of 13, and he's appeared since in* Our Town, Skin of Our Teeth, *with Martha Scott, and* There Shall Be No Night, *with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Montgomery was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in October, 1920. He's 5′ 11″, weighs 160 lbs., and is unmarried. He's under contract to Howard Hawks and his next picture will be* The Heiress.



SCOTT BRADY, *who scored a hit with fans in* Canon City, *was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on September 13, 1924, and is Lawrence Tierney's brother. Later the Tierneys moved to Westchester, where Scott attended St. Michael's High School. When he was discharged from the Navy in 1945, he enrolled in the Bliss-Hayden Dramatic School, under the GI Bill of Rights and ten months later was discovered by a scout! Scott's 6′ 2″ tall, weighs 180 lbs., and is an excellent swimmer, boxer and rider. Unmarried.*



LOIS BUTLER, *who won the title role in Eagle-Lion's* Mickey *without any previous acting experience, is 16 years old and a sophomore at John Marshall High School. She's only 5 feet high and weighs 97 pounds. She was born February 13, 1932, in Indianapolis, Ind. Lois has a singing range of three octaves, from G to G above high C, and has sung with the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Her favorite sports are volley and basketball, horseback riding, skating—and bread-baking.*



"HI, HAYHEAD!" . . . *that* was the uncomplimentary way Don greeted me the night of the hayride party. Believe me, that was the last straw! I made up my mind *then* to do something about my dull-looking, unmanageable hair.



HOPEFULLY, I consulted a leading hairdresser. After a shampoo with Lustre-Creme, my hair revealed new loveliness. "It's not a soap, not a liquid," he said, "but a rich-lathering *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too!"

From Hayride to Honeymoon for a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl



ROMANCE SMILED on me after I discovered Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Don met me at a dance. "Golly . . ." said he, "it must have been dark the other night. I didn't know your hair is so lovely." He whispered, his lips brushing my Lustre-Creme tresses, "You *are* a dream girl . . . *my* dream girl."



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*Recommended
No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

EMPEROR WALTZ—Friendly Mountains: Sammy Kaye (Victor).

LADY IN ERMINE—This is the Moment: *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia).
If parentage means anything, this song has success in its blood. Music is by London-born Frederick Hollander, who wrote the musical score for the picture that brought Marlene Dietrich to Hollywood (*Blue Angel*), and lyrics are by Leo Robin, who won an Academy Award in 1938 for *Thanks for the Memory*. Strawberry-blonde Jo Stafford sounds better with every record.

MIDNIGHT WALTZ — Every Time: Jean Sablon (Victor).

NORTHWEST STAMPEDE—Lazy Stream: Wayne King (Victor).

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—Love That Boy: Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Johnny Mercer and the Pied Pipers (Capitol).

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS—Run, Run, Run and The Tourist Trade: *Charioteers (Columbia).
Remember the Cuban scene, when singer-dancer Avon Long gave the grim facts about the tourist racket? And the calypso warning to run, run, run when you see a pretty wo*mun*? Both these cute novelties were recorded by the Charioteers during a trip to England—which means they have real instrumental backgrounds, since there's no recording ban in Britain!

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS — Hankering: *Gordon MacRae (Capitol); Tex Beneke (Victor); Harry James (Columbia). I Don't Care If It Rains All Night: *Tex Beneke (Victor); *Johnny Mercer, (Capitol); Harry James (Columbia). There's Music in the Land: Art Mooney (M-G-M); Vaughn Monroe (Victor). Every Day I Love You (Just a Little Bit More): *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Vaughn Monroe (Victor); Mindy Carson (Musicraft). I Wanna Be a Cowboy in the Movies: *Korn Kobblers (M-G-M); Beatrice Kay (Columbia).

WHIPLASH—Just For Now: *Connie Haines (Signature); *Frank Sinatra (Columbia); Andy Russell (Capitol).

ALBUMS

BING CROSBY — *Crosby Classics, Volume II (Columbia).
Recorded back in the early thirties, when Bing's baritone was closer to a tenor, these eight tunes (including Temptation, Moonstruck and Ghost of a Chance) still make good listening.

DUKE ELLINGTON—**Mood Ellington (Columbia).
Eight original tunes recorded late in 1947. This album should dispel rumors that the Duke is slipping.

SONGS TO REMEMBER—*Lorry Raine (Coast).
Nice singing by a lovely 22-year-old redhead from Detroit, who started on records and radio with Mark Warnow. It's good to hear a revival of that great song I'll Remember April. Lorry should be in pictures soon.

LETTER FROM THE FASHION EDITOR

Dear You:

Think Louella Parsons does a lot of party-going? You should have seen the Fashion Department in the last couple of weeks!

This is the season when all the designers and manufacturers put out the red carpet, pop the champagne corks, and parade their winter collections for the fashion press. To give you an idea in one single week there were 132—count 'em—132 parties scheduled.

We didn't make quite **all** of them, but we lunched, brunched and dined at the St. Regis, Ritz-Carlton, St. Moritz, Waldorf and practically every other glamorous spot in town—took notes on dozens of swoony fashions—met lots of exciting people. We had ourselves a time, period.

To give you a mere hint—the Barbizon slip people threw a huge cocktail party for Marsha Hunt, Albert Drake, Faye Emerson and a couple of hundred other people . . . and then hosted the entire group at the theater to see the play of their choice. (We chose Faye Emerson and Louis Calhern in "The Play's the Thing.")

Oleg Cassini had a cocktail party in his sophisticated new salon, and we somehow found ourselves visualizing Gene Tierney in everyone of the dramatic evening gowns he showed—wonder why?

One of the cleverest fashion shindigs was put on jointly by jewelry, scarf, glove and belt designers. They gave a very swanky party at the Pierre, and then sprang a surprise in the form of a movie screen on which a moving pen skillfully sketched fashion figures—a la the out-of-the-inkwell cartoons. Then a beauteous model stepped from behind the screen, wearing the fashion sketched, and demonstrated the miracles which could be performed on it with accessory switches.

Naturally, we can't describe all of our giddy doings—that would take pages. But we can tell you that the pick of the fashions we saw will be turning up in forthcoming issues for you to wear.

After all, the whole point of our partying is to snag the cutest fashions—the fastest—just for you.

Connie Bartel

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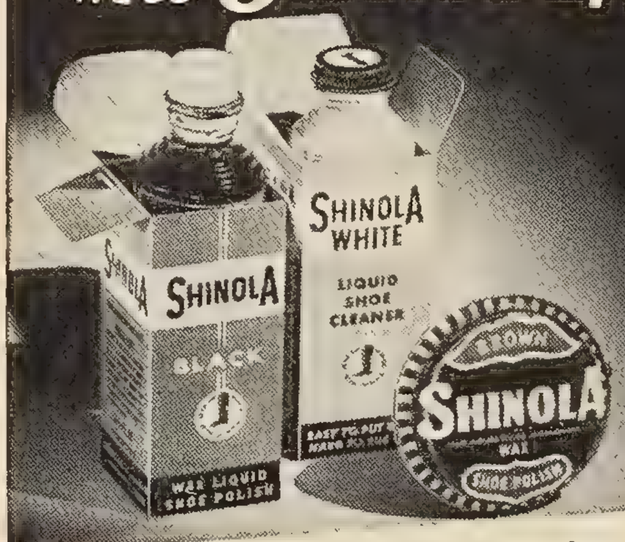
*Reg. T. M.

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59 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON 11, MASS.

THIS IS MY BEST

(*Continued from page 46*)

to wear housedresses throughout all the reels. That's why I hate ginghams. They represent drudgery to me.

"My favorites are suits. Cocktail suits, dinner suits, and my 'very special' is an all-service suit of light wool gabardine with a black skirt and a flaming red hip-length coat. I call it my 'cheerer-upper.' I always feel comfortable and well dressed in it and it really gives me a lift—the color, I mean."

In *It's a Wonderful Life* and now, again, in *The Life of Monty Stratton*, Donna has to wear house dresses, but she can at least go back and forth from the studio, exquisitely tailored.

Dorothy Lamour likes suits, too, but she goes in for very elegant ones. Her pet is a svelte formal suit with an embroidered coat and a gracefully draped skirt which designer Jean Louis did for her before she started to work in her current film, *Lulu Belle*.

Dottie hates slacks because she thinks they are so unbecoming to the feminine figure. She prefers flowing lines and rich materials. Anything reminding her of a sarong will be tossed right out the window.

Doris Day, on the other hand, is a big slacks champion.

"Brother, if anything ruffles me, it's ruffles. I can't stand these frilly things and, if the studio would let me, I'd wear slacks in pictures," says Doris, who is now in *My Dream Is Yours*.

"Maybe it's the tomboy in me, but I don't think anything is more comfortable and looks nicer than a beautifully tailored pair of white slacks. You can wear a bright coat or a colorful striped blazer and believe me, it's a pick-up. I loathe dressing up, and perhaps that's why I love California; I don't have to. I don't own a hat and don't intend to. Those gals who want to get all frilled up and lunch at Romanoff's can have it. It's the casual life for me."

Ruth Warwick is "plaid-happy." Her mother was Annie Laurie Scott, which may account for it. Anyway, she loves to wear plaids, preferably red, black and white ones. More than that, she even uses the same plaid material and pattern for her luncheon cloths, napkins and patio drapes as she does for her clothes.

Another gal who goes for household materials is Virginia Grey. When Virginia, who is currently in *So This Is New York*, saw the design that Barbara Barondess MacLean had made for the fittings for Ojai Valley Inn, she told Barbara, "I want to look like that chair!"

So Barbara whipped up a peasant skirt of the gay and colorful print, combined it with a Valley Green crepe blouse. Ginny says, "I feel like a tea-cozy."

Ida Lupino's pet is a pair of pedal pushers of blue and chartreuse. It isn't just because she likes to bicycle. Ida lives way up on a mountain top and she says that pedal pushers go with a mountain top—they're free and breezy.

Ida's anathema is a beaded dress. For one of her first Hollywood parties she spent two weeks' salary on a creation of bugle beads. "It served its purpose when it came to making an entrance, but the exit was a nightmare. A 'friend' of mine said, 'Darling, you look ravishing, but there's a loose thread there at your shoulder.' She pulled it and I literally unraveled all over the party. My hostess was still picking up bugle beads around the house two days later. Since then I've felt about a beaded dress the way I feel about the electric chair."

Joan Bennett likes hostess gowns and Irene Dunne prefers dresses and suits of the utmost simplicity.

But the most rugged individualist of them all is Betty Hutton.

"No matter what Paris says," declares Betty, "I'm not going to clutter up my life with bustles or hobble skirts. I like to dress appropriately for any occasion outside, but when I'm home, let me slip into a pair of Levis and live!"

While most of the stars we talked to, Donna Reed, Doris Day, Ruth Warwick, etc., all seemed to like red or various shades of red, it's the one color Hutton can't stand in her clothes.

"You know why?" she asked. "When I first went to New York to sing with a band, the orchestra leader, who didn't know clothes from a lead sheet, thought I should make my first appearance in a flaming red dress. I guess he didn't have much confidence in my voice. I didn't either, so I wore a red dress and I was so frightened and nervous I laid an egg. Since that day I really see red when they show me anything to wear in that color."



how to buy modern screen fashions

If there's anything the Modern Screen Fashion Department dotes on, it's letters from you requesting the fashions we feature. We get a distinct thrill out of each and every "where can I buy?" letter you send us, and nothing makes us happier than knowing that you have walked into a store, and have bought, worn, and loved an M. S. Fashion.

However, sometimes we worry that you have to wait too long for the fashions you request. If you're anything like us, you want a dress when you want it—practically immediately.

In order to speed up your receiving the M. S. Fashions you want, here are a few tips on how to buy:—

buy in person:

Go to the store in your city listed in the Where to Buy Directory, and **be sure** to go directly to the proper department and floor, which are also listed.

To save even more time, take along the Modern Screen photo of the fashion you want. If you haven't the page from the magazine, be sure to tell the sales girl you saw it in Modern Screen.

If no store in your city is listed, write to Connie Bartel for name of one.

buy by mail:

Order by Check from any store listed, whether in your city or not.
Order by Money Order from any store listed, whether in your city or not.
Order by C. O. D. from any store listed, whether in your city or not.

how not to buy:

Please don't send checks, money orders, or C. O. D.'s direct to Modern Screen.

We're not equipped to handle them, and they only delay your order.

Write us for store in your city—or any other information, and we'll respond promptly. But don't send us actual **payment**—that should go only to stores.

Thanks for your cooperation—and here's to your receiving your M. S. Fashions but quickly!

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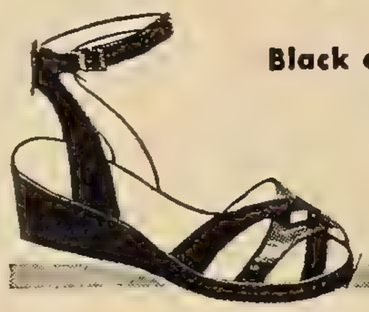
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WHERE YOU CAN BUY THE

Prices on merchandise may vary throughout country

Corduroy jacket with chin-chin collar and matching skirt worn by Ann Miller in the full color photograph (page 65)

Los Angeles, Calif.—*The May Co.*, Broadway & 8th St. (Jacket only)
Madison, Wis.—*Harry S. Manchester, Inc.*, 2 E. Miffin St., Thrift Center, Second Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave., Misses Sportswear, Third Floor
Oklahoma City, Okla.—*Kerr's, Inc.*, 312 W. Main St., Budget Sportswear Dept.
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Sportswear, Third Floor, North Bldg.

Ballet shoes worn in color photo (page 65)

New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 51st St. & Fifth Ave.

Plaid bustle skirt (page 66)

Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner Co.*, Gratiot Ave., High School Shop, Fourth Floor
Hartford, Conn.—*Sage, Allen & Co.*, 900 Main St., Teen Shop
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Teen Dept., Balcony
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.*, Pennsylvania Ave., High School Shop, Third Floor

Flat turtle neck sweater worn with bustle skirt (page 66)

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Frank & Seder*, 5th Ave. & Smithfield St.
St. Louis, Mo.—*Sonnenfeld's*, 610-18 Washington Ave., Accessory Dept., Main Floor

Corduroy skirt with flare front, full back (page 66)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, 8th & Market Sts., Junior Miss Sportswear, Third Floor
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop*, 10th & G Sts., Junior Miss, Fourth Floor

Short-sleeved, notched collar sweater worn with corduroy skirt (page 66)

Omaha, Neb.—*Fred & Clark Haas*, 205 S. 16th St., Sportswear Dept., First Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—*Sonnenfeld's*, 610-18 Washington St., Accessory Dept., Main Floor

Printed Calico blouse (page 70)

Denver, Colo.—*Denver Dry Goods Co.*, 16th & California Sts., Sports Shop, Second Floor
Los Angeles, Calif.—*J. W. Robinson Co.*, 7th & Grand Sts., Blouse Dept., Street Floor
New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 34th St. & 5th Ave., College Shop, Fourth Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Strawbridge & Clothier*, Market & 8th Sts., Separates Shop, Third Floor

Two-tone shirt, matching skirt (page 70)

Write to: Freshy Sportswear, 1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Wool worsted jersey top with leather buttons, matching skirt (page 71)

Buffalo, N. Y.—*J. N. Adam Co.*, 383 Main St., Sportswear Dept., Fourth Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St., Sport Shop, Third Floor

Gabardine jumper and turtle neck blouse (page 71)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's*, Washington St., Sportswear Dept., Fourth Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Martin's*, 501 Fulton St., College Shop, Casual, Fifth Floor
Louisville, Ky.—*Zellner's*
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbel's*, 33rd St. & Ave. of the Americas, College Shop, Third Floor

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

Rayon skirt with zig-zag buttons (page 71)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's,* 484 Fulton St., Sportswear, Second Floor
Miami, Fla.—*Hartley's,* Sportswear, Main Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels,* 33rd St. & Ave. of the Americas, College Shop, Third Floor
St. Louis, Mo.—*Libson Shops*

Sweater worn with skirt (page 71)

St. Louis, Mo.—*Sonnenfeld's,* 610-18 Washington St., Accessory Dept., Main Floor
Waukegan, Ill.—*Hein's,* Sportswear Dept., Second Floor

One piece plaid dress with velvet bow at collar (page 72)

Boston, Mass.—*Conrad & Co.,* 19 Winter St., Downstairs
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Downstairs
Cleveland, Ohio—*The Halle Bros. Co.,* 1228 Euclid Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Gimbels,* 9th & Market Sts.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Kaufmann's,* 5th Ave & Smithfield St., Downstairs
St. Louis, Mo.—*Famous-Barr Co.,* Locust, Olive & 6th Sts., Teentown, Downstairs

Ruffled broadcloth blouse with jeweled buttons (page 72)

Chicago, Ill.—*Goldblatt's,* 333 S. State St.
Milwaukee, Wis.—*Gimbels,* 101 Wisconsin Ave., Hi School Shop, Third Floor
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th,* 34th St. & Broadway, Teen Dept., Second Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Brothers,* Market & 8th Sts., Teen Shop, Third Floor
Phoenix, Ariz.—*Diamond's,* Washington at 2nd St., The Teen Town Shop, Second Floor

Glen Plaid skirt with side pockets, worn with ruffled blouse (page 72)

St. Louis, Mo.—*Salle Ann Shops*

Striped turtle neck sweater and jersey skirt with unpressed pleats (page 73)

Boston, Mass.—*Filene's,* Washington St., Sportswear Dept., Fourth Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Sportswear, Second Floor, Central Bldg.
Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.,* 398 Main St.
San Francisco, Calif.—*Macy's,* Stockton & O'Farrell Sts., Sportswear Dept., Second Floor

Half-size suit with V pockets and jeweled buttons (page 74)

Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.,* Washington & Avon Sts., Misses Thriftmode Dept., Fourth Floor
Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Abraham & Straus,* 420 Fulton St., Daytime Dresses, Second Floor
Chicago, Ill.—*Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,* State, Madison & Monroe Sts., Daytime Dresses, Second Floor.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*J. W. Robinson Co.,* 7th & Grand Sts., California Patio Shop, Fourth Floor
Washington, D. C.—*Woodward & Lothrop,* 10th & G Sts., Inexpensive Dresses, Third Floor

How to Order Modern Screen Fashions

(1) Buy in person from stores listed.
(2) Order by mail from stores listed.
(3) Write Connie Bartel, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.

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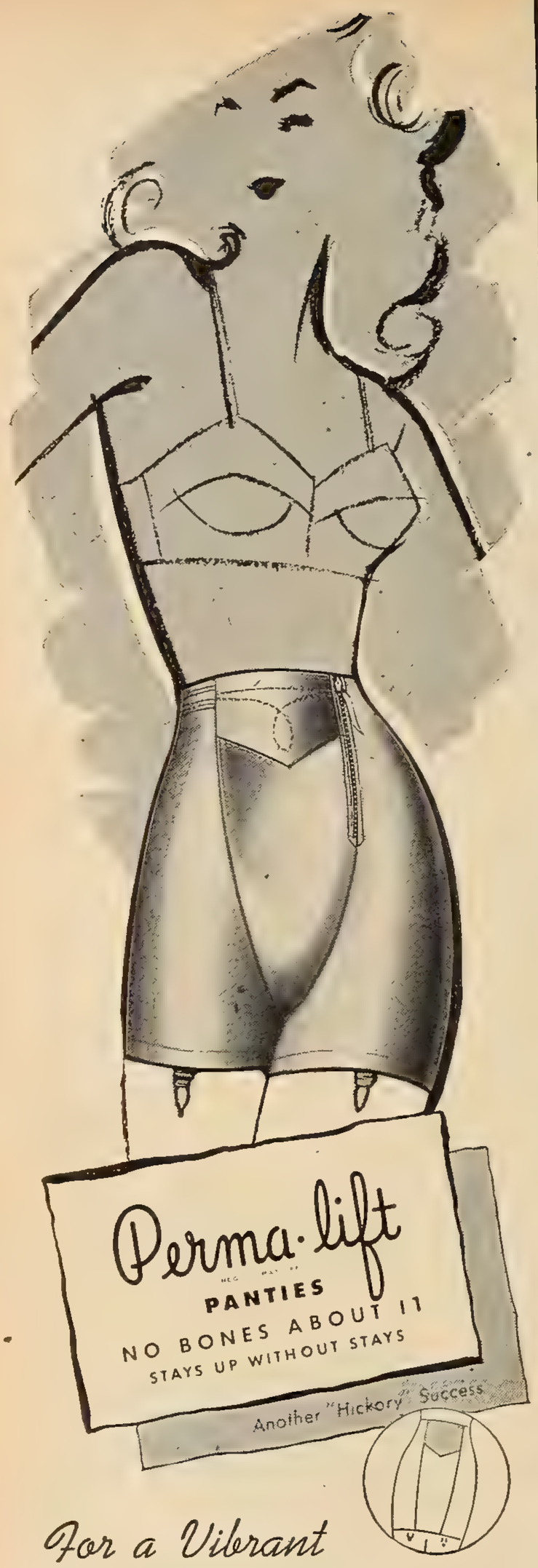
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the fans



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director
GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

Ideas, Inc. Our request for club ideas has brought a slew of swell responses and we're going to pass them right along to you: Barbara Wright of L.A. has the simplest and easiest plan in the world for adding small change to your treasury. She says go out into the pantry or kitchen and collect those deposit bottles! The folks'll be happy to have them cleared away—and you can add those nickels to the club's worthwhile activity or snap fund. You'll be surprised how those five-cent pieces add up! . . . Urban "Red" Jones (Jimmy Lloyd Club) calls on all club prexies to put out a fan club "Who's Who" (like our own "Who's Who In Hollywood") with one page devoted to each club honorary. Each club supplies copy, snap and its share of expense . . . Phyllis Pritchard writes that when her honorary, Joan Caulfield, mails out a requested photo to a fan, there's a sticker pasted on the back that says, "Join the Joan Caulfield Fan Club" and gives the name and address of the prexy. It's tripled membership in less than a year! . . . Lee Garber's Mel Torme Club has a special way of attracting attention of movie-mag editors when clubbers request stories about Mel. Club artist Joan Cavaretta makes miniature facsimile editions of each magazine solicited, with the name of the magazine, Mel's picture, the mag's trade mark, price, etc., on the cover. It's very appealing and bound to get attention. For disk jockeys, Joan has made a tiny paper record in a petite jacket of its own. They're cute souvenirs. (It takes a little imagination and lots of lovin' care to dream up these ideas.) . . . Dale Dunham of Concord, Calif., suggests a White Elephant Sale. Everybody brings something they have no use for, but which may be very useful to someone else. You can put nominal prices on the items or sell them at auction. All money is added to club treasury. For a more ambitious club, Dale suggests a puppet show or a carnival. By permission of the authorities, use a vacant lot and set up your tents or stalls—a candy and soft drink stand, of course, and a fortune teller! If you can, a "house of horrors" and a vaudeville tent . . . Here's a wonderful game for club meetings, from Doris Burton of Richmond, Va.: either an individual or team of clubbers acts out a scene in pantomime, using props which happen to be in the room. The others try to guess the movie the scene is taken from—and the stars . . . Finally, Loretta Verbin of Jack Carson's club has a painless way of reminding clubbers to renew membership. Instead of notifying them coldly "to pay up, or get out," Loretta has mimeographed a cute cartoon that says pleasantly, "For another fun-packed year, rejoin. . . ."

Thanks to you clubbers who submitted your pet ideas. Winners above each receive a year's subscription to MODERN SCREEN!

Trouble Clinic: For years, studios who've objected to fan clubs have been yelling "Racket!" So here's a solution from a famous MSFCA club prexy: "If the studios were smart they would whip up fan club organizations right in the studio with some authority on them who would not be afraid to bounce harmful fans out on their ear. Then they could work in conjunction with the fan magazines and this way there could not be quite as much racketeering and trouble." What do you think? Are fan clubs rackets? What's your solution?

Louise Warnes, prexy of Jim Brown's Buddies, says, "How about more plugs for new clubs with new stars as honoraries?" Okay, Louise, here's a batch of new favorites for whom we've got promising young clubs. For info on how to join them, drop us a card: Elizabeth Taylor, Gary Stevens, Ron Randall, Jane Powell, Art Mooney, Daryl Hickman, Nina Foch, Graham Covert, Vanessa Brown, Kirk Douglas, Gene Nelson, David Street, Rand Brooks, Martha Vickers, and Richard Widmark.

New Prizes! We're putting new glamor in our Trophy Contest prizes! Starting this month, we'll give away Helena Rubinstein's Lipstick Four-Casts to the winners of the "This Is My Best" Contest (best stories and/or poems printed in your club journals). The Rubinstein Four-Cast is a handsome plastic case containing the four most becoming shades of lipstick for your type, so before we mail out your prize (if you're a winner!) we'll quiz you on your hair-coloring. Then, you'll have the four lipsticks you need to wear with your most flattering costume colors! It's the New Look in lipsticks, and it's as chi-chi as the name Helena Rubinstein implies! Of course, we've still got our old favorites, too, and from your letters, we know you love 'em! For the club artist, there's TANGEE's beautiful Trip-Kit, the smartest thing for travel, and just loaded with those superfine Tangee products—astringent, powder base, rouge, etc., also comb and mirror, to keep you looking like a movie star even on the bumpiest bus. And for you expert editors, we've got those wonderful EBERHARD FABER Harmatone Pen and Pencil Sets. Handsome, smooth, they write like a dream! Finally, for the camera bugs, there are free subscriptions to DELL magazines, and DELL Pocket Books! (Suitable prizes substituted for male winners, as always!)

8TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST
(2nd Lap)

Best Journals: 500 points. League 1. Nelson Eddy *Golden Notes* (Nicholin). League 2. (tied) *Reagan Record. Jive* (Bob Crosby). *Shirley's* (Temple) *Scoops. Golden Comet* (Jeanette MacDonald). *Musical Notes.* League 3. (tied) *Burt Lancaster* journal. *Data on Dick* (Conte). (Joe) *Cotten Chronicle.* (Helen) *Geraldites. Kamera on Kirk* (Douglas). **Best Editing:** 250 points. League 1. Janie Hamilton, Bill Boyd *R. H. News.* League 2. Betty Petrie, Club Friendship journal. League 3. Audrey Cushing, *Atomic* (Bob) *Atcher.* **Best covers:** 250 points. League 1. Nelson Eddy Music Club journal (Mottola). League 2. Alan Ladd (Bellino) journal. League 3. (tied) Keese-Roberts journal. *Swing and Sway Times* (Sammy Kaye). **Best Art Work:** 150 points. Eugenia Holland, Desi Arnez (Stilts) journal. **This Is My Best:** 100 points. Ruth Kellman, Editorial, Ralph Lewis journal. Georgia Eustice, "Typically Hollywood," Ralph Lewis journal. Dee Fling, "A Tribute," *Reagan Record.* Rosemarie Chaney, "Hold Fast Your Dreams," Cotton Chronicle. Anita Dobres, "Young America At The Movies," Alan Ladd journal (Pearl). Guen Griffith, "Graduation," *Hi-Lites* (Club Friendship journal). **Membership Increases:** 100 points. League 1. Bill Boyd Club. League 2. Dennis Morgan Club. League 3. Bobby Breen Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** 250 points. League 1. Nelson Eddy (Mottola) Club (donated $35 to Cancer Fund in honor of Nelson's birthday). League 2. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley) (gave $30 to Children's Village for Jeanette's birthday). League 3 (tied) Herb Fields Club (donated $15 to Jewish Relief Fund). Sinatra Club (Alfino) (collected baby clothing for French War Orphans). **Candid Camera Contest:** (First prize 100 points, others 50.) Marlyn Sclater, Roddy McDowall Club. Geraldine Schultz, Gene Autry Club. Ron de Armond, Charles Korvin Club. Virginia Pink, Bobby Beers Club. Kathy Campbell, Darryl Hickman Club. Dory Gehrke Nelson Eddy (Mottola) Club. **Best Correspondents:** 50 points. League 1. Nancy Bryan, Bill Boyd Club. League 2. Rita and Jo Mottola, Rise Stevens Club. League 3. Shirley Warren, Garry Stevens Club.

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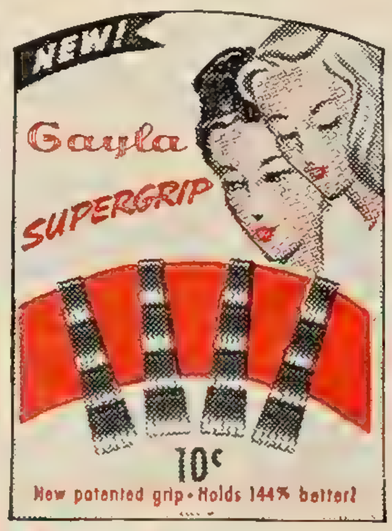
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WHY CAN'T THEY STAY MARRIED?

(*Continued from page 31*)

back, confusing everyone, including themselves and their bewildered children, until Jane decided to call it quits for keeps. June Haver and her trumpeteer, Jimmy Zito, calling it off before it ever started, and then when it did start, calling it off again.

How do they get that way? There are always stories behind the stories you read —and some of them, believe me, are lulus. For instance, the on-again, off-again marriage of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles.

The second act of that bizarre domestic drama opened right before Orson directed Rita in *The Lady From Shanghai,* and it ended right after the last scene was shot. I stood on that set and watched that patch-up in action. I saw Orson mopping up the stage floor with his beautiful wife in a high-tension, super-melodramatic scene—which was just what Rita craved, by the way. I call that connubial comeback, "The Eighty-Thousand Dollar Makeup—or Columbia Capers." It had everything in it except what a true reconciliation needs, which is humility, sincerity and love.

Rita should have known better. Heaven knows, she'd had plenty of the one-time Boy Genius the first time. As he says, Orson "forgot" constantly that he had a wife, when anything else was on his mile-a-minute mind. Politicking, saving the world, making speeches, plotting sensational broadcasts, writing plays and scripts, acting, promoting, flying off here and there at the drop of an overnight bag. Orson's not exactly a cozy kid to have around the house. That's why Rita left him in the first place; she never knew, with his astral existence, whether he'd be coming in for dinner when she was having breakfast, or vice versa.

So they split. Rita handled her career and home twice as easily without Orson's jitters, and had time, too, for the gaiety she loves. Orson joined old Mercury Theater pals on Broadway, launched a stage musical, *Around the World in 80 Days*—and lost his shirt when, owing to its fabulous production costs, it flopped like a flounder. Part of the shirt—in fact $80,000 of it—belonged to a big shot at Columbia Pictures. And the estranged Mrs. Welles is Columbia's biggest box-office star. Right then the machinery of a marriage makeup began to turn.

rita plays the game . . .

Here's what happened: The big-shot wanted his loan to Orson back, had a promise tied to it that Orson would make him a picture. Orson had to come through. Also, Rita's Columbia contract was about to expire, and Columbia wanted it renewed. How about Rita? Well, she was already a big success as a musical star, but she longed for finer things, yearned to be a dramatic, artistic actress. Add those factors up and what do you get? A second try at marriage on an artificial basis—one that should never have happened.

I'll cut it short. Orson came back to Hollywood with a picture script. He went out to Rita's. He's a salesman. When he left, Rita's head was spinning. At last she was to be a dramatic star, directed by the Genius, himself. Orson rewrote the script in eight days, building Rita a starring part. Rita signed a new seven-year contract with Columbia. Orson moved back in Rita's house; they were "together again." But were they? Yep, for six months—while the picture lasted.

But Orson hadn't changed, hadn't any intention of changing. Anyway, a few days after I walked off that set, Rita told me in a dead-tired, emotionless voice, "Orson and I are through, Hedda. Forever. I can't take it any longer." Whatever made her think she could?

Now they're divorced and she's legally Rita Cansino again. Who collected the hits in that second inning? Orson? Rita? I haven't seen *Lady From Shanghai,* but I hear it's pretty weird. It's doubtful if it will add to Orson Welles' stature or prove Rita another Bernhardt, so they'll both wind up with errors. Who got his money back—also his meal-ticket star? That's right, the Columbia big-shot.

Now, that's a pretty special Hollywood return engagement—but they're all special, that's the point. Hollywood has what it takes to blow a familiar domestic crisis into quicker flame. I'm thinking of Mark Stevens' marriage mixup.

A year or so ago in these very pages of Modern Screen I picked Mark as the most promising young star of the year. He'd proved himself loaded with talent, authority, and ambition. One of his best assets was his young wife, Annelle. First time I met her, I said, "There's a girl with her head set right on her shoulders." She'd come to Hollywood to get in pictures herself. She'd tossed that over pronto the minute she said "I do." She was expecting a baby. They were living in a tiny guest-house apartment in the hills near Pickfair, victims of the housing shortage. Mark was sick, racked with pain. He'd already been in hospitals numberless times to have his back, injured in boyhood, repaired. And Annelle had nursed him, dressed his wounds, ministered to his moods (which ranged in Mark from sky-high elation to bottomless despair, as his frustrations drummed on his nerves). There were picture chances he was too sick to grab, there was cramped living, a pregnant wife. That was the setup —and both Mark and Annelle were young.

I spotted Mark at once as an explosive character. His life story backed me up. Mark had blown his top consistently throughout his wandering young career, he'd been a problem child, a runaway, a rebel. He never thought he'd get married, he told me. "I've always been mean to women," he admitted frankly. But still, I sensed character and guts in him.

Now Mark Stevens is a small-town boy and there are millions like him all over, yearning for the Big League, its fame and its fruits. Only, when he got his at last,



that's hollywood!

Members of the movie industry get a chance to attend previews and are usually put on the spot when asked for their opinions. After a preview a producer cornered Oscar Levant and inquired, "How did you like my picture?"

"I didn't like it," said Levant frankly.

"Who do you think you are, not to like it?" recoiled the producer.

"Who do I have to be, not to like it?" asked Levant.

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

Mark couldn't use them. Annelle soon had her baby, but Mark was left with his frustrations. That's when he lost his head, decided to have this fling he thought he rated.

Unfortunately, Hedy Lamarr swam entrancingly in view at the psychological moment and Hedy was fancy-free, having split with her husband, John Loder. Three children or not, Hedy must have someone to pay court and flatter her. That the great and glamorous Lamarr would make eyes at him was the most fatal flattery to Mark Stevens in his mood. So off the beam he went, leaving home and Annelle for a flirtation that Hedy's husband, John, summed up the best I've heard. "It's quite all right, my dear," observed John drily, "but aren't you making yourself rather ridiculous?" No more than Mark was. The difference was he came to, fast, and realized in a hospital bed with his bad back acting up again what a fool he'd been. That's when he called me and made the vows he's kept, so far. As I said, Mark has signed over every cent he owns to Annelle and Mark Richard, their baby boy. I hope he never crosses us up again—or rather, crosses up himself and his family.

Now let me turn to another case. I said I'd never been the president of Oleg Cassini's fan club. Oleg's grandfather was the Czar's ambassador to Washington. He's an aristocrat, touchy, proud, and easy to misunderstand.

Gene has always been madly in love with her fiery little count. She followed him around from camp to camp during the war, just like any war wife. And Oleg did do the right things, I had to admit. He dropped his title, became a U. S. A. citizen, enlisted when trouble began and won his way up to a lieutenant's bars. Frankly, I've always thought he was inconsiderate of Gene. He had so many fist fights and hot-tempered scuffles in public, and they embarrassed her so much. But that wasn't what split them up. Pride did that.

pride and prejudice . . .

From the start of their marriage, Gene was a successful star. Oleg was an unsuccessful dress designer. Gene has told me, "Our trouble was just as much my fault as Oleg's. I had my work, I was making a big salary. Oleg had only his pride. But I love him and I want the world to know it." Gene told me that after they'd reconciled, after, I firmly believe, both knew they were more in love than ever. Two months after their makeup, Gene found she'd have a second baby, which she's expecting soon. I wish her and Oleg Cassini all the luck in the world.

But no matter how I feel about Oleg, there's another boy I haven't changed my opinion of yet, and he'll have to show me before I will. I mean John Payne, whose shaky child-bride marriage with Gloria De Haven will be wagging Heaven knows which way by the time this sees print. At the present, John is saying, "I love my wife and my children and we all love each other and we should never, never part," or words to that effect. And little Gloria is saying nothing. John has always thought he was God's gift to the screen. I think he's a spoiled, over-conceited boy all wrapped up in himself and happy being unhappy—like a character in a Russian novel.

I used to see John sitting and scowling in Hollywood's night clubs back when he was married to Anne Shirley. "For Heaven's sake," I told him one night to his long, sad face, "if you're that bored with it all, why don't you go home? Why sit here and torture yourself?"

"Anne likes it," sighed Payne. I've seen him sulking the same lackadaisical way lately, with—and without—his bride. Truth is, John doesn't know what he wants, and hasn't for years. He thought he wanted a



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home and had one for a while with Anne and their baby. He made a picture with Claudette Colbert and came up with a good acting performance. Then he wanted a serious dramatic career. Claudette brought that on. No picture Colbert makes is a failure and her smart French mind figured the way to get a performance out of John Payne, cast with her in *Remember the Day.* She flattered the socks off him. She built up his ego until he came through with a real job, the best of his life. He's considered himself a great thespian since, which I'm sorry to say he's not. Neither is pretty little Gloria De Haven.

Gloria's a child of separation and a child of the theater. Her mother and father, the Carter De Havens, were always splitting up and coming back together again—which has nothing to do with Gloria, except that the background is familiar. M-G-M signed her purely on her famous stage name and her looks. She got a build-up far beyond her talents. When Gloria said in one separation spell that she was going to leave John and return to her career, people asked, "What career?"

One gnawing misery that colors John's yes-and-no home life is a very big mistake he made at the studio which made him a star. Johnny had an iron-clad contract with 20th Century-Fox, at $4000 a week for four more years. But the accumulated ego of many Hollywood years wouldn't let him accept the fact that new faces with new voices—say, like Dick Haymes—were getting the parts he figured he should be having. When he was offered a screen job beneath what he considered his dramatic dignity he stalked into Darryl Zanuck's office and asked for his release.

To his stunned surprise, Zanuck grabbed his offer like a fielder grabs a pop fly. He was out. A few days later John came back in. "I made a mistake," he began.

"Maybe you did," Zanuck told him, "but we didn't."

I could go on forever with case histories of Hollywood's switch marriages, bright one minute, blacked-out the next. Stars act like children of the rich in their domestic dipsy-doos; they lose perspective and tie their private lives too often to the erratic kites of their public careers. They magnify the real importance of this hit, of that flop, lose their heads over success or over an honor and forget what's really important to their lives—their existence as persons.

oscar, the home-wrecker . . .

I don't think Jane Wyman would ever have let a wonderful guy like Ronald Reagan slip out of her life—even temporarily—if she hadn't been nominated for an Academy Award. Jane's a cute, smart little girl with considerable talent. She came up from nowhere and struck the greatest fortune a girl can have—a home, beautiful babies, an adoring, distinguished husband, and career enough. I'll never forget the night she showed me her first mink coat, a beauty that cost $5,000, if it cost a penny. She couldn't stop stroking its soft surface. "Isn't it beautiful, Hedda? Aren't I lucky? Isn't Ronnie wonderful to buy it for me? I don't deserve it," she said.

Jane was thrilled then with everything: her home, Ronnie, the kids, her friends. She took her picture career in stride, running it in second place, where it should be with a lucky girl like that.

Now the home's sold. Jane sold it when Ronnie moved out. Ronnie, who was so wonderful all those years, is complained about publicly in her divorce suit as having bored Jane with his Screen Actors Guild activities. Jane came out in print with the silliest statement I ever expected to hear from a star—that she, a wife, couldn't stand Ronald's constructive brilliance—when it's his very activities that guarantee her salary

WE PINE FOR YOU

Ah, Indian summer—we love it. We wait for it all year round. And we wait for something else, too—your "I Saw It Happen" letters. Really. We sit here with $5 bills falling out of our pockets, just pining for your anecdotes. You know what we want. True, short and amusing incidents about you and a movie star. We'll pay $5 for every one we use. Make us happy. Make yourselves happy. Fish for your underwater pen—and write to the "I Saw It Happen" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, New York.

and the career she now prizes so highly! Why, you'd think a wife would be busting with pride that her guy was that smart!

But there go your realities in a fog of sudden fame. Now all Jane wants out of life is more fame. She just missed the Oscar in *The Yearling.* Trying to rate it in *Johnny Belinda* was what snapped her home ties. Forgotten are her safe anchors in life, her husband and the confused kids, whom faithful Ronnie still takes care of as "sitter" at Jane's Malibu place, when she has to run off to a radio show or a personal appearance.

She may come to her senses, of course, as another star up from nowhere, Frank Sinatra, did, when the accumulated power of mass hysteria sent him spinning in pursuit of Lana Turner. He's made it up to Nancy by now and I, for one, am very glad indeed that Frank's popularity has quieted down a bit. I know he's simply crazy about his new daughter, Christina, and kicks himself every time he thinks of his strange interlude, because he's told me so. But Frank had the basic character to face facts and choose right. Others around this town have, too.

Ray Milland and his marvellous Mel, for instance, have had their ups and downs under pressure. When Ray was making *The Lost Weekend* and earning his Oscar, he brought his creative nervousness and irritations into his home. But Mel is one of the most understanding women in the world. When Ray realized he was miserable without her and begged forgiveness, it was there. A deep affection, cemented by years of marriage and their son, an older and better-balanced outlook on life, memories of the tough times they'd shared—in short, maturity—enabled them to work out a solution, and save what was so important to them both.

I'm not dismayed too much when younger stars grope and grapple awkwardly with their happiness. Maybe it's to be expected of kids like June Haver and Jimmy Zito, Mark and Annelle, dizzied by too sudden fame. But when I witness the same wobbly wedding-waltzes going on with experienced couples like the Reagans, Greer Garson and Richard Ney, Rita and Orson, I hang my head. I don't even want to look. There's no real excuse, even in Hollywood.

Because, even in Hollywood, people can live together if they have the stuff—faith in each other and love—as well as they can in Podunk, where the same domestic discords grate every day, only you don't hear about them. Hundreds of happy star homes I can name prove that.

So—it isn't the World War's aftermath, or flying discs, or the threat of television that agitates Hollywood's patchwork homes. It's just people—nine times out of ten—who've lost their good sense to glamor and forgotten this elementary fact of adult life:

That marriage is one act which doesn't thrive on Hollywood's overemphasized "I." The magic pronoun that still turns the trick is "we."

EVIE'S OTHER HUSBAND

(*Continued from page 49*)

only ones who are not talking about Van and Evie, except Keenan. The rest of Hollywood is having plenty to say. And the strong winds of gossip blow all sorts of questions around these parts.

"Will they get a divorce?"

"Will they stay married?"

"Why doesn't anybody see pictures of them with the baby?"

"What's the matter with Van's studio? His publicity is terrible!"

No matter how thin you slice it, Van Johnson has been in trouble since the day he took his best friend's wife unto himself to love, cherish, and buy knick-knacks for.

And now it's about time to go back and pick up the thread of the beginning of Hollywood's leading soap opera.

The story starts in New York, with three people walking around through show business, arm in arm. They were pals.

The dark-haired guy on the left was Keenan Wynn, son of the famous comedian, Ed Wynn, a headliner on Broadway.

The girl in the middle was Evie, sharing her smiles and her doughnuts equally with the dark man on the left and the big blonde baby-faced boy on her right . . . a Broadway chorus-boy, Van Johnson.

These "Three Musketeers" had great fun on the main stem, living high when the shows were running, splitting pennies when they weren't. Taking snapshots in Central Park and sipping malts at Schrafft's brought them closer together until finally, as usually happens. Evie had to decide between the two of them and take one.

The one she took was Keenan Wynn, but the marriage didn't break up the threesome. It was left for Hollywood to do that.

Van Johnson was the first to get the siren call from the Glamor Capital of the World.

The radio soap operas would have made a big thing out of that parting, with Evie dissolved in tears and a strong handshake saying volumes between the two men. Well, Evie did get a bit dewy-eyed over Van's leaving New York, and there was the strong handshake between Keenan and Van, and then the train pulled out of Grand Central.

In Hollywood, Van went first to Warner Brothers, where the egg he laid would have done justice to a fair-sized ostrich. It wasn't Van's fault. He just didn't click.

He wrote big fat letters back to his two best friends in New York. He bragged about the California sunshine, and the

JUNE ALLYSON SAYS . . .

"Do you ever think how lucky we are in this country? Oh, yes, we may complain about prices and conditions, but all we have to do is read the foreign news to make us realize that our troubles are smaller than we think. And one of the best things about our American system is that we provide, right in each community, *Red Feather services for the health, recreation and welfare of all. There are more than 1,100 Community Chests in the U.S.A. Give generously this year—give enough for the child care, and the nursing services, the youth activities and the social work. The Red Feather needs your contribution. Someday, perhaps, you may need its help."*

Madeleine Swenson's smile wins a passport to a bright new world !





Madeleine Swenson, French War Bride, was a Paris manicurist when an American soldier fell in love with her smile. Two years later, she was one of France's most popular cover girls . . . and on her way to Mason City, Iowa, to marry her soldier fiance, Warren Swenson. Madeleine's chance at cover-girl fame came after Warren returned to the U.S. and began sending her packages which contained, in her words, "always your wonderful Pepsodent." "So I thank Pepsodent today for my big chance," Madeleine says. "Always now, my smile is a Pepsodent Smile!"

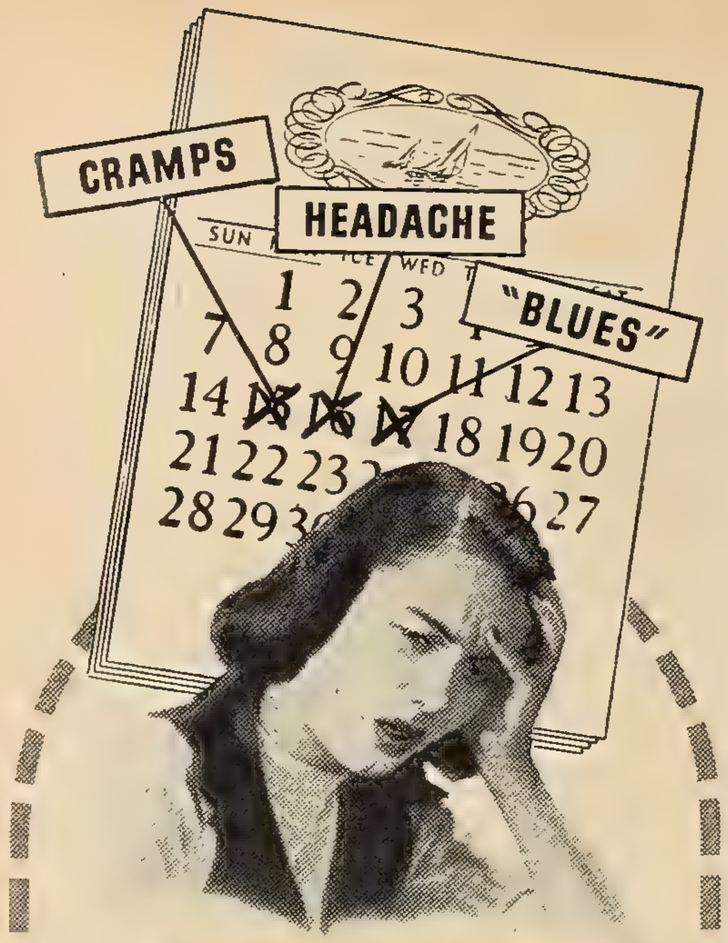
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Wins 3 to 1 over any other tooth paste—families from coast to coast recently compared delicious New Pepsodent with the tooth paste they were using at home. By an average of 3 to 1, they said New Pepsodent tastes better, makes breath cleaner and teeth brighter than any other tooth paste they tried. *For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year!*



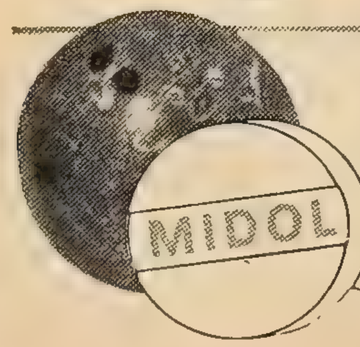
"DULL" DAYS
CAN BE
GAY DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
PERIODIC PAIN

CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"





RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

picture business. Then, he let his hair down and told them how much he missed Broadway and the stage, and them . . . mostly them.

In New York, Evie and Keenan read Van's letters and said, "Poor Van, he should have stayed in New York," and Evie cried another little tear and Keenan shook his head, knowingly. Then they both sat down and wrote Van a letter, telling him to "Buck up, Old Pal, things are tough all over."

But just three chapters later in our little soapsuds drama, Van moved his freckled grin from Warner Brothers' Studio over to the M-G-M lot, and things started happening.

M-G-M used him for decoration in a couple of musical pictures, and bobby-soxers over the nation hailed their new king! Overnight, Van Johnson was changed from a nobody to a somebody . . . a somebody with B-O, standing for "Box-Office."

He had more scream-appeal than a strawberry-float, and the M-G-M officials all joined hands and danced around in a circle, singing. "Goody, Goody, Now We'll Make A Profit," to the tune of "I Got Rhythm."

Evie and Keenan wired Van their congratulations when he was chosen "Chief Pull" with the bobby-soxers. Then, I guess, they wrote and told him how much they missed him in New York. Before long, just as Van was right on top, they came out of the New York heat into the Hollywood heat.

The reason for their coming was to give Keenan a chance to make a screen test at M-G-M. The way I get it, they thought that Keenan was going to be a hot comic (which anybody will admit he is), and they wanted to see if he'd go all right on the screen. If the test turned out okay, the offer, they say, was to be $3,000 per. (That's per week, that is!)

The Wynns moved into the Beverly Wilshire, with the swimming pool out back, and told M-G-M they had landed. The appointment was made, the test was made, and Keenan waited for the verdict. A morning or two later the phone rang and the studio said, "Come on out, Keenan. We want to talk."

Evie hinted out loud that she hoped that "what they wanted to talk was 'turkey,' at three G's per," picked up her towel, flicked Keenan a kiss and headed for the pool.

At the studio, they told Keenan that the test was pretty fair, but not quite what they had 'suspected.'

"No three-grand grade, I take it," said Keenan.

"No, but we'll offer you $350," they countered, and Mr. Wynn said "yes" by putting his name in the small space over the dots. Then he returned to the Beverly Wilshire, Evie, and the pool.

"I know," greeted Evie, "the test was terrific and you signed for the three thousand per week . . . Whoopee!"

"The test," said Keenan, "was fair, and I signed for three-fifty per week."

With which Evie pushed Keenan in the pool.

I've often wondered why.

I forgot to mention a couple of things, and where the radio dramas would have devoted most of the two years to them, I'm devoting the most of a couple of lines. The two things were Ned and Tracy. Ned and Tracy are boys, age six and four, respectively, and they are the sons of Keenan and Evie. Now they're in the drama if we need 'em.

Along about the end of each chapter of a soap opera, they take time out to recap all that has gone before and bring you up to date.

At this point we have the Three Musketeers in Hollywood, Evie and Keenan married, with two sons, Ned and Tracy, aged six and four, respectively, and Keenan has a job at $350 per week at M-G-M.

The third Musketeer, Van Johnson, is the idol of the bobby-soxers, and the salvation of the M-G-M treasury. His weekly stipend hits a healthy four figures, which means he knows where his next meal is coming from.

So much for the recap.

The next chapter is a heart-wringer.

Van Johnson is hurt in an automobile accident. You may remember. More sympathy spilled through the mails to Van in Hollywood, than is spent on the starving millions all over the world today.

When they patched him up, he went to live with the Keenan Wynns for a period of recuperation. Van was "their best friend" and they took care of him. Everybody knew it and considered it wonderful



"Let's go to the drive-in theater—they're showing a punk movie."

that Van had good friends like that to take care of him. The friendship was publicized all over the country. True friendship was something grand in Hollywood.

Now listen for the organ mood music backgrounding the tragic scenes.

One day in 1946 a small cloud passed over the Hollywood scene, and its shadow touched the Three Musketeers.

I don't know what was said, but the soap-opera writers would put down the dialogue something like this:

NARRATOR: It is evening . . . we are in the Wynn parlor . . . Keenan is sitting reading the paper and Evie is just sitting. She looks at him restlessly, then suddenly, she speaks . . .

EVIE: Uh, Keenan.

KEEN: Hunh?

EVIE: I was just thinking . . .

KEEN: Uhhunh.

EVIE: Are you listening?

KEEN: Yes, dear.

EVIE: I said . . . uh . . . I was just thinking.

KEEN: Uhhunh.

EVIE: Keenan Wynn! Put that paper down and listen to me.

KEEN: Huh? Oh . . . Yes, dear . . . it's down.

EVIE: Well, fold it!

KEEN: Okay . . . (SOUND OF PAPER) . . there . . . Now, what's on your mind?

EVIE: Well . . . uh . . . We can talk like sensible people, can't we?

KEEN: Why, I don't know . . . but I'll try. What is it now, the gas bill, or did I drop cigar ashes on the fl—

EVIE: NO! It's not that . . . uh . . . Oh, you're not making it any easier for me!

KEEN: Making what any easier, honey? What is it? Spill it.

EVIE: Keenan, I want my freedom.

KEEN: Freedom? Why, what do you m—?

EVIE: I mean, I want a divorce . . . I'm in love with somebody else.

KEEN: Honey, you can't mean that! Why, we've been . . .

EVIE: I know . . . we've been married for seven years . . . and now . . .

KEEN: And now you're . . . oh, no, Evie . . . wh—who is it?

EVIE: Van!

KEEN: Van Johnson? My BEST FRIEND!

And right there, you would get a music bridge and the drooling announcer with the syrupy voice would ask you seventeen silly questions about how you thought the whole thing would turn out. Then he would sell you enough soap to cleanse the world, and fade out begging and brow-beating you into tuning in tomorrow for the outcome . . . as though you would miss it for anything short of going down to one of those audience participation shows where you could win an electric kitchen, a free permanent and a second honeymoon under Niagara Falls.

Well, that's the way it turned out.

can't we be friends? . . .

On January 24th in 1947, Keenan and Evie were divorced in Juarez, Mexico, and just 23½ hours later, Evie married Van Johnson in the same little Mexican village and Keenan was the first to congratulate them.

And such a storm as broke from the announcement of that marriage hasn't been seen in this hemisphere since before this century. Immediately, a written wave of protest hit the studio. Eight million or more letters flooded the mails asking embarrassing questions about why the baby-faced, be-freckled idol of the teen-agers had married his best friend's wife.

Everyone had known about the friendship and thought it was wonderful. Now



CYD CHARISSE, FEATURED IN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL "WORDS AND MUSIC"

Cyd Charisse changed my whole life



I was but definitely a lonely heart.

UNTIL: ONE DAY I READ

"Want to attract a man?" says Cyd Charisse. "Soft hands are a kind of love-spell. What hand care do I use? Oh, I always use Jergens Lotion."

So I started to use Jergens, too.



AND NOW—a man all my own, saying my hands are so soft . . . saying he loves me.

It's true—Jergens is for even softer, smoother hands today, thanks to recent research. Actually—2 skin-care ingredients many doctors swear by are both in today's Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). And no oiliness; no sticky feeling. See why the Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.



Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

Mmmm . . .

Look at these



Two blocks of sterling inlaid at back of bowls and handles of most used spoons and forks make this silverplate finer, different . . . stay lovelier longer. Fifty-two piece set $68.50 with chest. (No Federal Tax.) *All patterns made in the U. S. A.*

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Youth
Danish Princess
Lovely Lady

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Romayne Cahoon, charming Pan American World Airways stewardess, uses Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment for lovely highlights!

Yes, in 36 minutes your hair can look lovelier! Fresh lustre and radiance, natural color tone and glamour—these are yours with Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment—quickly, in your own home! Ask for Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Hair Dress at Drug or Cosmetic counters — or mail Coupon today for sampler.



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Name .....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address.....

everyone heard about the marriage and thought it was horrible, disgraceful, disgusting, and other disagreeable things.

Within the next week, hundreds of reports came in from theatres throughout the country playing Van Johnson pictures. Box-office, they said, had slumped to nothing and then disappeared. Customers protested, and stayed away in droves.

Even blasé Hollywood lifted an eyebrow in surprise.

The studio publicity department sat and floundered and said less than nothing. But they must have called Van and told him to keep his trap shut, or words to that effect, because he and Evie weren't talking to anyone.

Evie has a reputation in Hollywood for living rather high. Van went right out and bought a $125,000 house, formerly owned by Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M art director, and they moved in, taking the two boys, Ned and Tracy, with them.

Hollywood tongues wagged a little over the set-up because even though Van's salary hits four figures per week, he really doesn't keep much when deductions are deducted. There were rumors of his having borrowed on his salary to meet his new obligations. As often happens, some gossipers had them separating before they'd been married a week.

But time went on, and the main headache of the Johnson household and Van's studio was the fall in box-office take on his pictures.

M-G-M tried a new tack. They put Van in two dramatic roles: He did the press agent for Spencer Tracy in *State of the Union,* and turned in a good job. He played an Army sergeant under Gable in *Command Decision,* which, at this writing, has not been released.

This was a move in the right direction for Van and the studio. They seemed to realize that their baby-faced boy had lost his bobby-soxers, and so they were shooting for a different audience. Meanwhile they said nothing more about the marriage of Van and Evie.

blessed event . . .

But somebody upped and announced that Evie was "expecting," and the soap opera started all over again. Hollywood's Secret Marriage was on the conversational front page once more with the birth of Schuyler Van Johnson, January 6, 1948.

The birth of a baby in a star's home is news in our town. The press wanted to take pictures; the fan magazines wanted layouts for a spread on "The Van Johnsons In Their Happy Little Love Nest," with pictures of the baby, and of Van playing father.

Van said "No!"

The studio said, "No!"

The people said, "What's up, what goes?"

—and then started their rumors again.

They were sure that now the baby was born, Van and Evie would separate. But they didn't, and Van went on to make a picture with June Allyson, titled, *The Bride Goes Wild.* It was a return to the old type for Van, and it let the box-office records stay intact.

Keenan continues on his merry way, riding his motorcycle, smoking his cigar, dating a different girl every night he goes out, and finding time between other commitments to appear in little-theater plays.

He was among the first to congratulate Van and Evie on the birth of Schuyler Van Johnson, and he continues to be a frequent visitor at their house . . . to see them, and to see his two youngsters, Ned and Tracy.

When Van and Evie decided to take a Honolulu vacation for a couple of weeks, recently, Keenan went over to sit with the kids. But something happened to the

I SAW IT HAPPEN



While standing around in the lounge of the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, my attention was attracted by a strikingly beautiful woman. Everyone in my party wondered who she was. I turned to the man standing next to me. "Who is that gorgeous girl?" I asked him. "She's my wife," he proudly replied. "You're indeed a lucky fellow," I said, "and what is your name?" He smiled down at me as though I were a child and answered, "Cornel Wilde, honey."

Mrs. Morton Phillips
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

vacation. The Johnsons sailed to Hawaii, all right, but when they arrived, they stayed right with the ship and came right back home.

The gossip train rolled on that one. They blamed the return on everything from a final scrap between Van and Evie, on down to Van's getting seasick. But they came back home, thanked Keenan for sitting up with the kids, and things went on as usual.

Now comes the time for the end of our little soap opera, titled, "Evie's Other Husband." And here's the way it sums up, from the way I see it.

Granted that Evie's other husband was her first husband's best friend. They write songs about that sort of thing, and the friendship, after all, doesn't seem to be broken. Keenan has played the gallant, if jilted, gentleman throughout. He has never had a bitter word to say, which takes care of his side of the story. He still goes to the house to see Van and Evie and his kids.

But what about Van and Evie? Are they happy? Or miserable?

A neighbor says, "You can't always tell, but from all I see, I'd say they're as happy as any newlyweds anywhere. They're generally laughing and singing when I see them out in their patio. And Van's a mighty proud father. He takes little Schuyler out for a sunbath and keeps turning the baby over like a pancake. It looks like a mighty happy family to me."

A tradesman came back from the Johnsons' with this report: "I don't know, but Van looked like a sorehead to me. That guy's got something on his mind, and whatever it is, it ain't good."

Then from a different slant, are they completely content behind their wall of secrecy, and just because of that secrecy have become victims of vicious gossip?

A close friend said to me at a cocktail party, "Erskine, you should lay the whole thing wide open. Those kids are as happy and contented as larks—I know. I've known them both for years. Why don't people let them alone! Vicious gossip has ruined more than one otherwise happy marriage in Hollywood. Look what loose tongues did to Ronnie and Jane. I think it's a crime."

But I had only to walk across that room to hear, "I think there's something mighty peculiar about Van and Evie's marriage. If everything's jake between them, why don't they go out more together? And why all this secrecy? Somebody's trying to cover up. I'll bet it doesn't last another six months."

And what about the studio? What do they have to say? "Of course Van and Evie Johnson are happy. Why shouldn't

they be? They've got a new home, a fine baby. Evie is a good wife and a wonderful girl, and Van's successful in pictures. What more could you ask as proof of their happiness?"

But a source claiming to be "on the inside" says, "If you ask me, the studio has told them they have to keep up a front on their marriage to save Van's career. His box-office has fallen off. That's enough reason to keep up a front, isn't it?"

Now what about the most important reaction of all? What about the fans? They don't have the facts, except that Van is married and a father. But they know how they feel about that. Here's what one lady wrote to me: "I never had much respect for Hollywood, and now I have none. What kind of a town is it that sanctions the business of a man taking his best friend's wife?"

But there were more letters like this one from a young lady of twenty: "I am no bobby-soxer anymore, but I am a fan of Van Johnson's. I resent every word said or printed against Van and Evie. Why not face it? Love does some funny things. Maybe Evie should have married Van in the first place! I have every sympathy for Keenan, but I believe Van and Evie deserve to be left alone to be happy in their own way. I, for one, wish them the best of everything, and I'd like to choke the people who are making their lives miserable with whispered slander."

It's a cinch that here is one case where headlines dealt a body blow to a Hollywood career. Ordinarily, those headlines, no matter what they say, are a boost to a star's success. Headlines never hurt Charlie Chaplin, Errol Flynn, Laraine Day or Kay Francis, that's for sure. Not so with Van . . . he may never recover completely from that first announcement of his wedding in Mexico.

And what about the studio? They have kept that wall of secrecy about this marriage. It is customary to invite the press and fan magazines up to the house and let them take pictures and ask questions like crazy. In this case, the studio publicity department took one picture of Van and Evie and the baby . . . then they passed that picture out to the press.

If Van and Evie are happy and contented, then the studio is making a mistake in not releasing complete stories on them, letting the whole thing blow over like other Hollywood stories have.

Under the present method of handling, all tongues are set to gossip over the least little tidbit, Van and Evie are stifled under a hush-hush blanket, and all ears are eagerly waiting for the next exciting chapter in Hollywood's real-life soap opera "Evie's Other Husband."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Robert Alda was spotted by some people waiting outside a broadcasting studio, and soon there was quite a crowd around him. Everyone insisted on getting his autograph and he was very nice about it, but there was one young boy in the crowd who'd gotten his autograph four times and was asking for another. Robert Alda turned laughingly to him and said, "If you get my autograph five times, you can turn it in for one of Cary Grant's!"

Jean Freeman
Columbus, Ohio

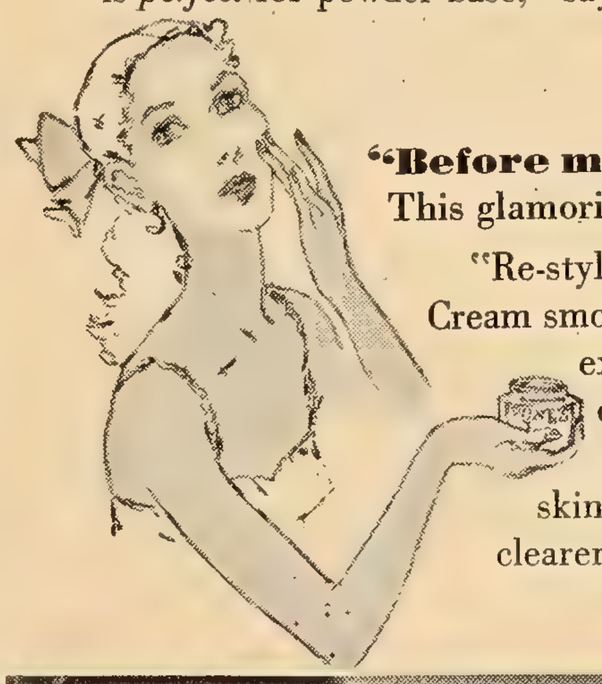
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Greaseless powder base! No oily feel—No "coated" look! Sheerer, more natural!

It's so *easy* to have make-up look softer and more becoming! Before powdering, smooth on a thin film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Feather-light! Greaseless! Leaves no oily shine—no "stifled" feeling. Can't streak or discolor. "Pond's Vanishing Cream is *perfect* for powder base," says Lady Daphne Straight.



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"Re-style" your complexion with Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed on for a 1-Minute Mask! Cover face, except eyes, with a cloak of the cream. After one minute, tissue off. "Keratolytic" action of the cream loosens clinging dirt and dead skin flakes. Dissolves them off! Your skin looks clearer, softer. Make-up stays smooth all evening!



The Lady Daphne Straight —"I always save 60 seconds for a beauty 'lift' with a 1-Minute Mask before I go out," says this beautiful English peeress. "Right away, my skin looks brighter, so much smoother!"



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to the chorus of praise about Tampax!

"Marvelous" to the enthusiastic type, "sensible" to the practical-minded and "dainty" to the fastidious—whatever the point of view—the praise of Tampax grew louder as its users mounted in numbers to the present *millions*. Tampax discards all belts, pins and external pads for monthly sanitary protection! Is it any wonder it's popular?

An invention of a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed in easy-to-use applicators. It is worn internally—and when in place *it can neither be seen nor felt*. No bulkiness. No chafing. No "ends" to show under smooth-fitting skirts. Odor cannot form.

Tampax is quick to change. Disposal no trouble (only 1/15 the size of external pad). Something else women appreciate—there's no need to remove Tampax before taking bath.... The many-sided advantages of Tampax help keep up your morale on the difficult days. Buy it at drug stores or notion counters. Three absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. Average month's supply slips into purse; economy box holds 4 times this quantity. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Lois Butler, Eagle-Lion star, has lovely young-American-girl look with light makeup.

naturally young and pretty

by Carol Carter, Beauty Editor

■ Of course you want to be a glamor girl; perhaps you even see yourself as a type of femme fatale! Oh, sure, we know—mother says "no" as though she means it when you show a little daring with the lipstick. Very frustrating. You're perfectly right in trying to be as charming and attractive as possible and mother is completely sound in objecting to an over-sophisticated paint job simply because it isn't artistically right for you. A makeup expert in New York or Hollywood would tell you the same thing: Freshly-scrubbed and shining-maned youth is so lovely to see that you should use only the lightest little touches of lipstick and powder when you're early-teen-ish.

Mother is very likely to relent if she sees that you have artistic sense enough to choose a lipstick in one of the new soft pink shades, along with a lipstick brush with which to follow the natural outline of your lips.

Your nail polish should be a pretty, natural pink too—leave those dark and daring shades for your 30-year-old aunt.

A light dusting of powder is fine, especially over the shiny spots. Always *press* your powder on with a clean puff or fresh ball of cotton and then remove the excess with a powder brush.

For the next year or two, concentrate on the good health, bathing and hair-brushing that will give you the spic-and-span look that is the very basis of beauty. That will *also* show your mother you're old enough for real makeup!

Carol Carter, Beauty Editor
MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, P. O. Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

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END OF A MYSTERY

(*Continued from page 59*)

picking this date. As Barbara explained to Bob, it was the 28th wedding anniversary of her mother and father. All was arranged and it was a closely guarded family secret until, as family secrets will, it leaked out, and it was a pretty sure bet that when Bob and Barbara got to the Isthmus of Catalina, that end of the island would be about the worst place in Southern California for a quiet wedding.

But by this time the two of them had come to realize that their plan-making had been a bit love-muddled for other reasons:

1. Since Bob was due to start a new picture at M-G-M there could be no honeymoon trip if they married immediately.
2. Rennick, the decorator, wouldn't be through with the new Pacific Palisades home Bob has purchased for at least a month to six weeks.
3. The only other place they could live was Bob's Beverly Hills apartment, but in that case they would have to share it with a bachelor friend of Bob's, who wished them all the luck in the world, but was darned if he would go out house-hunting.
4. Their best friends, Dick and Joanne Haymes, could not attend together because Dick was in New York.
5. Barbara, with a world of clothes to assemble, wasn't ready anyway.

So they decided to wait a few months.

If only they had told the world the truth there would not have been those days of wild guessing and even wilder conjecturing on the part of the newspaper reporters, who seemed column-bent to predict another "miss-out" for Bob. But it's not Bob's way to court the press and Barbara was too steeped in plans to think of it. And when reporters phoned Barbara, when Bob was present, she didn't know what to say.

"We just thought we'd go together a little while longer," she ventured.

press puts on pressure . . .

That brought on a flying barrage of questions from the always skeptical journalists which snowed her under and away from the telephone permanently.

Her mother, Mrs. Mary Ford, was a little more informative. "They're just two kids who have fallen in love, and haven't taken time to think about other matters," she said. "They have lots of things to work out."

Well, what worked out was that Barbara couldn't stand the incessant ringing of her telephone as friend after friend (and some people who are just paid to find out about these matters) called for complete reports on what was going on. *When* would they get married? Where? Why had they cancelled the Catalina wedding?

It was too much. Barbara made a sudden decision. Bob agreed. It was so sudden that even her own mother didn't know about it and had departed for a Catalina week-end only a few hours before. Barbara got hold of her friend, Nancy Guild, and Nancy's husband, Charles Russell. Bob reached his ever-faithful pal, Jim Henaghan. Inside of a few hours, arrangements had been made and the two were married at the Beverly Hills Club.

"Well!" said those of Bob's friends who felt that they should have been let in on the arrangements.

"Good!" said those of his friends who were so tickled he had found an answer to his problems that they had no time to feel disgruntled about being kept in the

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Give your smart new short coiffure just enough wave for body...just enough curl on the ends to keep it a sleek, close cap...with the new, improved RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT. Right at home...as easily as you put your hair up in curlers ...you can give yourself this soft, salon-type permanent. You use the same type of preparations and the same improved cold wave process used in the Richard Hudnut Fifth Avenue Salon for expensive permanents. Save money and tedious hours at the hairdresser...try this glorious home wave today! Price $2.75; refill without rods, $1.50 (all prices plus 30¢ Federal Tax).



It's 7 Ways Better!

1. Saves up to one-half usual waving time.
2. One-third more waving lotion...more penetrating, but gentle on hair!
3. Longer, stronger end-papers make hair tips easier to handle.
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Avoid underarm irritation . . .

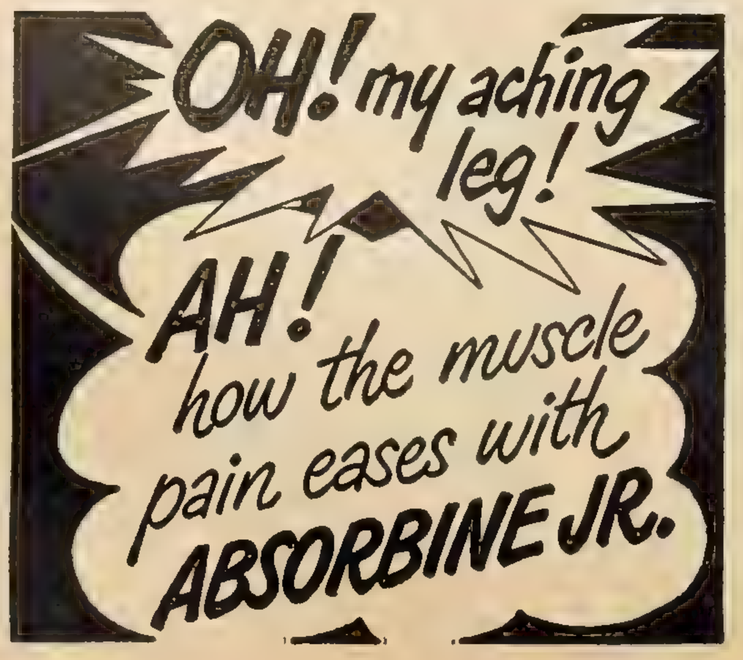


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dark until the whole thing was settled and all over with.

Yes, Bob has found an answer. He has told it to his folks, to the heads of his studio (and were they glad to see a smiling Bob, instead of a long-faced, sober one, for a change!) and, of course, to Barbara, when, on a week-end trip aboard her father's yacht, *The Araner,* he put into words what had, so far, been only a strangely happy beating of his formerly aching heart.

The whole story of Bob and Barbara was foreshadowed when he first made up his mind about her a few months ago, and the best guess as to where this happened places it in the home of a mutual friend, Dorothy Miles, publicist at 20th Century-Fox Studios. (That is, Dorothy knew both Bob and Barbara, but they didn't know each other.) It seems that Barbara, who frequently visits at the Dick Haymes home, heard Dick talk about Bob when the two men were working in *One Touch of Venus.* Later on Barbara, idly talking to Dorothy, observed that Bob sounded interesting. Now change the scene and we find Dorothy just happening to ask Bob if he's ever met Barbara. She learns that he has, but that it was just one of those fleeting introductions, so typical of Hollywood parties.

a solid "click" . . .

Whether Dorothy knew she was starting something is anyone's guess—Dorothy won't tell you—but it is a fact that she invited each one to drop in at a little affair she was giving. Barbara came, and came alone in her own car. Bob came alone in his car. They left separately, too, but each with plenty to think about. Because, between their arrival and departure they had been a solid pair, a "click" that had been evident to everyone else in the room.

It happens that way sometimes—even in Hollywood.

Bob had seen a girl who was a revelation to him; a vivid, dark beauty; petite, trim, essentially feminine in every way, yet with a mind as sharp and clear as anything he had ever encountered. As he warmed to the animation of her, Bob may have felt a growing conviction that here was good medicine for him, here was one who could help widen his interests and maintain a living pace that would preclude any sinkings into the despondencies that have reportedly been dogging his life and threatening to mess up his career. At any rate, that was the way Bob had acted; as if he sensed such a girl was all too rare for Hollywood; not just a pretty little somebody with a mental horizon circumscribed by such matters as clothes, jewelry and gad-abouting, but a pretty little somebody who gave every evidence of knowing that a full life consists of much more than all those pleasant but superficial things.

Barbara had seen a man she had heard a great deal about from his friends—and who lived up to their best reports. Behind his light kidding and in the general exchange of their banter, she detected heart, compassion and, perhaps, a little disillusionment with Hollywood. With it—and all the more effective because she, as well as everyone else, knew what he had been through—was an easy, mellow attitude towards life in general and his adversities in particular that drew her strongly to him.

Once before there had been a romance in Barbara's life—a short-lived one with an older man. Because of the difference in their ages, among other things, her family had disapproved, and she had come to see it their way. This time she felt that her father and mother would second her choice. She was right. Mary and John Ford like Bob very much. Their approval is a pretty good testimonial for Bob. John Ford knows men. He has done nothing but handle men for the best part of his life. For that matter, he knows women; and that Barbara has not only been a daughter to her father, but a companion as well, is as great a compliment as any that could be paid her. Barbara Ford is everything you'd expect John Ford's daughter to be.

That was the beginning of the new Walker story. It will continue now, but half-hidden from the world, in a secluded avocado grove in Pacific Palisades where stands a California ranch-house on a sloping three acres, bounded by a white-washed corral fence. The house, surmounted by a shake roof and towered over by an enormous oak, reaches wide arms out to anyone who comes up the dusty road to the gate. The Santa Monica hills hide the ocean from it, but, in turn they have furnished a curling ridge of land that forms as warm and cozy a pocket as any home site has ever had—even in the State of California.

There is no pool, but there are stables, and a stream, and the avocados are growing like sure-fire prize-winners all over the property.

Inside the house all the ceilings are heavy beamed and the decoration is Early American to match. Pine, cherry, and maple furniture, brass and pewter ornamentation and accessories, early dishware—that's what Barbara had the decorator install. The living-room fireplace is a walk-in; the one in the master bedroom, where Rennick has set up a huge canopy bed, is only slightly smaller and set in a corner.

As movie-colony houses go, it is far from pretentious, but it is comfortable and, more than that, it has an air of solidity about it. It's *there,* and for Bob, who has long needed an anchor, it represents an uncertain future turned into a prospect of long happiness.

There remain only two more figures who must be considered as a result of this marriage and Barbara has met them both: Bob's two sons, Bobbie and Michael, whose custody he divides with Jennifer. They were very much in the picture throughout the events leading up to the marriage—in fact they were to have attended the first planned wedding in Catalina. Only the suddenness of the decision prevented their being brought to the Beverly Hills Club ceremony.

one of the boys . . .

It is a pretty sure bet that the boys, whose liking for Barbara is already evident, are going to be even more enthusiastic after they go to sea with her on *The Araner.* (Incidentally, John Ford insists his 110-foot ship is a ketch, not yacht—whatever a ketch is.) Wait till they see Barbara hook and land a swordfish bigger than she is—as she has a number of times off Acapulco, Mexico. If that doesn't win their respect, she is ready to don her jaunty blue denims, take the wheel and show the boys how to make a 110-foot yacht—beg pardon, ketch—do figure-eights on the waters of the blue Pacific.

The girl Bob Walker has married is a personality in her own right, easily capable of re-shaping a man's life and making it count, where before it had missed. It is quite possible that she has already performed this little miracle—the miracle that women have so often done before. A few days after the marriage someone asked Bob how he felt. His answer was full of enthusiasm and right to the point.

"Like a new man."

What else could any man ask for as he gets away to a fresh start in life?

THE GABLE WOMEN

(*Continued from page 39*)

momentarily, but is very likely to zoom.

They make an intriguing quintette. Any producer who could capture their personalities and biographical sketches on celluloid would have a screenplay as bright, brittle and in some scenes as acid as anything ever tossed off by Clare Booth Luce. Any hostess who could gather them all around one dinner table would be giving the Party Of The Year. And although they seem to be widely different types, in aggregate they prove two things:

1—Clark's eyesight is still in fine shape.

2—He-men like good-natured women.

To millions of feminine minds all over the world, and to comparable numbers of surprisingly unresentful men, Clark Gable more than any other public figure symbolizes supercharged virility. Sinatra fans may come and go, Robert Taylor's profile may seem the prettiest thing in the world for a season or two, and there will always be garden-club members who worship Nelson Eddy; but Gable owns the largest discernible supply of the magnetism described as animal, and few women breathe with souls so dead who never to themselves have said "Wow!" when that 18-cylinder look of bold insinuation was magnified on the neighborhood movie screen.

It may be reassuring to these myriad females to know that Gable's sex appeal is not a matter of greasepaint and cinema magic. He has approximately the same effect on Glamor Gertie at ten paces as he has on Fannie the Fan who is separated from him by the measureless distance between Hollywood and the topmost row of the Music Hall balcony.

A case in point is Dolly O'Brien—full moniker: Dolly Hylan Heminway Fleischman O'Brien Dorelis—who has had a full quota of romance, millions, popularity and glamor in her half century of uninhibited living but who, despite her sophistication, can't seem to get That Gable Something from under her skin.

Dolly might be described as a mature Southampton Helen of Troy. She is intensely feminine, witty, socially glossy, and rather like Ina Claire in appearance. Her clothes are always superbly chic in an expensive, understated way that no Hollywood producer would accept as authentic in a wealthy society matron; her light hair is short and crisply waved, her smile warm as a tropical sun. The jewelry she wears invariably seems to be set in next year's



that's hollywood!

Two starlets were talking about a third. "She married an actor," said one. "And a swell guy, too."

"What?" exclaimed the other. "That's bigamy!"

And Laurence Olivier tells that when Robert Morley heard that a young girl of his acquaintance was about to marry a well-known actor, he observed, "She might do worse. But for the life of me I can't think how!"

from "Hollywood Merry-Go-Round" by Andrew Hecht

AT LAST! a shampoo made especially for you who do your hair at home...



• makes home permanents "take" better!

Shasta-washed hair "takes" a better permanent. Even a fresh new wave looks softer and more natural the very first day. Soaping your hair with the most *expensive* creams or liquids won't give you Shasta's perfect results!

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Your pin-curls comb out softer—your hair stays lovely all day long. Shasta gives you better results than any soap shampoo—*every time*. You'll see that Shasta is made especially for girls who do their hair at home!



Shasta leaves your hair more lustrous, easier to manage!

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designs, as if she wouldn't be caught in last season's diamonds, but she never looks blatantly "dressed up."

She is four-times married, five times a grandmother, but her wealth of experience seems to have touched her only lightly. She is built like a figurine; her manner is gayer than a debutante's.

Clark's friends figure that her charm for him is compounded of all these obvious assets plus the not-to-be-underestimated fillip of her social position. Protocol and blue books often have an exotic fascination for graduates of the school of hard knocks. Clark is one of these. He came from a poor family, sweated in oil fields, hopped freight trains and spent nights of his youth in flea-bag hotels; he will never get over being impressed by women who know more than he does about finger bowls and footmen and crepe de Chine sheets.

Dolly's life story is a real cinema saga—give it to Bette Davis or Joan Crawford and the audiences would say, "Good picture—but what a plot! All that couldn't happen to one woman!"

Her first husband, Louis Marshall Heminway—rich, of course, and the father of her two sons—died a few years after their marriage. Her next husband was Julius Fleischman, the multi-millionaire yeast king, who married her knowing she did not love him but wanting her at all costs. She lived the life of utmost luxury until she fell madly in love with J. Jay O'Brien, a professional dancer and gentleman jockey, and asked Fleischman to release her from their union. He did—giving her $5,000,000 as a farewell settlement.

Soon after she married O'Brien, Fleischman died. If she had waited just a little while, her fortune would have been $50,000,000.

a few millions, more or less . . .

But Dolly never seemed to miss the extra millions. She and O'Brien lived in what appeared to be bliss until his death in 1940, and after a period of mourning she began to be linked with other men—always famous, wealthy, interesting or all three. Jimmy Walker, gadabout Mayor of New York, was one of them. Jimmy Cromwell, once married to Doris Duke, was another. Handsome socialite Ronald Balcom, ex-husband of Millicent Rogers (who, incidentally, had a brief whing-ding with Gable) was a third on the list.

Then Dolly met Clark. Perhaps because she had the gift of camaraderie, which he prizes in women, they clicked instantly. He adores women who are amusing, who like to tell—or at least listen to—a bawdy joke, who will drink with him and stay up late and laugh a lot. He likes women to be good-tempered, easy-going, anything but neurotic or demanding.

Dolly filled the bill. Before long they were haunting hideaways to keep the seriousness of their romance from hitting the newspapers, but when they arrived in New York simultaneously and checked into the same hotel, even a cooperative management couldn't keep the secret from breaking into excited print. From then on no restaurant was dim enough to hide the fact that they were holding hands.

But Clark—just like in the movies—had a rival. He was Jose Dorelis, a smooth Bulgarian perfume-manufacturer in his forties who wore a monocle in his left eye and could top Clark at that old non-American custom, hand-kissing.

What happened was the thing that could not possibly have happened in the movies: Clark lost.

In the middle of what everyone thought was his big romance with Dolly, she married Dorelis. And to her intimate friends she offered an explanation completely foreign to the Gable legend:

topping our list of stars for **november** **lana turner** on the cover of **modern screen** on sale **october 8**

Clark was a wonderful guy, she said. But Jose! Ah!—he was so much more romantic!

It did not seem to occur to her that calling Dorelis more romantic than Clark Gable put him several notches above Superman.

However, Superman lasted only a little over a year. Dolly filed for a friendly divorce, they exchanged extravagant compliments, and she flew back to Gable's muscular arms.

When she decided to go to Europe this season, Clark decided to take a boat trip, too. There was every indication that he was not going to France just to see the Louvre.

But the experts who had it all doped out that he was sailing to pay court to the fabulous Dolly were completely thrown by the cosiness of the scene when he appeared at the Cunard-White Star pier with Nancy "Slim" Hawks on his arm and proceeded to enact a loving farewell.

Slim is the much-publicized "best-dressed woman" who most of Hollywood thought was going to marry Leland Hayward when his divorce from Margaret Sullavan became final. Her unabashed fondness for Gable in the last hours of his New York stay threw the wisies into complete confusion.

And what of Anita Colby, Hollywood's most glamorous executive? The fans were asking that one, because of all the Gable dates, she has received the most publicity.

Anita is one of those girls everybody likes. It seems inconceivable that a girl could have pep, personality and perfect features and still be liked by women as well as sighed over by men, but Anita has been doing the trick for years and shows no sign of losing her grip. She is as smart as the well-known steel trap, ambitious as a girl can be, and successful—a combination that generally produces spectacular unpopularity. But her sense of humor, her hearty laugh, her lack of cattiness and her obvious good character have made it possible for her to stay friends with glamor girls, big executives and casual beaux, without anyone resenting her beauty or her steady climb up the movieland ladder.

His intimates are convinced that if ever Gable had a platonic love, this is it. He loves taking Anita to parties, because she is so pretty and such a good sport, and she loves going with him because he's a good sport, too. He's also Gable and every other girl in the place is gnawing her nails in envy and the attendant publicity is very good for a girl who's out to get ahead in the world. But nobody thinks it will end in marriage. They believe Anita's religious convictions would preclude her marrying a man who had two previous wives still living, and they believe anyway that the romance has never reached the point where

it was that serious. It was always more in the newspapers than in the heart.

Some months ago it was rumored that Clark and Iris Bynum had eloped, and he called her up to kid about it. This was, in a way, a natural reaction, because their relationship, while close, has never been particularly sentimental or likely to wind up at a lily-banked altar.

Iris is a black-haired Texas beauty with a widow-peaked forehead, spectacular topography, long lacquered fingernails and an avid look. Her sultry brand of appeal has been appreciated by such connoisseurs of torridity as Tony Martin and George Raft, to give her the highest possible kudos, and it is obvious to the most naïve observer that when she and Clark share an evening at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs, it's dynamite meeting T.N.T.

Their love story has had its ups and downs, and the last time they parted Iris expressed herself rather loudly on the subject of Clark's off-hand treatment of the women in his life—particularly her.

"I'm tired of running when he calls up," she said, in a who-does-he-think-he-is-Clark-Gable tone of voice. "No more!"

The betting among the Hollywood and Vine bookmakers, however, was that a phone call and the right tone of voice from El Gable would right matters with Iris.

A complete contrast to Iris is Virginia Grey, the girl who has lasted longest in the Gable story. Most students of his biography think she was his first love after Carole Lombard's death, and he has continued to turn to her for warmth, solace and adventure. She is an actress, in films and on the stage, although for the most part her stage work has consisted of nothing more exciting than summer stock, and those who know her say she not only looks like an angel but has the temperament of a saint. Of all the women in his life, she, obviously, loves him the most, however he feels about her, for whenever he tires of a new love, or quarrels with a wild love, she takes him back. She is always waiting. She has never been known to reproach him or criticize him. She is simply there.

She has been quoted as saying:

"Whatever happens, he always comes back to me."

A mutual friend of hers and Clark's said with amazement:

"I've never seen anything like it. He has his other girl friends, his other romances, and she never objects, doesn't say a word. When he calls her, she runs to him like a little girl."

And there's the big question mark.

Who will get Gable, of all his women—the sweet one, the one who's a pal, the sultry one, the experienced one or the unexpected one?

Maybe even Gable doesn't know the answer to that.

I SAW IT HAPPEN



A while ago, I moved into a strange neighborhood where I didn't know anyone. While shopping in Beverly Hills one day I spied Judy Garland and rushed up to get her autograph because I knew I'd never see her again. When I got home I saw a familiar looking person standing in front of the house across the street. It was Judy Garland—almost my next door neighbor!

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SHE WAS A GOOD GIRL

(Continued from page 44)

I like to think back a few years later . . . and see a little girl, three years old, standing in front of a dressing-room mirror backstage, primping and scattering her aunt's makeup all over the place. I danced professionally with my sister then. Her costumes were never safe when Margarita was around.

Sometimes, right before our orchestra cue, my sister would cry out desperately, "My lipstick, my earrings, my comb, my castanets—they're gone again! Where's that Margarita?" And she'd run out and rescue them just in time, but not without a struggle. Because even then you couldn't get a pretty costume off Rita without a battle. Even then, she knew when she looked wonderful. She was super-feminine from the start.

Much has happened to my Margarita—many wonderful things. She is a beautiful woman now—and a famous star. That's what she always wanted to be and what we always wanted her to be, too. That was her heritage.

born to dance . . .

We Cansinos come from Seville, the city almost all Spanish entertainers call home. Dancers, singers, actors, opera stars, matadors, toreadors, even strolling gypsies spring from there. I don't know why that is. But there are Seville families who have been theatrical for generations beyond memory. In our clan there are three generations of dancers that we know of. My father was a dancer (and a bull-fighter, too). My mother danced, my brothers, my sisters, my nephews, nieces, cousins, sons and daughters dance today. I married an American dancer—whose maiden name—Hayworth—Rita took when she became a Hollywood actress. Rita's blood is Irish-English on that side of the house. But Irish, English, Spanish, or what—it was all a stream of talent. Rita was literally born to entertain. From the start, I caught myself sizing her up critically with a dancing master's eye, watching for every trait of talent and temperament.

When Rita was a baby, we lived near Central Park in New York, and Mrs. Cansino liked to take Rita and her brother, Eduardo, Jr., there for fresh air and a stroll in the sun. One day, two huge stallions broke loose from a carnival and thundered wildly down the path straight for her. There was just time for my wife to snatch Rita and Ed away from their hooves and throw them against a stone wall that bordered the walk. That day the two-year-old Rita missed death by inches and my wife was ill for a week from the shock. Not Rita, though. Although her head was bumped badly by the stone wall, she didn't cry. Instead, she scrambled up and toddled after the wild horses, crying, "Pretty horsies!"

When I heard of the narrow escape I was frightened, of course—but pleased, too. Margarita had courage. More important—even at that age she had an eye for color and drama. That was good for a future dancer to have.

I was touring road-show and vaudeville circuits constantly when Rita was a baby—all over the United States. Often I was gone for months at a time. I took Rita on tour with me once when she was only four years old and again when she was six. We traveled from coast to coast. We rattled here and there on jerky night trains, slept in theatrical hotels, lived the irregular, rugged life of show people. Some of my friends thought I was crazy to take a little girl out on a long tour like that. But I reasoned, "She can't learn too young." As a result, she was a seasoned trouper by the time she was seven years old—although she had never set foot on a stage.

When Rita was still a small girl we moved to California, where I opened a dancing school. It was a Cansino family enterprise. My wife took care of the business. I taught, and all my children, nephews and nieces, were pupils. I put Rita in every class in my school. I figured she could never do any dance too many times. Right after her public-school classes she always came running straight to my dancing school. She didn't have time to play with the other kids in the neighborhood. Sometimes, we'd all go, family fashion, down to the beach for a swim and as an extra treat take in the Venice Fun Pier, which Rita adored. But mostly it was dance, dance, dance for Margarita—learn, learn, learn. And always far in the back of the class. Not that she wasn't good enough for the front. But her old man was the teacher and Rita couldn't shine in his classes without causing trouble! Rita understood.

I knew she was good, but I didn't know what Rita thought about herself—until her first performance. I didn't see it—but I heard about it, from Rita.

Her public school was putting on a show and they picked Rita to do—of all things—a Japanese dance. She really looked a lot like a little Jap girl then. Her eyes were button-bright, her thick hair shiny black and worn in bangs and a glossy bob. I worked out a Japanese dance for the occasion and rehearsed her. But the day of the show I couldn't get away from school to see Rita. She came home, flushed and happy.

"Well," I asked her, "how did you do?"

"All right," said Rita.

"Just all right?"

"I was good," conceded Rita.

"How good?" I pressed.

Rita came out with it. "I was *very* good," she said.

"That's it!" I said. "Always be *very* good, always be certain you're *very* good. That's the way a star has to be." Confidence—that's essential to any entertainer—and I knew it. Rita's had it all her life from that moment on.

the beginning and the end . . .

Rita handed me a surprise on her first professional appearance. That was on the stage at the Carthay Circle Theater, where the studios held, and still do, many big premières. My school was near the Carthay at the time. We Cansinos often danced in the Franchon & Marco stage prologues the Carthay featured in those days, and we were engaged to do so that week. Including Rita.

Oddly enough, this one was to be my last theatre engagement—and Rita's first. To me then it was like passing on the torch of the family profession to Rita. I taught her the Spanish dance she did for the Fiesta prologue. She danced it with her cousin, Gabriel Cansino. My father, Antonio Cansino, gave Rita an old pair of castanets which had been in the family (I still have them as one of my prized souvenirs of Rita's youth.) My wife sewed the costume. I had no idea before she went on how good she'd be. I knew she knew *how* to be good. But you'd never guess what Margarita could do by her days in school. She was easy-going and relaxed. Rita was not one to

knock herself out in her dad's classes.

That night I sneaked down into the audience between my act and hers and saw the whole thing. Soon I was grinning and shaking my head. "She *is* good," I told myself. "She has real talent. She's a Cansino, all right." Because even in that simple little Spanish dance Rita showed fire, and grace and personality. She and Gabriel got $150 between them for the spot, which was important, because it was the first money she'd ever earned as an entertainer—but even more, she got her first big applause. From that night on—as I look back—I can see that all Rita had eyes for was a career. She thought she was ready right then to turn professional. I didn't—and very soon, because I didn't, I almost broke her heart.

Rita was thirteen at the time of that stage debut. Next to the surprise of her grace and beauty, the biggest eye-opener to me was how grown-up my girl was getting to look. Until that night I had never seen Rita from out in front, sitting in an audience; never seen her lighted, or costumed with lipstick, powder, jewelry and form-fitting gown. When she came on stage, I remember exclaiming to myself, "Why, she's a young woman—and a beauty!" It shows how stage glamor can hypnotize even an old trouper like me.

But Rita was still just a little girl, I thought, when I saw her the next day. In fact, I frowned to myself sadly, she was a *fat* little girl. That was my greatest worry as Rita passed from girlhood to womanhood—her weight. At fourteen, I remember, she weighed 122 pounds. It's hard to realize when you see her trim, tall and perfect figure today—but as a growing girl she was actually chubby.

impatient maiden . . .

Maybe that's why I kept thinking of her as a little girl who ought to stay in school, rather than as Rita saw herself—a young lady, grown up enough and impatient to start a career. Those opposite viewpoints brought some tears to Rita's eyes one day—and they opened mine at the same time.

The depression hit into the success of my dancing school and business was falling off around 1931. I decided to return to the dancing career I'd abandoned to teach. When I was offered an engagement at the Foreign Club, over the Mexican border in Tia Juana, I decided to take it. But I had to have a partner, a young, pretty dancer. In my school was a very talented girl whom Xavier Cugat, an old friend of mine, had sent to me to train. She was from Mexico, and later became famous as a stage and screen star herself. Her name was Margo.

Margo was my prize pupil, a fine dancer, and more mature than Rita. I decided on Margo for my partner and started to make plans for the dance act. One night I announced my decision at home, to my wife. Rita was listening.

Suddenly I heard sobs and I stared in amazement as Rita ran out of the room and slammed the door.

"What's the matter with her?" I asked my wife.

She shrugged. "I have no idea." Neither of us suspected the truth. Rita locked herself in her room and cried most of that evening. But my wife finally wormed the truth out of her. She came out to tell me, "Margarita can't understand how you can be taking anyone else but her for your partner. She's terribly hurt."

I lay awake long that night facing the realization—always hard for a father—that my little girl had grown up. I had been tipped off unmistakably by her tears that she wanted a career—right now. I

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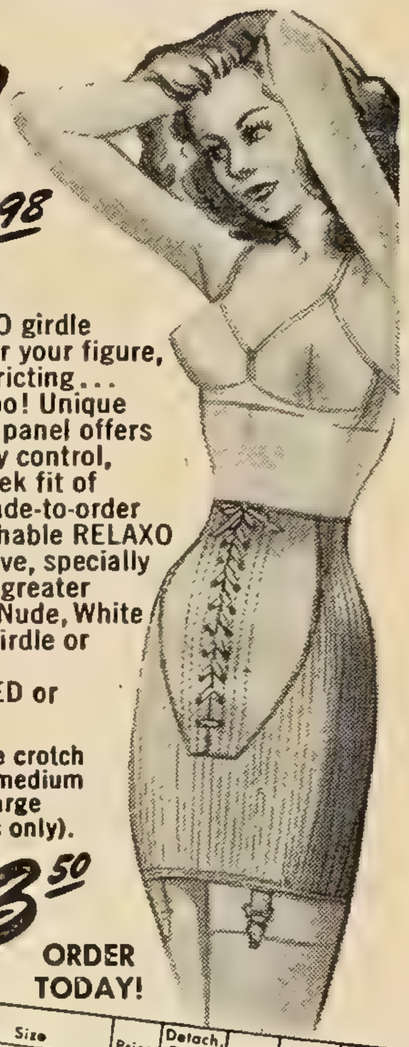
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had been thinking—"There's lots of time yet. She's too young." I knew now I was wrong. Age isn't always measured in years. Rita was ready. What if she did quit school? She was a Cansino and born to dance. Next morning I told her she would be my dance partner. That was the real start of Rita's career.

We practiced for three solid months—four hours in the morning, four hours in the afternoon without let-up. Rita's girlish pounds melted away, her figure slimmed out into the right curves in the right places. I polished every Spanish dance I'd taught her. I put on the finishing touches and made her a professional dancer. Rita was only 15 when we danced at the Foreign Club. In one way, we were a curiosity. People would bring their friends to watch us and have them guess what we were. They'd always say "brother and sister." They couldn't believe we were father and daughter and I suppose a lot of bets were won that way!

Soon we had a better offer and went to Agua Caliente, just below the Border. Agua Caliente was then in its hey-day and the favorite resort for Hollywood producers, directors and stars. Many of my old New York stage friends, now in the movies, looked me up—and all fell for Rita. The big shots of the studios saw her, too—and soon we were commuting between Agua Caliente and Hollywood, making screen tests.

We made six. None was any good. Because the camera saw what I saw, beneath Rita's dance-floor costumes and grown-up grace: she was still a little girl—too young to play the parts they lined up for her. One still makes me laugh to think of it—they tested Rita to play a vampire. At fifteen!

Rita was impatient, but never impulsive. I never saw her get angry or temperamental. She took my advice. She was a good girl, a good daughter. Finally our chance in Hollywood came—not much; only a solo dance for Rita, a few feet in the Fox film, *Dante's Inferno*. But I knew it was a good showcase for Margarita, and I wasn't wrong.

Studio executives raved when they saw the rushes. Rita was in pictures! And she was only 16 years old.

couldn't say "boo" . . .

At the time she was signed, of course, Rita was no actress at all. She could barely say "boo" when it came to speaking lines. But she plunged into drama school and worked as hard as she had at dancing. It was six months before she said one line into the mike—and I'll never forget that first disastrous part. It was just a few lines in a picture, a Warner Baxter picture, *El Gaucho*. The Argentine theme was, naturally, what got Rita the job; and she was a dancer again, but with dialogue. She prepped for her big moment, working like a beaver.

Her call was for seven in the morning. We thought that meant seven at make-up, filming later—but no! Seven was the hour set to shoot pictures and we arrived with no makeup or costume at that fatal hour. What was worse, Rita's scene, with the star, Warner Baxter, was the very first scene of the day. They could do nothing until they filmed that.

It was a terrible morning. While poor Margarita tried to throw on her costume and makeup for the biggest chance of her young life, the assistant director barked angry scoldings over her shoulder every minute. The company waited an hour and a half. By the time Rita did arrive she was so nervous she was in tears. And, of course, too, she blew her precious, well-studied lines sky-high! I doubt if she ever would have got through her first scene without a certain gallantry which I'll always remember on Warner Baxter's part. He saw the terrified, nerve-wracked girl in a spot and after her third blow-up made a terrible one himself. "You see," he laughed, "I can do it, too." That broke the tension and Rita was all right. I'll always believe that Warner blew up on purpose.

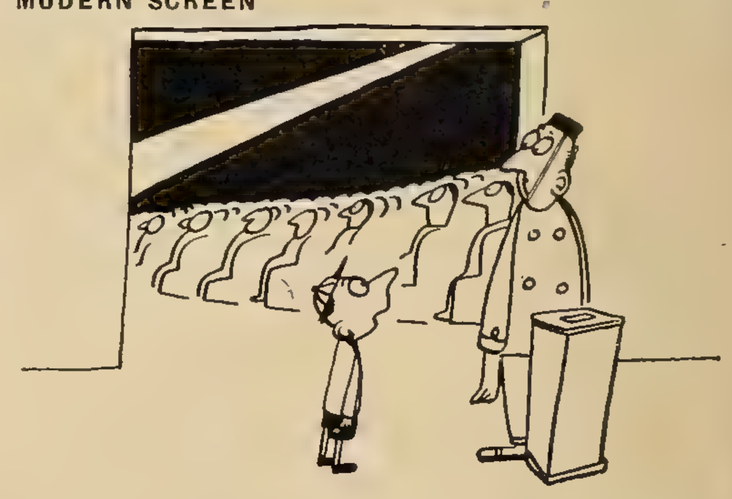
I never felt so sorry for Rita in my life as I did that morning, unless it was a morning several months later when she suffered the greatest heartbreak of her experience—a wound, incidentally, which still gives her a twinge to remember today.

Rita was picked by Winfield Sheehan, Fox's production boss, to play the title role in *Ramona*. She had taken all the tests successfully; the part was hers. She even had her costumes made and fitted, her script memorized. Then, 24 hours before she was due to step on the set, Fox merged with 20th Century and Darryl Zanuck moved into the production seat. He canceled Rita's star job in *Ramona*. Probably he was right; neither my wife nor I thought Margarita was ready to star. Just the same, to Rita it was like seeing the pot of gold at the rainbow's end snatched right away from outstretched fingers. It was a terrible disappointment to a 16-year-old girl with stars in her eyes.

She was heartbroken. She cried all day and into the night—at home—not at the studio; Rita was too proud for that. I told her, "Now listen, honey, that can happen to anybody at any time in show business." For a whole week, I took her to the beach, to picture shows, anywhere to get her mind off the disappointment. But she never forgot. Some years later, when 20th Century-Fox borrowed her to star in *Blood and Sand*, Rita had the satisfaction of being brought back at a big star's salary—many times what her contract paid her then. And she couldn't help gloating a little over that. She's very human, that daughter of mine.

Only a few weeks after *Ramona* was snatched away, Rita's first picture contract ended—and with it Rita's budding career as a Hollywood actress. She fought her way back, the hard way, through Hollywood "horse opera" Westerns, tackling them with the same determination and courage (she'd never ridden a horse in her life until she did for a camera) that she had everything else. Along the way, perhaps I helped some, but mostly

MODERN SCREEN



"May I go in and look for my little sister?"



"Couldn't find her!"

it was Rita who soaked up camera know-how and confidence, and brought her checks home to her mother to bank.

Rita still carries with her to every set the toy monkey doll we gave her for good luck on her first picture part back when she was sixteen. She still loves to gather with our family—all the dozens of dancing cousins—on every birthday and Christmas—for a family fiesta to dance and sing the old Spanish songs and dances. She can still twirl into a flashing *chapanecos* or step with me into a gay side-splitting *jota* while her grandfather strums the guitar. When she made her first visit to Mexico—long after she was a star—and saw her first bullfight, she came back home and acted it out for the whole Cansino family, moving through the action with the grace of a natural-born toreador. She's our girl, still!

In fact, we all have to watch our step or she'll shower us with generosities. During the war I mentioned the need of a record machine for my dance studio. Next day Rita took the one from her own house—which she couldn't replace—and sent it down. I had a two weeks' vacation last Christmas. When I let that slip to Rita, she sent me tickets to Mexico City, which is my favorite place to visit.

Right after Rita's own baby daughter, Rebecca, was born, my wife took seriously ill. Rita left her own hospital bed and insisted on taking over the care of her mother, with the finest doctors obtainable and every medical attention. And when Mrs. Cansino passed on at last, Rita, realizing the depth of all our grief, courageously took over to comfort us all.

Some things are different, of course. Rita's career, for one thing, has grown far beyond any need for my guidance and advice. Rita Hayworth has managers, secretaries, and studio advisers enough. But I'm still the first one she tells her picture plans to, the first to visit her new sets and the one whose opinion she wants first after the picture is previewed.

old home week . . .

The making of Rita's latest film, *The Loves of Carmen*, has been like old home week for us Cansinos—Rita's Uncle Jose dances in one gypsy number; her brother Vernon takes the part of a Spanish dragoon, and I have been choreographer and technical adviser on the Flamenco dances.

Having Rita play Carmen is one of the greatest thrills of my life. It's a part I feel she was destined to play. My mother, you know, was named Carmen—and in fact, like the fictional character, she worked in her youth in a cigarette factory in Seville. So it's a part very close to the Cansino heritage. I deeply hope that my 83-year-old father, Antonio—the head of our family—who went back to Spain this year to die in the land of his birth, will live to see his granddaughter bring Carmen to life.

One Sunday not long ago, little Rebecca came out of her nursery, toddling into the front room. She pattered across to my father, who had not yet left us.

"Aaah, so!" my father beamed happily. "She walks well. Now she must dance. It is time to start her lessons." Rita, her brothers and myself all protested, "She's too young!" But my father snorted angrily, "A Cansino is never too young to learn!"—and believe me, he meant it!

Well, Rebecca's name is not really Cansino—her name is Welles—but the dancing blood is there, because she is Margarita's daughter. I know my father saw her that day—even in her baby dress—as Rita herself must see her at times. Just as I see Rita Hayworth often when I close my eyes—a graceful girl with sparkling eyes and a flashing smile—a Cansino girl, dancing with a rose in her hair.

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LET'S HAVE A HAYRIDE!

(Continued from page 37)

headed us all straight back for the stables, without another word.

Once on terra firma, we piled into our cars and headed for the Redwood Village, which was the perfect spot for our back-to-the-farm get-together. It's a quaint place, skirting the main highway and overflowing with rustic atmosphere. There's a funny little brook where you can leave a penny and make a wish. There's also a flagstone patio that boasts a flower-filled fountain and an outdoor fireplace. Host Frank Tomlinson's cheery greeting is best of all. He has an uncanny way of knowing just what hungry hayriders want.

We remember Douglas Dick happily wading into his spare-rib dinner in the best Henry VIII tradition. He would take a few bites of the meat and then pretend to toss the bone over his shoulder. This he did until he got a king-size rib.

"Ah, me proud beauty," he cried, leering at Martha Hyer, and waving the bone in the air, "this brings out the cave man in me."

Striking his best hero pose, Dick Moore protested, "Unhand that woman. And pass the olives."

After dinner, we strolled out into the patio, left our pennies at the brook, and made our wishes. Then we were off to the Hollywood Playground and the dance.

The playground, when we arrived, was crackling with country atmosphere. A split-rail fence criss-crossed one corner. It was laden with weather-beaten saddles, bridles and lariats. A cow's skull, in not-too-healthy condition, sagged against the fence. Bales of hay dotted the dance floor. In the background was a shiny red surrey. The kind that was made for courting.

Lon and Colleen made it to the playground before the rest of us; Terry Moore and Jerome Courtland came in much later.

"They don't call you 'Cautious Courtland' for nothing," we could hear Terry saying. "Honestly, you drive like molasses."

Mona Freeman, listening to the music, was one of the first to take the floor. "Come on, Pops," she said to Pat. "Let's dance."

"Humm," grunted Pat, "thought you said you were beat after dancing all day in *The Heiress*."

Frankly, most of the guests were like ourselves, loaded with enthusiasm, but lacking in the swing-your-partner technique. Only Jerry Courtland ("I'm from Tennessee, ma'am") and Terry Moore were accomplished square dancers. Or at least they didn't have two left feet.

They, coupled with the playground's directors, David Gray and Virginia Pintarell, soon had all fourteen of us sashayin' smartly to the music.

The caller would sing out, "Swing your partners." The fellas would tighten their hold on the girls' waists and start twirling madly.

You could hear the clicking of high heels, and the girls' hair would trail behind and their skirts spin full. It was as colorful as a rainbow.

Everyone looked so competent and content—until the caller changed tunes.

How confused can 16 people get?

"Allemande left with your left hand," came the order.

The music and the caller continued on, but not the gang. Johnny Sands was always searching for the little hand that wasn't there. He constantly seemed to miss Mary Hatcher and wind up with Dickie Moore. "And he isn't my type," moaned Sands.

Richard Long followed Farley Granger's lead and improvised a few jitterbug steps into a number. The three-point landing he glided to was not the finale he'd planned.

But for the rest of us, the dance *was* a wonderful ending to a wonderful evening.

Let's have *another* hayride!

IT'S NOT A DREAM, DARLING

(Continued from page 57)

together, at least we'll both be working."

She couldn't have been wronger. They kept her under contract for fifteen months without handing her a lick of work to do—except for tests that were called terrific and led to nothing. It happens often. In Pat's case it was aggravated by the fact that she was Mrs. Cornel Wilde—a fact that seemed to loom larger at the studio than her acting qualifications. Not that it helped her to so much as a walk-on. Nor that she wanted it to. On the contrary. She's a proud girl—too self-respecting an actress to climb on any but her own competent feet.

Yet whatever involved Cornel somehow reached out to involve Pat as well, nullifying the hard-and-fast line she insisted on drawing between Cornel's wife and Pat Knight, professional. Sure, they were dying to work together, but even that receded into the background beside Pat's fierce determination to prove herself. This she was given no chance to do. Twice she asked for her release from Fox, and finally got it. Went out and found herself a new agent. Made a picture for Sol Wurtzel and another at Republic. Tossed her blonde head and figured that, horse operas or no, at least she was working and on her own.

As for Cornel, whatever hurt Pat tore at his nerves, already frayed by overwork. Their brief separation was no separation in the ordinary sense, though Hollywood tried to make it sound like one. Cornel went away and got a perspective on himself. Pat stayed home and did the same. In love for ten years, four weeks were all they could stand apart. . . .

Last winter they went to New York to look for a play, but couldn't find the right one. So Cornel had his leave of absence postponed till fall—by which time they hope the right one may turn up—and reported back to TC-Fox for *Roadhouse*.

Meanwhile it looked as if something were breaking for Pat. The first hint came from Milton Pickman, executive assistant to Harry Cohn at Columbia till he left to go into independent production. Pickman was a good friend of the Wildes. In New York he stopped at the same hotel.

"I've got ideas about you," he told Pat one day. "I caught a test you made—that scene from *Golden Boy*. Got me all steamed up, and I don't steam easy. I may work something out. . . ."

"What is it?" Pat implored.

"Take it easy, honey—it hasn't jelled yet."

Back in California, Pickman phoned one morning just as Pat and Cornel were about to take off for a week end at the Racquet Club. "Hold everything. I'm coming over with a script."

All the way to Palm Springs, Pat held the precious thing in her lap—a screenplay by Sam Fuller called *The Lovers.* Sat down to read it the second they arrived. Turned the last page and handed it to Cornel.

"Like it, baby?"

"You read it, then I'll tell you."

He looked up into the shining green eyes. "You've told me already. . . ."

It was an unusual story, built around the characterization of an unusual girl. The girl's part was a standout. When Cornel finished reading, his eyes were as bright as Pat's. "This is it."

"Look, do me a favor—don't let's talk about it any more now."

He kissed her hair, knowing exactly how she felt. Who should know better? He'd been through it all himself. You can take just so many disappointments. After that, hope's afraid to lift its head.

A few days later, Milton was giving them the deal. He'd taken an option on *The Lovers.* He'd persuaded Helen Deutsch, top writer of such hits as *National Velvet* and *Loves of Carmen,* to read the screenplay and see Pat's *Golden Boy* test. As a rule, Helen would have no part of rewrites. But such was her enthusiasm over Pat and Pat's rightness for the part, that she'd agreed to make an exception here. Milton planned to produce the picture independently. All he needed now was financial backing. With the Deutsch rewrite and the *Golden Boy* footage, he anticipated no problems.

At this point, Cornel was merely a bystander—an ardent bystander on Pat's account, but definitely offstage. His contracts with TC-Fox and Columbia ruled him out of any independent production. In fact, he was beginning to paw the ground about his next and final commitment at Columbia. The deadline was July 12th, and they had no picture ready.

And then Mr. Pickman clapped hand to brow. "What am I *doing?!* This thing is called *The Lovers!*"

He phoned Pat. "Honey, I've got an idea for the leading man. It's up to you to okay him."

"Who?"

"He's no Gable, y'understand."

"Never mind the build-down. Who *is* it?"



that's hollywood!

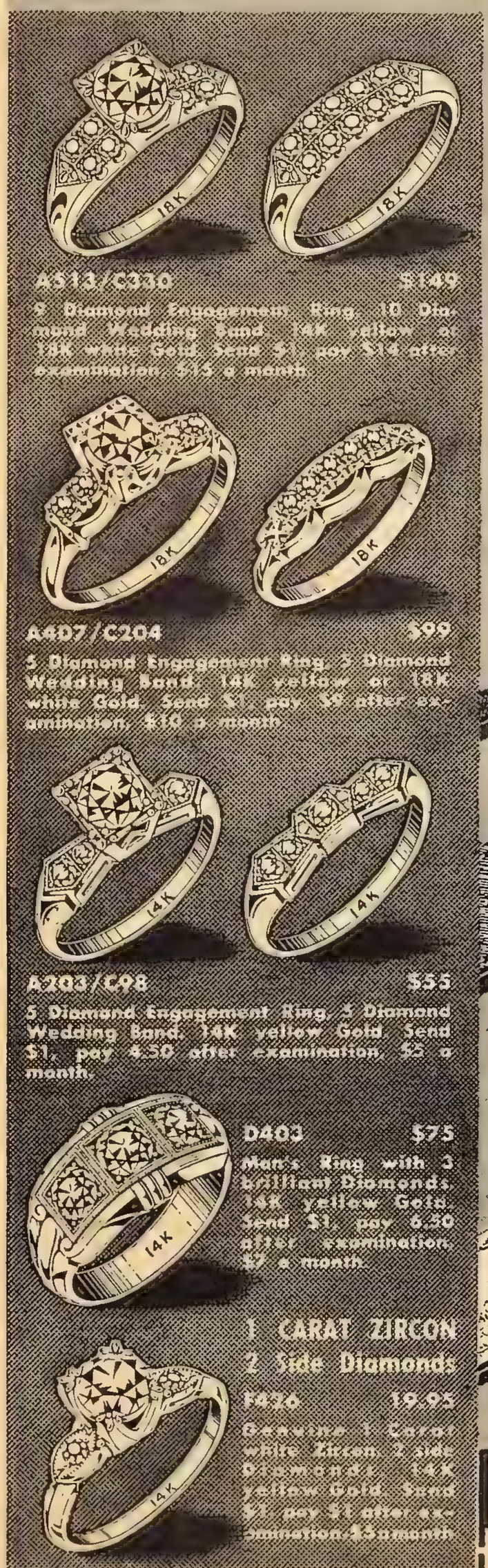
Yvonne De Carlo tells about the starlet who met another starlet and said, "Darling, you look wonderful. What happened?" . . . Description of a producer's wife, "She's so fat she outnumbers herself two to one." . . . Speaking about a pet hate, Ella Raines hissed, "If they'd cast her as Lady Godiva, the horse would steal the scene!" . . . "I guess it's true that men find beauty in a girl's mind, but it isn't where they start looking," remarks Judy Canova . . . "She looked good enough to eat," says Irving Hoffman. "And boy, *did* she!"

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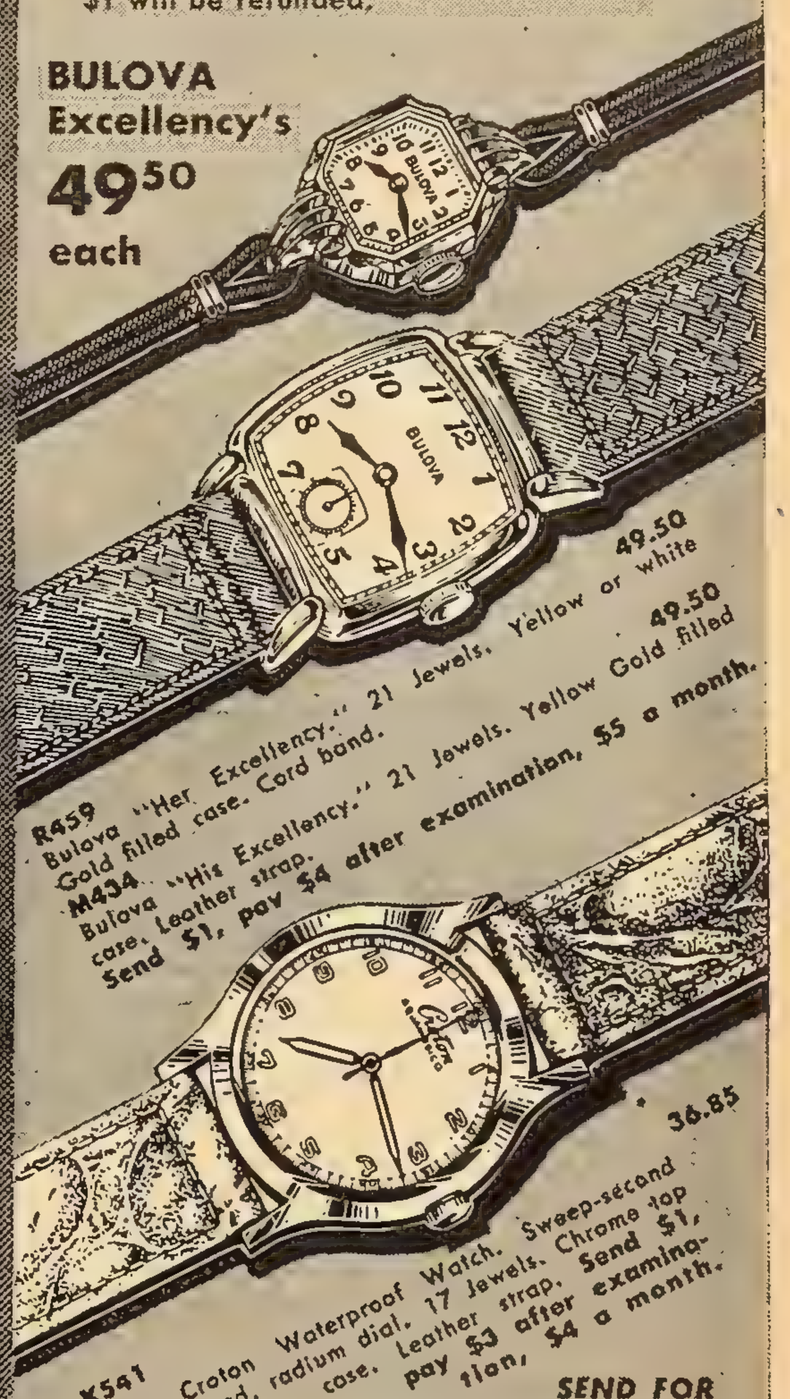
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"Some character name of Cornel Wilde."

Dead silence. Then: "You haven't been out in the sun or something?"

"Could be. Could be the whole thing's a pipedream. . . . Are you in this evening? . . . Okay, lay a plate for Uncle Milton."

Pat and Cornel listened to the pipedream unfold. Columbia had Cornel, but no story. Milton had a story, but no masculine lead. Dovetail the two, and what do you get? Knight and Wilde in a Columbia story called *The Lovers.* True, Pickman's plan had been to produce independently. But this he could be talked out of by the right kind of deal from Columbia.

"Guarantees," said Milton, "I can't give you, but here's what I'll do. Harry Cohn's at the Arizona Biltmore with Sylvan Simon. I'll take the script and Pat's *Golden Boy* test and fly there tonight. If it's no go, I'll be back tomorrow evening. If it looks like they're buying, I'll phone you before twelve."

Came the next evening. No Pickman. Came ten and eleven and twelve. No call. Pat lay awake, too tense for sleep. Cornel lay awake to see if Pat were sleeping. In the morning he produced one dozen excellent reasons why the call hadn't come through, none of which sounded terribly convincing to Pat. Then inspiration hit him. "Maybe the plane crashed!"

"False," said Milton, entering on cue.

They leaped at him. "Why didn't you phone?"

"Took till 1:30 to iron the wrinkles out. Well, kids—we got a deal!"

Then with Pat's lipstick all over his face and his shoulder sore from Cornel's thumping, he gave them the details over bacon and eggs.

silence is golden . . .

"We sat round the pool while Harry and Sylvan read the script. Then I showed them Pat's test and kept my mouth shut. The story, the test, the re-write had to speak for themselves. I could have talked my throat raw without adding a thing. Well, the boys went into a huddle and came out with a wire to New York: WHAT DO YOU THINK OF PAT KNIGHT AND CORNEL WILDE IN PICTURE CALLED THE LOVERS? I sweated it out till the answer came back: RE KNIGHT-WILDE LOVERS GUARANTEE NET OF HALF A MILLION."

An irrepressible squeal broke from Pat: "Then it's set?"

"All but a few details that you don't have to bother your pretty head over."

"Let's celebrate!" said Cornel.

Pat laid a hand on his arm. "Not yet. Not till I see it in black and white."

"But, honey, these contracts take days and weeks to draw up!"

"Even so, let's wait."

That's how it was with Pat through all the preliminaries. Jubilant one minute, scared silly the next. Helen Deutsch was re-writing the script till the last minute. She'd known Cornel at Columbia, she'd never met his wife. In order to study Pat for her characterization, she'd come up to dinner.

"Tell us one scene," they'd beg. "Just one little scene."

She'd describe some bit of action, and they'd be all over the living room playing it, to the delight of their huge poodles who were firmly convinced that the whole thing was being staged for their benefit and knocked themselves out trying to get into the act.

"You know you're crazy, don't you?" Helen would inquire. "That's the scene they'll probably toss out tomorrow."

Not till the contracts were signed, sealed and delivered, did the celebration take place. "What'll we have?"

"Champagne, of course."

"And caviar?" Pat wagged her head "yes."

"And Milton-Pickman-on-toast!"

In a way they did have Milton Pickman on toast. He raised his glass, and offered the first one. "To the lovers," he said, courtly as any cape-slinger. "And to *The Lovers.*"

* * *

"You said when you saw it in black and white, you'd believe it!"

"But there must be *something* wrong. No director, no supporting cast, no announcements . . ."

"These things take time. Relax, honey. Kick up your heels and enjoy yourself. Nothing can spoil it now. We're in!"

Variations of this dialogue went on for the next several weeks. Pat couldn't help herself. The way had been so tough, the goal so long in coming. The dream about to be realized was so dazzling she could hardly look it in the face. "I won't get the jitters," said Pat, getting the jitters. Cornel appointed himself comforter-in-chief. Gay and tender by turns, he knew when she needed his arms around her, when she needed to laugh. He'd take her to dinner and the movies, bring home flowers and perfume and silly little gifts to distract her.

One by one, the pre-production problems were solved. They'd been trying to get Douglas Sirk to direct. Sirk had previous commitments, but *The Lovers* got under his skin, too, and he managed at last to re-juggle his schedule. Columbia decided to test John Baragrey, the bullfighter in *Loves of Carmen,* for the other man.

Pat was to work with Baragrey in the tests. She was ill with nervousness the night before.

"Maybe they won't like me. Maybe I'll be horrible. Maybe they'll fire me."

That was another white night for the Wildes. Next morning Cornel kissed her, whispered "Good luck!" and sent her off alone. Sirk met her on the test stage, noted that her lips were dry and her hand cold as he shook it. If Pat could have read his thoughts, she'd have set them to music. It pleased him that her hands were cold and her lips dry. An actress should be like a race-horse, all tension before the starting signal. A cart-horse Mr. Sirk would have had no use for.

After a couple of rehearsals she calmed down. Now the feel of her personality began to come through, vibrant, compelling. Her terrors vanished. She felt easy

MODERN SCREEN



"Wasn't it terrible? I could hardly sit through it the second time."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Last summer my family and I were vacationing in California, and we were in Los Angeles seeing the movie High Barbaree. *Behind us there was a girl who kept saying impolite things about the girl star of the show. Things like, "I know I can do better," or "What a drip." Finally, I became so irritated I couldn't resist turning around and saying, "Well, then, why did you come in the first place?" You can imagine my surprise and embarrassment when I discovered that she was no other than June Allyson, the star of the show.*

Celia Wright
Des Moines, Iowa

at home, right—like any workman doing the job he was meant to do.

The following day Cornel went in with her for wardrobe and makeup tests. They were supposed to see the rushes with Sirk and Sylvan Simon, but the fittings took longer than planned, and they came out just in time to run into the whole tribe emerging from the projection room across the way and just about popping with pleasure.

Simon threw his arms around Pat. "You were great! Cornel, better make up your mind that you're just going to support her in this one."

Of course the guy could have lain awake all night without fetching up a line more warming to the cockles of Cornel's heart.

For an extra fillip, and in case there hadn't been commotion enough, Cornel sprained his ankle the day before shooting started!

It turned out all right. A few shots were re-arranged, and Cornel was seated through most of the early shooting. Except for the first scene. In the first scene he turned from the files, and there was the girl paroled in his custody, and he was supposed to say something sensible. Only he couldn't. The impact of Pat sitting there hit him head on. This was the hour, the moment they'd waited for. His eyes melted. "Why, it's *you,* darling," he said. . . .

* * *

Now they've been working together, lunching together, spending all their time together as in the early years of their marriage.

Watching them, you couldn't help being caught up in the glow of their happiness, and your mind raced back through time to a couple of kids with stars in their eyes. . . .

"D'you think it'll ever happen?"

"We'll make it happen!"

And so they did. Not right away. And not all by themselves. Circumstances helped. At first the breaks were all against them. Then suddenly everything fell into place. Pickman's purchase of the story, his interest in Pat, Cornel's being free, the fact that Columbia had nothing else ready for him. It was a matter of timing, so essential in this business. But more essential was the faith and the will and the love of these two. . . .

And the names of two lovers—PATRICIA KNIGHT and CORNEL WILDE—will blaze with equal brilliance from the marquees, exactly as they once blazed on a castle in Spain.



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BLOOPFACE AND THE BABE

(*Continued from page 32*)

started, she wasn't quite so chipper. Judy has no vanity, and to her Astaire was something fabulous. She'd dreamed about a picture with him, but never really believed it. Of course Gene Kelly has no flies on him either, but Judy was used to him, Gene was like family. Astaire was like someone you read about in a book. Besides, she'd heard all these stories about Astaire—what a perfectionist he was. Not that Judy's ever been afraid of hard work. But it was pretty scary for a girl whose specialty is singing rather than dancing.

"I'm conserving my strength," she told me one day. "They say with Astaire you rehearse eight hours a day. If you sit down, he hates you. If you collapse, he yanks you up by the hair, drapes you over his arm, and waltzes you around again willie, dead or alive. Oh, Jimmie, I'm petrified!"

Well, of course what it all added up to was that no one could have been more considerate than Fred, and the sweeter he was, the more Judy knocked herself out. He'd keep urging her to rest, she'd keep saying she wasn't tired, till it got to be a regular Alphonse and Gaston act. One day she came out with it. "Where's this whip you're supposed to crack?"

He grinned that cute grin of his. "Honest, Judy, I never cracked it over anyone but myself."

Man, woman or child, I don't know anyone more stimulating than Judy. Never will I forget our eight days in New York when nobody knew we were there but the family, and they weren't telling. At 4 o'clock we had no idea of going, at 6 we were on our way. That's how my sister operates when the mood takes her.

the lady is bored . . .

She called me that afternoon. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Well, come on over, I've got things to say."

I found her in shorts and bandanna. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm bored. Vincente's cutting his picture, and mine doesn't start for two weeks. What can we do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Let's run down to Laguna for a couple of days."

On that Vincente walks in. We tell him our problems. He solves them. "Why don't you go to New York and see the shows?"

Judy sits up like she's shot. "Why don't we? The Chief leaves at 6. We can get the reservations in Jimmie's name. Vincente, you've got to promise not to tell a soul. For once I'm going to New York without publicity."

I said: "You're crazy, we'll never make it."

"Don't be silly, of course we'll make it. Pack up your oldest duds, we'll come by for you at 5."

Mother helped me throw a bunch of junk into grips. The train was moving when Vincente boosted us on and heaved the suitcases after us. We had eight glorious days in New York and saw ten shows, including two matinées. Never once did Judy dress up, never curled her hair, never used a speck of makeup, including lipstick. From the taxi into the theater she'd wear my horn-rimmed reading glasses, which made her practically blind, so I had to lead her. Every so often people would turn and stare, and we'd hold our breath, trying to look extra dumb. Mostly they'd give us that oh-it-can't-be expression and fade. But the last night one woman came up. "Aren't you Judy Garland?" she said, suspiciously.

"Who, me?" The girl was my sister, but the voice was the voice of Miss Duffy. "Gee, that's certanny a thrill, my boy friend's a'ways tellin' me I oughta be in pitchas, oney he thinks I'm more the Jane Russell type."

That's the nearest we ever came to being caught. Next day we were on the train. Judy fixed her hair, made up her face, and bought us each a new outfit in Chicago. The hats looked fine, but the suits needed altering. We arrived in Hollywood, looking real glamorous with our skirts tucked up and our coatsleeves flapping.

Judy's always buying and doing things for the family; she stays close. When we were kids, playing the Orpheum together, she had a funny way of talking about the three of us as if we were one. "Hi, Daddy, bring us some pineapple juice, our throat is thick." In many ways it's not so different now. We always know when Judy's been shopping for herself, because stuff starts coming for Susie or me or Mom or Judaline, my ten-year-old. Only the other day Judaline nearly went out of her mind over a little sealskin hat and muff that Judy sent from Don Loper's.

My youngster thinks her aunt's something pretty special which, believe me, has nothing to do with pictures. In Judaline's heaven there's only room for two stars, Roy Rogers and Trigger, and the greatest of these is Trigger. This tickles Judy. Not long ago she had Judaline out to lunch at the studio, and introduced her to Arthur Freed.

"Like to be in your Aunt Judy's picture?" Mr. Freed asked.

"Any horses?"

"No horses."

"Well, thanks just the same, I wouldn't care for it then."

I think that's one bond between Judy and Judaline. They don't impress easy, they're both direct and honest. Judy can smell a ham a mile away, and calls 'em as she smells 'em. There's her portrait, for instance, never mind who did it, but comes the grand unveiling, followed by a loud silence. Till Judy's voice, slow and dreamy, breaks it: "Who killed Cock Robin?"

I SAW IT HAPPEN



In a recent golf match between Crosby and Hope, Bing was giving Bob a run for his money. In this match all the luck was with Bing. Every shot he'd make would slice or hook into the rough, hit a rock or a tree and come bounding back again into the fairway. Hope stood this for quite a while but it finally got the best of him. Teeing off on the tenth hole, Bing sliced one far out into the rough. It looked like a lost ball. Suddenly, a big pine tree loomed up and sent the ball at a 40 degree angle right back into the middle of the fairway again. That was the one that got Bob. He turned to Bing and said loudly enough for the spectators to hear, "Man, you must have a relative in every tree."

Keith C. Stacy
Spokane, Washington

Since then, for reasons that have nothing to do with art, we've grown quite attached to the picture. Judy refused to have it around, so Mother took it. "After all, it *is* an oil painting."

"If it's oil you crave, Mother, I'll go out and buy you a bucket."

"And the frame's so gorgeous, you can't just throw it away."

First we hung it over the mantel. Then the rains came and made a crack in the entry wall. Mother wouldn't have it fixed till the rains were over, so first thing you saw when you opened the door was this crack.

"Judy's picture would just about cover it," said Susie.

Next time Judy opened the door, there was the picture. "Personally," she said, "I prefer the crack."

In the course of time two things happen. The wall gets fixed. Susie and her GI husband, who've been living with us, move into their own GI home. Susie asks for the picture. "It goes with the colors of my room."

Now Judy tells everyone it's a portrait of Susie. Calls their attention to the likeness. The expression of the eyes. "Wouldn't you know them out of a million for Susie's?" Kids the shirt off this picture—an attitude I find very refreshing. So would you, if you'd seen as many Portraits as I have with a capital P, and how you're supposed to approach them on bended knee and knock the ground with your forehead.

she'll take chocolate . . .

When Judy's not working, she brings Liza down every Wednesday right after her nap. Otherwise the nurse brings her. Liza's a very dainty little girl, with her daddy's huge dark eyes and Judy's mouth, and his lovely high Italian forehead. Looks like a dream and plays like a roughneck with Judaline. Cutest thing is to watch her pick up her skirts and dance when you start singing *Liza*. She's got Judy's rhythm. Also Judy's passion for chocolate. Candy, ice cream or cake, Liza'll take chocolate or know the reason why.

Judaline's always called my mother Nonna. You'd expect the little one to pick up the name from her, but no, Liza's an individualist. "Want to go see Nonna?" Judy asked her one day.

"Yes, I want a banana."

"Here's a banana, now shall we go see Nonna?"

"Go see Grandma," said Liza firmly, and that was that.

Judy's awfully good with the baby. Gives her plenty of rope without letting her get out of hand. One evening Liza was at the dinner table with the rest of us. Started kicking the underside of the table, which made her highchair rock back. Quite a thing, she decided. Judy thinks it's fine for kids to learn their way round in the world, but not at the risk of breaking their necks.

"Liza, stop."

Liza gives her the who'd-you-think-you're-kidding routine, and kicks some more. Judy picks her up, whacks her once on the bottom, and sticks her into Judaline's old crib. A few minutes later the door opens, and there she stands with the halo round her head. "Yiza good. Yiza no bop table." Then she turns on the charm-tap, melting brown eyes and all. "Mommy good. Mommy no bop Yiza." A very logical child.

I've been to lots of parties at Judy's house. I've had lots of fun. But I never have more fun than when Judy and Vincente pop in unexpectedly. Mother fixes a snack and we sit round the fire gabbing. . . .

Like one night they'd been to a show and came in around 11. Judy wanted pan-

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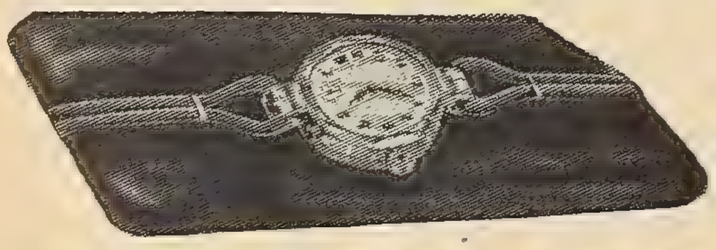
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cakes. "Will you make some, Mother?"

"Sure," said Mom, then remembered there wasn't an egg in the house and the stores were closed. So we all pile into the car and drive to Restaurant Row, as they call La Cienega. Mother and I slink round to the back door of one place, and go into a spiel about this sick uncle and you can't let a man die for want of an egg.

The guy didn't say yes and he didn't say no. He said: "Boiled or fried?"

"Pickled," I hear this voice behind me mutter. It was Judy.

"Just eggs," said Mother, very loud and clear. "The way they come from the hen."

We got 'em. Half an hour later we were eating pancakes on a cardtable by the fire. What always happens at these sessions, we get started on the old days, which fascinate Vincente. In fact, he's the one who eggs us on (pardon the expression), though it doesn't take much. I remember one night Judy absently called me H.B.

"Meaning what?" asks Vincente, and we're off. . . .

It was on that long trip to Chicago, which finally landed us at the Oriental and changed us from the Gumms to the Garlands. Mother did most of the driving, and we kids whiled away the time playing silly games.

"I'm S. N.," said Susie, bowing her head and folding her hands together.

"What do you do?"

"Get sung."

That wasn't so tough. We figured her out pretty quickly as *Silent Night.* I was H.B. and I whistled at girls. It took them about eight miles to get *Hiya, Babe.*

"My initials," said Judy, "are E.B.B."

"What do you do?"

"Nothing."

"Then how can we guess who you are?"

"I'm very famous."

We tried everything from Elizabeth Barrett Browning up and down, while our dear little sister kept looking smug and smugger. After forty miles, we got desperate. "Oh all right, who are you?"

"Eric Budge Bullick."

"Who in the name of common sense is Eric Budge Bullick, if we may ask?"

"I made him up."

"You said he was famous."

"He is. I made him up famous."

Those names stuck for years. We still have pictures inscribed by the Duncan Sisters to Silent Night, Hiya Babe and Eric Budge Bullick.

"They should've brained you," says Vincente.

"They did worse than that. Stuffed themselves full of cotton candy right under my nose and wouldn't give me a shred."

We adored that junk. Gorged ourselves every chance we got, till Mother'd call a halt. We never seemed to get enough.

Which reminds me of Liza's last birthday party. Liza was bouncing back and forth like a hostess, informing the world it was "Yiza's party." She took Judaline under her wing, and Judy steered me past the big table with balloons tied to each chair, and round a bend. There stood a cotton-candy machine, and a man to work it.

"So the kids can have all they want," said Judy.

"What kids?"

She grinned. "You and S.N. and Mr. Budge Bullick."

To anyone else it would have been double-talk. To us it was a window that opened on memories we shared and the childhood that glows with magic from a distance. We looked through the window together for a minute, then linked arms and went back to the party without saying a word. There wasn't any need for words. Maybe that's what I like best of all about my sister. Just that she's my sister.

* * *

Editor's Note: Judy Garland was all set to begin work a few weeks ago on another co-starrer with Fred Astaire—M-G-M's The Barkleys of Broadway. *However, Judy's doctor decided she'd better have a three-months' rest before starting* Annie Get Your Gun *early in the fall. Her role in* The Barkleys *was then taken over by Ginger Rogers.*

FIGHTING LADY

(*Continued from page 60*)

a quip, to say: "If my 'ex' ever sent *me* flowers and a good-luck note, I'd doubtless be billed for it at the end of the month."

Everyone laughed. Tension, it appeared, had eased off. At the end of the day, Charley Martin grinned happily. He was already two days ahead of schedule, having accomplished three days' shooting in one day—truly a feat.

The next few days, everything was peaceful. But the false honeymoon was short-lived. Harmony suddenly changed to raucous discord.

It happened just before lunch on the fifth day of shooting. Up in Producer Popkin's office, Laraine's agent, Marty Martin—who also serves as her business adviser and personal representative—requested that Miss Day receive two portable typewriters for posing in publicity stills with the machines. This was granted. Then Martin discovered that the typewriters used in the stills were new electric models—and insisted that Miss Day receive two electrics instead. As it happened, the electrics were not yet in production; one was used in *My Dear Secretary,* but it was a heavily-guarded pilot model and very top-secret.

Popkin was in no position to accede to that request. He pointed out that Miss Day's contract required her to make publicity stills with the typewriters that were available.

Martin insisted. Thereupon Popkin ordered the agent off the set.

Martin stomped out of the office, walked onto the sound stage and whispered something to Laraine, who was just about to begin a scene. Without a word, she walked abruptly out of the scene, went to her dressing room, put on her hat and coat, and strode off the lot with Martin.

Cast, crew and director were bewildered. They chased Laraine. "You can't do this!" they yelled. "You can't leave without an explanation!"

Laraine paused a moment. "Mr. Popkin ordered my agent off the lot," she said icily. "I'm going with him." Then, as she strode through the studio gates, she called over her shoulder: "And furthermore, I'm taking the first plane I can get to New York!"

You can imagine the excitement *that* caused.

But reason prevailed. In a few hours, Laraine's attorney and the Screen Actors Guild convinced her she'd better return. So, along with Agent Martin, return she did—but madder than a wet hen.

The following day, newspaper headlines screamed versions of the story from coast to coast.

During the next few days, conflicting

statements were issued by both sides.

Rumors flew. One had it that Laraine had walked out with the avowed intention of flying East to comfort her beleaguered husband, whose team was wallowing in the National League cellar. Another report had it that Laraine had been promised three days off the picture for a brief trip to New York and that when she hadn't got them, she'd walked.

In the weeks that followed it was small wonder that Laraine wasn't talking for either the studio publicity department or the press. Laraine was unhappy. She saw herself as the center of what she regarded as a merciless plot to blast her out of pictures.

Well, Laraine herself was largely responsible for what happened to her after the walkout. She heatedly told news photographer Ray Scott, who visited the set one day, "I think all newspapermen should be shot." Naturally, that sort of talk can lead only to trouble. And that's exactly where it did lead—to plenty of trouble with the press.

Suddenly, as if a magnet were attracting them, reporters were swarming over the set. Few were permitted to talk to Laraine personally; she had strategically withdrawn into her shell. But they were busily digging up stories about her. And the temperamental star was giving them plenty of material.

Laraine has been quoted as saying that she was so cooperative that she worked until eight and eight-thirty P.M. on many occasions, in order to help Producer Popkin and Director Martin. This, she has said, resulted in the picture's being completed three days ahead of schedule.

Let's look at the record, the actual production reports—certified copies of which are in the files of the Screen Actors Guild. The truth is, Miss Day put in exactly 30 working days. Only once did she work as late as seven o'clock.

Of these 30 working days, Laraine worked fewer than eight hours on 14 days . . . some days as little as one or two hours, after which she was through for the day. For those 30 days, she received $100,000. Not bad.

Producer Popkin acceded to a very out-of-the-ordinary request by placing a Cadillac and chauffeur at Laraine's disposal. The car called for her each morning and brought her home each night. But one day, when her scenes were finished quickly and she was through for the day at two-thirty, her car was missing. The star stalked up to Production Man-

I SAW IT HAPPEN



I was seeing the show A Streetcar Named Desire *and Gregory Peck and his wife were sitting very near me. After the show, when we came out of the theater, the streets were full of melted snow, hail and mud. The mud was so deep you couldn't cross the street and there were no taxis available. Mrs. Peck was wearing evening sandals. Suddenly, Mr. Peck and the red-haired man they were with, stooped and lifted Mrs. Peck under the elbows. All the ladies who were watching, cheered, turned to their escorts and asked to be carried across in the same fashion!*

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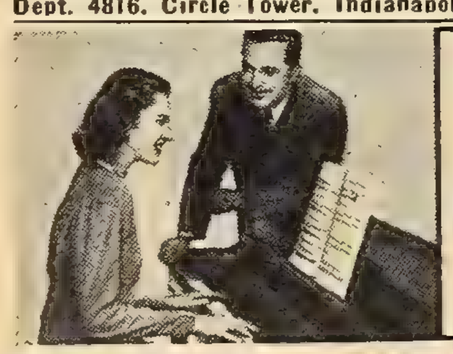
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ager Joseph Nadel and demanded to know why her chauffeur and car were not standing by.

"We didn't know your scenes would be finished so early," Nadel told her. "We sent your car over to the doctor's office to pick up Mr. Popkin's mother."

That was the signal for Laraine to demand that the chauffeur be fired—instantly—for leaving the lot without her permission.

On another occasion, Laraine's scenes were concluded at eleven-thirty one morning—half an hour before the usual break for lunch. She called her stand-in to come along to lunch with her, but the assistant director in charge of set production had other ideas.

"The crew of the picture," he told her politely, "has not yet been dismissed."

"But that does not apply to my stand-in," Laraine replied acidly.

"Oh, yes, your stand-in, too," she was told plainly. "We need her to light your next shots, which take place directly after lunch."

"When I go to lunch my stand-in goes with me, and she'll come back when I return," Laraine snapped. And she proceeded to take the girl with her. Result: the crew was told to lunch until Miss Day decided to return. That incident cost the company $3,000 in overtime.

But that's not all. From that moment on, the assistant director assumed the shape of an ogre in Laraine's eyes. Next day she demanded he be fired. Popkin laughed. And every day for the next ten days she refused to cooperate with him, and each day repeated her demand that he be replaced. Finally, Laraine flatly refused to do a scene if said assistant were at any time in her line of vision. (As this is written he is preparing to file a suit charging Laraine with defamation of character, personal threats, etc.)

diamonds in the kitchen . . .

One day, as Laraine was about to do a scene with Keenan Wynn calling for their "cutting up" in the kitchen, she spotted a jewelry salesman on the set displaying a very large pair of ornate earrings. She called the studio wardrobe woman over and told her she wanted to wear the earrings in the scene. The woman protested that they would look ridiculous with the outfit Laraine was wearing.

Laraine walked off the set and up to Producer Popkin's office. A few minutes later she had the earrings and was permitted to wear them in the scene—in spite of an expert's better judgment.

At still another time Director Martin had a particularly difficult scene to shoot with Laraine and Rudy Vallée. It was a long scene—involving three pages of dialogue. Martin put it through rehearsal after rehearsal. After shooting it once or twice, he still was not satisfied and called for further rehearsal. Finally, after two and a half hours of careful direction, he decided that the scene was ready for the camera. But by now five-fifty-five P.M. had rolled around, and Laraine's quitting time was six o'clock. She looked at her watch and walked off the set leaving Rudy, the director and the crew looking after her in amazement. Next day, the entire morning was required to shoot the scene—which could have been done, in all probability, in a single take the evening before.

Miss Day's demand to have the set closed at all times was denied by the studio. So, on a number of occasions just before a scene was to be shot, she would motion the visitors off and have the set cleared before she would work. Yet, she frequently brought her own friends and their children to visit her on the set.



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Once Director Martin was heard to say: "I don't know what to do with her—I can't argue with her because I have to work with her. Somebody will have to talk turkey to her." This resulted from frequent arguments about how certain scenes should be played—and also caused much rewriting on the set. The studio felt that since Laraine had approved the script in the beginning, she should have stuck by it, rather than demand the many changes after shooting was well under way.

Yet, despite all this temperament, a few days after the picture was completed Director Martin thought it politic to buy a full-page ad in the Hollywood trade papers thanking Laraine Day for her "wonderful cooperation" during the production of the picture.

Producer Popkin sums up the warfare by saying: "I don't think Laraine was at fault as much as the people who advised her." And the producer blamed a lot of the trouble on the failing Brooklyn Dodgers—who, of course, were being managed at that time by Laraine's hubby, Leo Durocher, and were, to loyal Laraine's dismay, floundering at the bottom of the league.

for better, for worse . . .

The complications that beset Miss Day and agent Marty Martin were largely avoidable. Her mistake was in signing for a picture under conditions that were not wholly to her satisfaction. Once she was in for it, she should have made the best of it.

In any event, the picture was completed —and three days ahead of schedule. But as I write this, another explosion has just reverberated: Director Martin is suing Producer Popkin for $7,500. Martin claims that Popkin failed to pay him a promised $2,500 for each of those three days that were saved.

Right or wrong, or in the middle, Producer Popkin now finds himself owner of one of the greatest comedy pictures ever turned out. This is not hearsay; I've seen *My Dear Secretary,* and I know what I'm talking—and still laughing—about.

And Laraine Day? In my opinion she will emerge, on the basis of this performance, as one of the all-time great comediennes. As an indication of that, her severest critic, Mr. Popkin, told me: "I'd still like to sign that girl for another picture—whether she likes Harry Popkin or not!"



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INTIMATE VIEW

(Continued from page 63)

above—have sometimes been distorted into lurid sensations, he yearns for publicity about his private life the way he yearns for measles. He has consistently refused to open his home life to the public.

Yet, around the studio, the appearance of members of his family, unannounced, is a familiar thing. Recently, in the middle of the afternoon, Nora rushed onto the set where Flynn was working. She was wearing a stunning evening gown.

"Good heavens!" said Flynn. "Is it dinnertime already? Where *has* the day gone?"

"Of course it isn't dinnertime, darling!" said Nora. "My new gown was just delivered—and I couldn't wait to model it for you."

Sometimes, incidentally, members of the family can be disturbing to an actor's equilibrium. Consider the visit of three-year-old Dierdre Flynn to one of the *Silver River* sets. Flynn, for once, was attired in modern clothes. And right elegant ones, too: dove-gray suit, flowing cravat, gray hat. Daughter Dierdre, who seldom has seen him in anything but a tattered sweater and blue jeans, couldn't contain herself. "Look!" she shouted. "Isn't Daddy pretty!"

But Flynn was scarcely in modern clothes when I stood behind the Technicolor camera crane not long ago and watched them shoot a scene of *Don Juan*. Flynn, who was Don Juan, was seated in a large chair in a baronial hall, looking grim but relaxed.

A rapier blade swung through the air, and—*varrup!*—there was a neat gash in Flynn's costume, just below the neckline.

"Next time," snarled a nasty voice whose owner was just out of my eye-range, "I may cut deeper."

Flynn lifted himself from the chair slowly, his calm expression unchanged.

"Next time," he said to the off-picture threat, "I'll wear more clothes."

Quite a scene, that. It will be a gaspy moment when it reaches the screen. I hung around and watched it being done over and over again as Flynn exposed his jugular vein and the expert on the other end of the rapier lashed out until the sound had just the right vicious quality.

skin they'd love to touch . . .

Afterwards, in his dressing room, as the actor quizzically examined his slashed costume in the mirror, I said, "That was a nice bit of acting." I referred to the casual manner in which he had delivered his lines while the rapier whistled by his Adam's apple.

"I've been conditioned," said Flynn with a thin smile. "Lots of people have taken swipes at my throat in my time—and they weren't just trying to come close."

Yes, there are a number of self-appointed authorities around who have peddled some remarkable fantasy about the actor. For instance, I was told confidentially awhile back that Flynn was "out" at Warner Brothers and that the news would soon be released. While this fascinating fiction was circulating, Errol was in the midst of negotiations for a new contract for fifteen years straight!

("Think of it," he told a friend, "fifteen years! Why, I've been around here almost thirteen already. If I finish out my new deal, they'll be wheeling me on and off the set in a chair!")

Flynn has learned to his sorrow that insatiable Hollywood gossip can make a man exquisitely uncomfortable. A few months ago at a party, some hostess with a violent sense of humor seated Flynn between his fiery former wife, Lili Damita, and Nora. If the purveyors of Hollywood gossip had got hold of that item, they'd have had a field day with it.

Despite any printed reports to the contrary, Errol has never been suspended by his studio, which is something rare among top-flight actors. That is not to say that he hasn't had some bang-up arguments, but these have always been with the bosses—whereas the practice of some prominent figures is to stage quarrels with minor studio employees to establish their importance, while at the same time they're practically shining the shoes of the men in the front office.

An example of Flynn's attitude is seen in an incident which occurred some time ago and involved a director who believed that the only way to get a performance is to dish out abuse to actors—with special emphasis on the extras who can't answer back.

flynn to the rescue . . .

Quietly, Flynn had gone to the great man on several occasions, and told him to lay off. The director managed to curb his temper for a brief period and then began to get rough again.

One day, without warning, Flynn stopped in the middle of a rehearsal, declaring, "I'm walking off this set and I'm not coming back."

A short time later the director, considerably subdued, sought him out and told him, "I'm cured. No more outbursts. It will never, believe me, happen again."

"I believe you," Flynn said. The two shook hands. The director has never broken his word, even when Flynn was not in his pictures.

And some years back, there was a nice little guy who worked on a number of Flynn pictures. But the little guy had a problem. He couldn't leave the bottle alone.

It happened one day that he was to appear in an important scene right after lunch. The time arrived—but not the little guy. After waiting a few minutes, the director sent out an alarm.

In a little while, the offending actor showed up—arm in arm with Flynn. He appeared to be steadying Flynn, who reeked of Old Mountain Dew.

So Flynn got blamed by the director and crew for going on a lunchtime spree, and the little guy emerged from the incident with a saver-of-souls reputation.

What actually happened was this: Flynn had spotted the inebriated character in an off-the-lot restaurant. He'd sobered him up—and then had gargled a straight slug, spilled some liquor on his own clothes and made himself appear the culprit!

Later, he took his young friend aside and said: "My lad, I hope you observed that a so-called big-shot star can get away with something foolish once in a while. But let me assure you that if I have to do anything like this again, you shall suffer a terrible and unspeakable doom."

The lad has been a teetotaler ever since.

Flynn is always on the side of the underdog. He has consistently fought the forces of oppression, wherever they occur. A sentence in a letter he wrote not long ago, in answer to a critical story about him in a foreign newspaper, sums up well his political philosophy: "You can keep a man hungry," Flynn wrote, "you can

work him like the devil—you can even push him around, but you cannot keep him without some hope of the future."

Flynn's a curious mixture of earnestness and high playfulness. To illustrate, there's a hitherto-unpublished story of his clash with Bette Davis several years ago. If the matter had gotten out at the time, it's a cinch the story-factories would soon have built it up into a full-scale saga. Here's what really happened:

Miss Davis did not care much for Mr. Flynn, because he never seemed to look her in the eyes during close-ups, and she is the type who notices that people are either direct or not direct.

What she didn't know was that Flynn, being so much taller than she, had to look down at her—and when he did, his eyelids lowered so that if he looked her squarely in the peepers the camera recorded him with his eyes shut. Accordingly, the cameraman had instructed him to avoid this doped effect by gazing no lower than Bette's hairline.

Try having someone around who just looks at your hairline. Drives you a little nutty. It did Bette.

As a result, Errol got his, but good, during a big scene for *Elizabeth and Essex.*

Flynn marched across a long hall. He stopped before Bette. "And where," said she, "have you been, My Lord Essex?"

"I have been in Ireland, Your Majesty," Flynn replied.

Whereupon Bette lifted one delicate hand, on which there was a ring as big as a roll of wrapped pennies, and smacked Flynn on the jaw—an unpulled punch.

Flynn, completely unprepared, saw several minor constellations. "I excused myself and went to the dressing room," he told me. "I looked at my two heads in the mirror. Something, I said to myself, had to be done. Perhaps I should complain to the director. I discarded that—not manly. I pulled myself together, went over and knocked on the dressing-room door marked MISS DAVIS.

living the part . . .

"A voice called, 'Come in!' I entered and found myself looking at Bette in the mirror. She said, 'I know what you're going to say, and I'm sorry, but I simply cannot do the scene unless I do it as it should be done, even in rehearsal.'

"My mouth opened and I heard myself say, 'I see.' I left her dressing-room"

Later, when the cameras rolled, Flynn marched across the long hall and stopped before the Queen again. She said, "And where have you been, My Lord Essex?"

There was a long wait, "I don't remember," Flynn finally said.

"Cut!"

Flynn went back to try it over. He was seething. It didn't matter that Miss Davis was the queen of the lot—when she cracked his jaw with that ring, he was going to let her have it.

He made the long march again.

"And where have you been, My Lord Essex?"

His eyes blazed. "I have been in Ireland, Your Majesty!"

He doubled his fist as Bette swung. Then it came—her blow grazed his chin like a feather duster.

"Great, wonderful!" beamed the director.

He didn't know how great or wonderful it might have been to have had the lot's top feminine star in the hospital.

But Miss Davis knew how close it had been. She and Mr. Flynn understood each other. And Bette, who is not unreasonable, also appreciated the humor of the thing.

To appreciate the complicated Mr. Flynn one should, obviously, approach the subject with a bit of understanding—and with a good supply of salt to take along with the highly-colored tattle about him.

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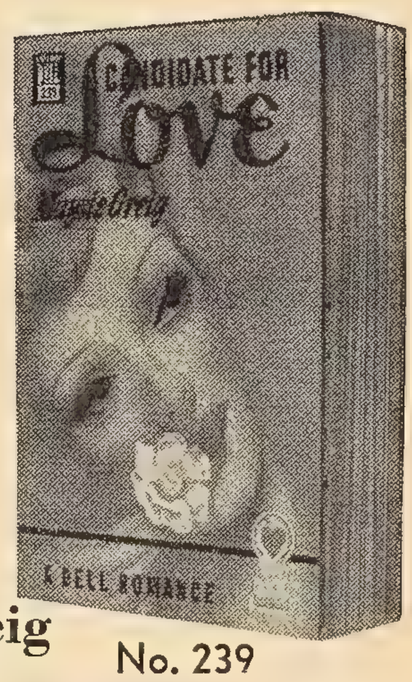


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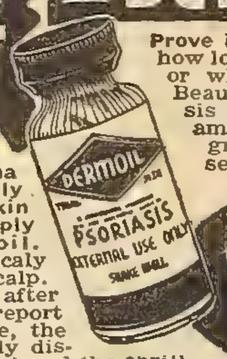
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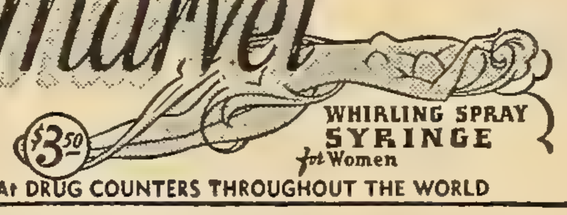
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Sorry, Wrong Number: Terrified Barbara Stanwyck cuts in on call plotting her murder.

(*Continued from page 24*)

she begins making frenzied calls—to her father in Chicago, to her husband's secretary, at length to a hospital where she begs in vain for a nurse to come and stay with her.

Relieving the terrific excitement of the phone call sequences are flashbacks explaining Leona's past as the pampered, neurotic daughter of a drug tycoon, her strange, unhappy marriage to Henry Stevenson (Burt Lancaster) and the innumerable complications which lead to this fateful night.

This is high-pitched drama, with Barbara Stanwyck doing some of the finest acting of her life. Burt Lancaster isn't in top form in the husband role. However, he *is* a dream to look at. Ann Richards is splendid as Sally Hunt. And Harold Vermilyea is outstanding as the little old chemist who very nearly breaks your heart.

For a suspenseful and memorable evening, don't miss *Sorry, Wrong Number.—Para.*

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

Based on Paul Wellman's well-known novel, this is the engrossing story of life in Jericho, Kansas, in the year 1908.

Dave Connors (Cornel Wilde) is an upstanding young county attorney married to Belle, a sharp-tongued alcoholic (Ann Dvorak). His best friend is Tucker Wedge (Kirk Douglas), publisher of the Jericho newspaper, The Clarion, and recently married to Algeria (Linda Darnell), a beautiful and extremely ambitious gal. When Algeria learns that Dave—who is slated for the political big-time—is unhappily married, she makes several unsubtle passes at him, but is consistently rebuffed.

Furious, she makes up her mind to get her own husband into politics, induces Tucker to malign Dave in his newspaper. When The Clarion eventually headlines that local boy makes good, Tucker Wedge is that boy, not Dave. Dave's home-life becomes more and more unbearable, and when he falls in love with a pretty lady lawyer named Julia Norman (Ann Baxter), no one could possibly blame him. No one, that is, but Algeria who turns their wholly respectable relationship into a statewide scandal. There is plenty of drama both in and out of the courtroom before the picture arrives at its happy ending.

Here is really top-flight acting. Cornel Wilde is at his best. Linda Darnell is outstanding as the gorgeous shrew. Ann Baxter plays her part with her special brand of humor and gentleness, and Ann Dvorak is superbly slatternly. The picture's big fault is its talkiness. All too often one grows impatient with the incessant palaver, one wants to get on with it. Granted that Ann Baxter's excellent seven-minute courtroom speech is a remarkable feat of memory, it is nonetheless just too darned long.

Despite its chattiness, this is a better-than-average love story and some fine acting more than compensates for its weaknesses. Go see. *—20th-Fox.*

JOHNNY BELINDA

Here is that rare film: one which—highly-touted for ages before its release—doesn't let you down. A gripping story, distinguished acting and fine photography make *Johnny Belinda* one of this year's movie treats. It is—of course a great personal triumph for Jane Wyman. Cast as a deaf-mute, she is superb in the most demanding of roles. Lew Ayres is fine as the wise and gentle young doctor who takes an interest in her, and Charles Bickford and Agnes Moorehead head an exceptionally able supporting cast.

The story is this: Black MacDonald (Charles Bickford) owns a flour mill which he runs with the help of his sister Aggie (Agnes Moorehead) and his deaf and dumb daughter Belinda (Jane Wyman). Belinda, whose mother

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Johnny Belinda: Doctor Lew Ayres doggedly teaches Jane Wyman the sign language.

died in childbirth, is known as The Dummy and is an object of ridicule in the little Nova Scotia community where she lives—until Dr. Robert Richardson (Lew Ayres) comes to town. He doggedly teaches her the sign language, ignoring the scornful looks of his flirtatious housekeeper, Stella (Jan Sterling), bucking constant discouragement from Belinda's father.

Dr. Richardson, realizing his own limitations, persuades Black to let him take Belinda to Magill University where specialists study her case. After days of examinations, the young Doctor learns that Belinda will never be able to hear or speak. He learns too that she is going to have a baby, the father of which is unknown to anyone but Belinda. All the scandalized townspeople erroneously assume that the doctor is the baby's father and his slim practice disappears entirely.

Stella, still half in love with Dr. Richardson, marries Locky McCormick (Stephen McNally) not knowing that he is the father of the child, and when she discovers it—well, that day is a momentous one for all concerned.

Cheers for Jane Wyman's sensitive portrait of Belinda and for a picture that packs a hard right to the heart.—*Warners.*

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My mother, sister and I were on vacation in Lake Arrowhead. Mother thought she'd give us a treat and take us on a touring boat around the lake. I was enjoying myself immensely, but my sister was bored stiff. All of a sudden my sister jumped up and let go with such a yell that I thought she'd fallen out of the boat. I turned around to see what she was so excited about. Then I knew. Van Johnson was racing through the water on skis and waving gaily to us as he passed!

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also showing...

A DATE WITH JUDY (M-G-M)—*Very pleasant comedy about attractive young people and their problem parents. Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Powell, Robert Stack, Carmen Miranda, Selena Royle, Wallace Beery and Xavier Cugat and band are all vastly helpful.*

BEYOND GLORY (Para.)—*West Pointer Alan Ladd is accused of having caused Tom Neal's death in the war, before he became a cadet. (This thing is told mostly in flashbacks.) Alan loves Neal's widow, Donna Reed. Things look bad—and so does the picture, which is sternly silly.*

DEEP WATERS (20th-Fox)—*Jean Peters, who hates the sea, loves Dana Andrews, a Maine fisherman. Complications! But they solve 'em. While not too believable, this still manages to be fresh and entertaining. With Dean Stockwell, Anne Revere, Cesar Romero.*

DREAM GIRL (Para.)—*A one-woman show with Betty Hutton as the girl who takes refuge from a hum-drum existence in a lurid dream world. Macdonald Carey is the literary critic who turns out to be better for what ails Betty than a corps of psychiatrists. It's lots of fun.*

EASTER PARADE (M-G-M)—*Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, Ann Miller, Irving Berlin's tunes, lovely girls and witty lines make this a practically perfect musical. The story's amusing, too, the dancing superb and Charles Walters' direction is bright. Dorothy Kilgallen chose this as her Selection of the Month for August.*

ESCAPE (20th-Fox)—*Based on John Galsworthy's play. Rex Harrison is unjustly imprisoned for the accidental death of a plainclothesman. In jail, his resentment mounts and forces him to escape. He's aided along the way by Peggy Cummins. The climax is tragic, but dramatically satisfying.*

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY (20th-Fox)—*A folksy little tale that will tug at the heart-strings of old-timers and delight the bobby-sox admirers of Dan Dailey, as well. Barbara Lawrence, Nancy Guild, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter and a host of old songs keep you smiling through your tears.*

HATTER'S CASTLE (Para.)—*Very sordid and depressing drama of one man's (Robert Newton's) ruthless ambition to be a Somebody in his town. The entire family is sacrificed to his insane drive. Deborah Kerr is the daughter driven to ruin because of*



118 Beery, Powell, Selena Royle, **A Date With Judy.**



Lauren Bacall, Edward G. Robinson, **Key Largo.**

fear and James Mason is the sensible doctor who loves her.

HOMECOMING (M-G-M)—*Clark Gable is rough and tender in this story of war-interrupted marriage. Lana Turner, as a nurse, is a bigger interruption than the war. Anne Baxter is Gable's wife and John Hodiak, his old school chum. It's an old story, but you'll shed tears just the same.*

KEY LARGO (Warners)—*Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson act out a war of nerves and gun-play in this old-fashioned gangster thriller brought up-to-date with modern social overtones. Plenty of excitement and good performances by Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore and Claire Trevor.*

LULU BELLE (Col.)—*Dorothy Lamour is a seductive songbird of the gaslight era. Crazed with desire, George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger get in a peck of trouble over her. Gad, what drama. Stay home.*

MELODY TIME (RKO)—*Seven fine Disney shorts put together like a vaudeville show. Swell music supplied off-screen by Dennis Day, Frances Langford, Freddie Martin, Ethel Smith, and the Andrews Sisters. Roy Rogers' voice is also present. A delight for everybody.*

MICKEY (Eagle-Lion)—*A warm, homespun tale of a pretty little tomboy who grows up despite herself. Debuting in the title role, 16-year-old Lois Butler is generally enchanting—and sings well. With John Sutton, Bill Goodwin, Irene Hervey, Skippy Homeier, and Leon Taylor. Good fun.*

ROPE (Warners)—*A Hitchcock masterpiece of horror, in Technicolor. Two rich young psychopaths coldly commit murder to prove superiority. James Stewart is professor who suspects then solves the crime. Terrific suspense, new technique, superb acting. Not for the kiddies.*

SO EVIL MY LOVE (Para.)—*The moral disintegration of a beautiful and highly-respected woman who falls under the spell of an almost wholly evil man. Ann Todd's deft acting makes the corruption of the woman (from blackmail to murder!) a hideous thing to watch and Ray Milland is fiendishly attractive.*

SO THIS IS NEW YORK (U. A.)—*Henry Morgan makes his film debut in a hilarious movie about an unromantic husband who takes his wife (Virginia Grey) and her sister (Donna Drake) to New York for one big splash. The girls have inherited $30,000 and it's Henry's job to see they save a little of it to take them back home to South Bend, Ind. Hugh Herbert, Rudy Vallee and Bill Goodwin make his task a tough one.*

STATE OF THE UNION (M-G-M)—*Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn enjoy themselves in a merry satire on the Ship of State that takes a few telling swipes at politics and politicians. Van Johnson's giving the performance of his career as Tracy's leg-man and Angela Lansbury is a powerful newspaper syndicate boss who'd like to manage Tracy's presidential campaign—and Tracy, as well.*

TAP ROOTS (Univ.-Int.)—*Despite some exciting hand-to-hand fights and lovely Technicolor landscapes, this story of Mississippi at the outbreak of the Civil War misses fire. In there pitching but miscast are Susan Hayward, Van Heflin and Boris Karloff. (The latter, with his heavy English accent, plays a pesky redskin!)*

THE DUDE GOES WEST (Monogram)—*An anemic Western, strictly for the less discriminating of horse-opera fiends. Gale Storm, Eddie Albert, Jimmy Gleason, Binnie Barnes, and Gilbert Roland are mixed up in this. They should shoot their agents.*

THE STREET WITH NO NAME (20th-Fox)—*A cops-and-robbers thriller, documentary-style, taken from those fascinating FBI files. Richard Widmark scores as a murderous gang-leader as do Mark Stevens and Lloyd Nolan as G-Men. First-rate of its type.*

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE (U. A.)—*A brilliantly-acted version of William Saroyan's fascinating play. It all takes place in William Bendix' San Francisco waterfront saloon and among the intriguing characters who wander in and out are James Cagney, Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy Lydon, Wayne Morris and Paul Draper.*

THE VELVET TOUCH (RKO)—*Rosalind Russell plays a hot-headed actress in this murder movie. She's the killer. (This isn't a mystery.) Claire Trevor, Sydney Greenstreet, Leon Ames and Leo Genn are concerned. Excellent acting, needless to say, and a slick production. A bit talky, but swift and entertaining.*

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS (Warners)—*A very lightweight comedy which brightly recounts the breezy adventures of a pair of hungry night club entertainers, expertly played by Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson. Newcomer Dorothy Malone proves she's here to stay and there are some good songs. Relax and enjoy it.*



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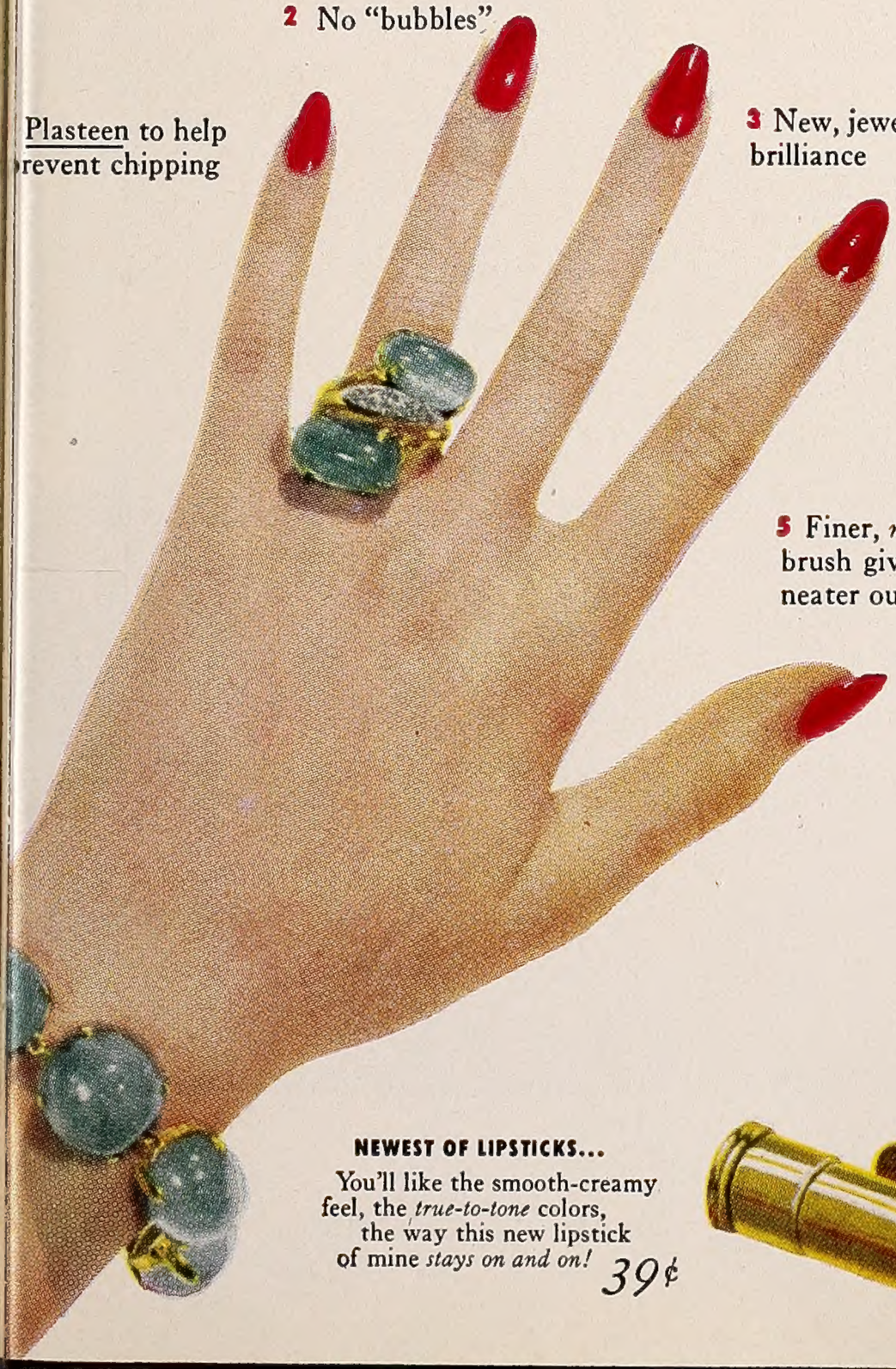
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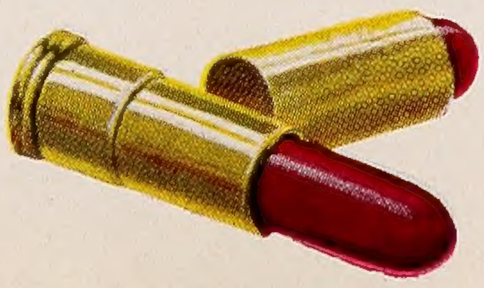
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